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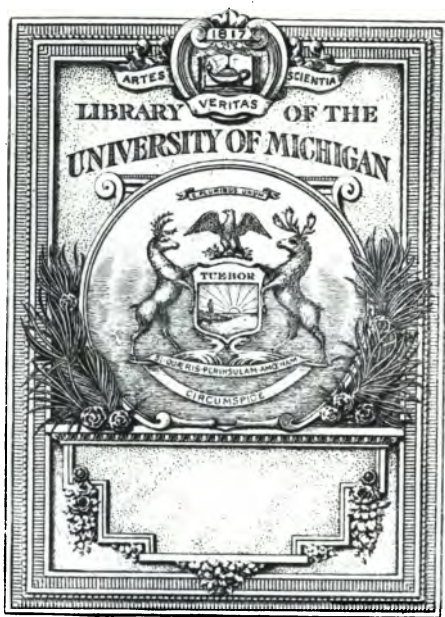
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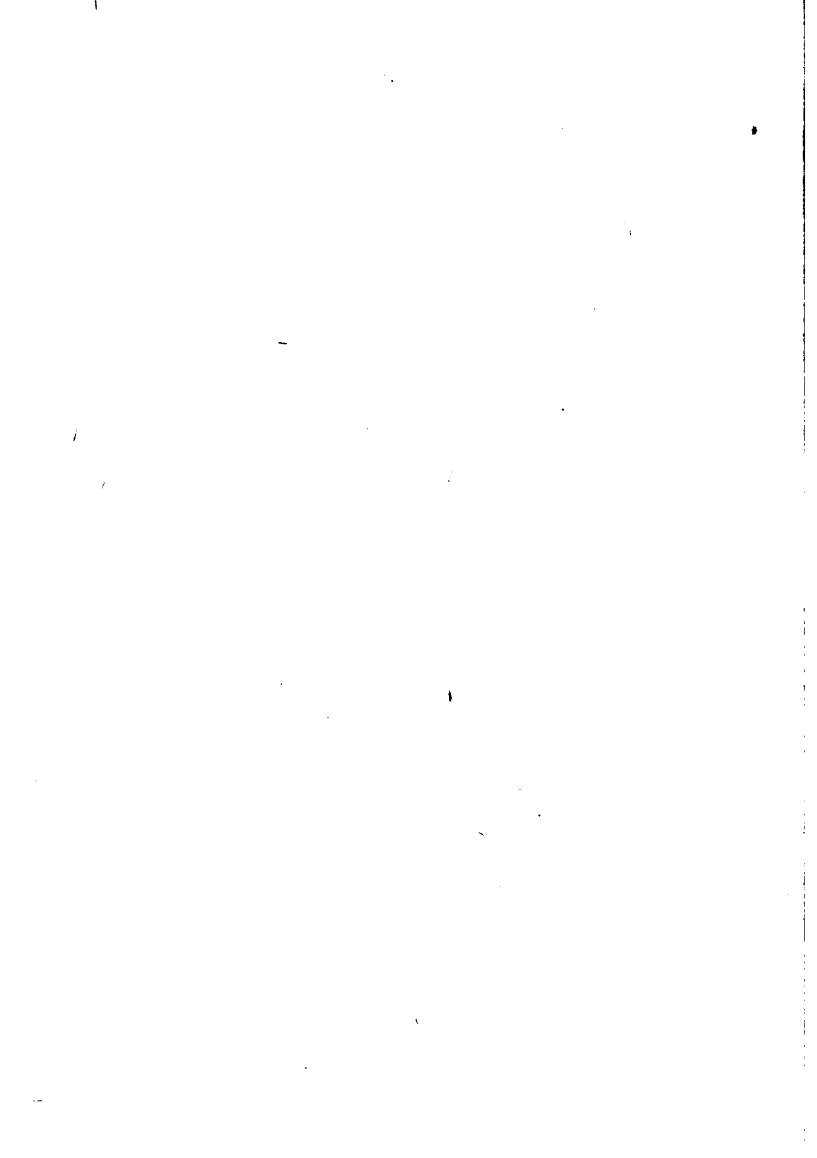
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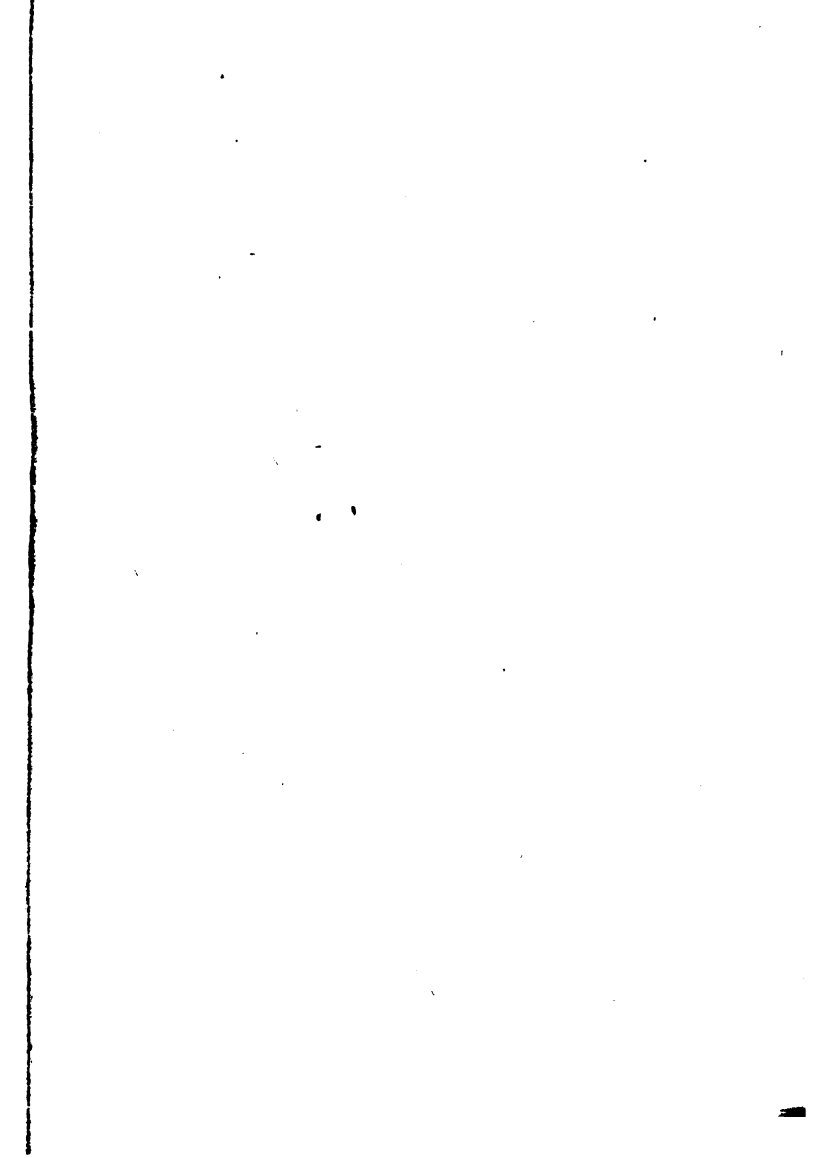
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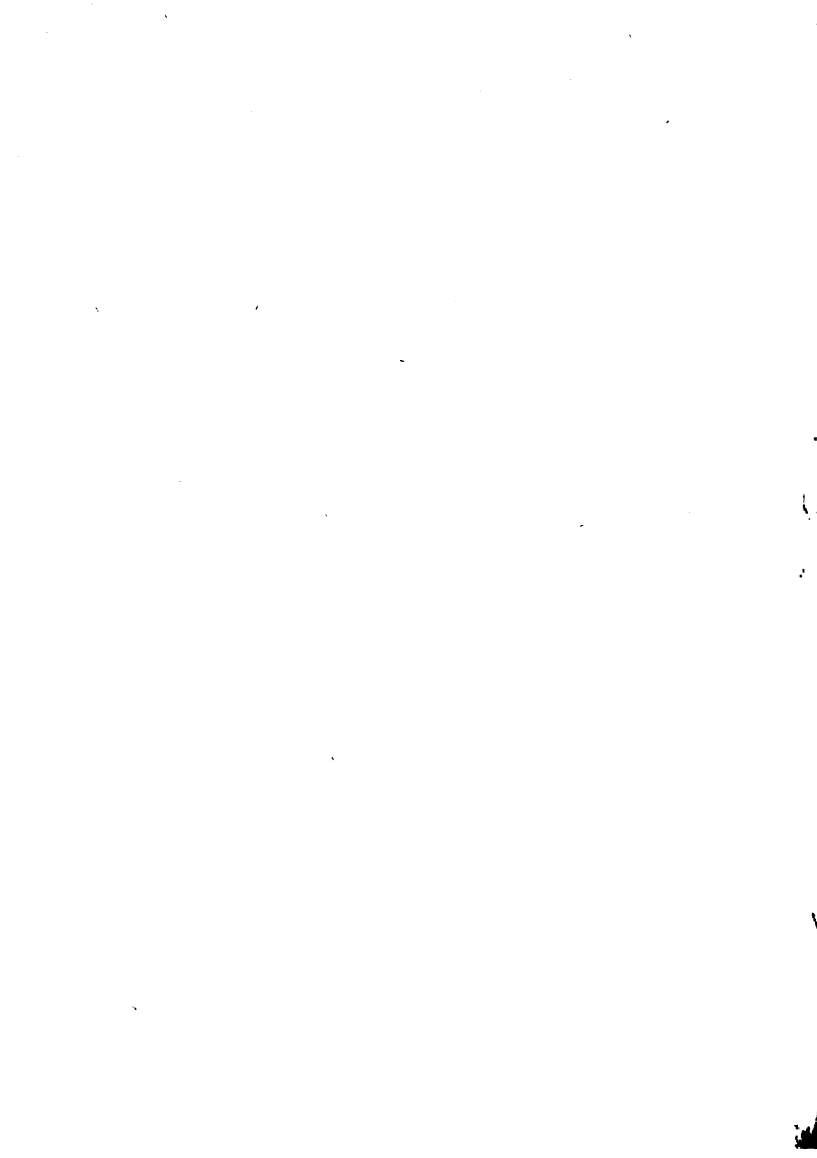
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## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE was originally started as a monthly, at ten cents a number, \$1.00 a year, its contents being limited to choice selections from English and continental magazines and reviews, thus occupying a field similar to the old and excellent Littell's Living Age and Eclectic Magazine, discarding, however, all fiction and distinctively light literature, and supplying the very best that they contain, at about one fourth their cost.

In consonance with the maxim, "what is worth reading is worth preserving," a form of publication was adopted with a special view to convenience for reference and binding, and beginning with September, 1880, each issue forms a complete bound volume. This innovation is recognized as being of very great value to real students of literature.

Beginning with the issue for December, 1880, American topics, treated by American thinkers and writers of established reputation in literature, are introduced. THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE undertakes to occupy so high a stand that it shall be considered an indispensable part of the library of every American who aspires to the broadest culture, and desires to keep fully abreast with the progress of American and trans-atlantic thought. The contents of any volume will indicate how well it succeeds in this ambitious attempt.

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## REMINISCENCES OF BOWDOIN.

THE writer, in the following pages, gives some of his recollections of the early years of Bowdoin College, and of the college days of some of the students who afterwards came to fill high places in the country. He has, without constant acknowledgement, availed himself of materials at hand collected in a history of the college and its graduates, now nearly ready for the press.

The first decisive movement for a college in the District of Maine was made in 1788, when the Cumberland Association of Ministers and the Court of Sessions each petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts for the establishment of a college in that county, but, from causes which need not be detailed, no effectual action was taken until 1794, when, leading men favoring the scheme of two such institutions, one in the western, and the other in the eastern portions of the State, Williams College was chartered in 1793, on the western border of the State, and a second, the following year, in the eastern portion, to which the name of Bowdoin was given by the Legislature, in memory of Gov. James Bowdoin. In consequence of the honor thus done to the family name, Hon. James Bowdoin, son of the Governor, became, while living, the generous patron of the college, and, at his death, by bequest. The prospect of what the District of Maine was to be, more than what it was then, gave favor to the project of rearing a college in a remote and, as then regarded, unattractive portion of the State, its towns being for the most part on the line of the coast, while the interior was sparsely settled. When the college, after much deliberation and discussion, rivalry of places for the honor of its location, and manifold hindrances, was opened eight years after its incorporation, in 1802, in Brunswick, as a central position and a compromise between conflicting claims, Augusta was but a suburb of Hallowell, itself but a village with only a weekly mail. Bangor had no church edifice for twenty years after, and a few miles beyond the Penobscot, the horseback traveler entered

an almost unbroken forest extending to the St. Croix. Lewiston was a mere hamlet with a mill or two on its falls. But the founders of the institution, in large proportion Harvard men, knew what they were doing, and were fortunate in selecting for the executive government of the infant seminary, its first President, Rev. Dr. McKeen, well-known in Massachusetts, a Dartmouth graduate; and its professors and tutors, Cambridge men.

The writer entered college in 1812, and, with the exception of the period between his bachelor and master's degrees, has been connected with the college to the present time. The traditions of the six preceding years from the first commencement were then fresh. The first president and professor were inaugurated, with ceremonial imposing for the time; September, 1802, and, in lack of an edifice in the small village spacious enough for the great occasion, under a tent on the verge of the pine grove in rear of the present college grounds. The public dinner which followed was laid in the lower story of the only college hall then erected, which is referred to on account of an incident, the foundation of one of our college reminiscences. The apartment was decked with evergreens of oak leaves, and among the sweepings after the dinner an acorn fell by the side of the door step. It vegetated, the next spring it sent forth a tiny growth that caught the eye of Thorndike of the first class, which he carefully took up, and, with leave of President McKeen, planted in his garden, then a part of the present college grounds. Carefully nurtured, it grew, and is now the Thorndike oak, the only specimen of that tree on the campus, and, as literally and singularly coeval with the life of the college, is an object of respect and reverence; under its shade are held the parting exercises of every graduating class during their Commencement week.

Prof. Parker Cleaveland began his life-long eminent service in the college in its third year as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. The citizens of Topsham, on the opposite shore of the Androscoggin in 1807 constructed a sluiceway to convey lumber from above the falls and rapids to the river bank below for transportation down the river. The sluice, however, devised for the sole benefit of the lumbermen, proved a means of promoting a science of which the millers had not dreamed. The enterprise rendered it necessary to open a passage through ledges of rock; the work exposed to view crystals and minerals of unknown but possible value, which were submitted, with caution and mystery, to Prof. Cleaveland's reputed science, which put him on investigating such books as the library had, or he could borrow from other sources, and thus awakened in him a new passion, which in a few years resulted in his brilliant mineralogical lectures that attracted hearers from outside the college for forty or more years, and, in 1816, in the publication of the first edition of his "Mineralogy" by the Boston house of Cummings & Hilliard which made him what he has been called, the

"Father of American Mineralogy," and his name and that of the college to be known in the scientific world.

The establishment at that period of a college was a novel event, beyond the experience of our day, when so-called colleges are counted by hundreds in the land. Its first commencement was notable when the District of Maine, and even New Hampshire and Massachusetts, were largely and brilliantly represented in this, as it was regarded, far-off region. Several of its first class were from those States. The experiences of that occasion, the long and wearisome travel to reach Brunswick; the few houses in the villages on both sides of the river opened for strangers; sleeping rooms and floors filled and covered with sleepers or those trying to sleep; a pelting storm, compelling the adjournment of commencement exercises to a second day; and the second day with tempest and rain still driving with unabated fury; the church edifice, then unfinished, ill-affording shelter (the president in the pulpit with an umbrella over his head) passengers losing their way, and overturns in the Egyptian darkness; fun and jollity throughout, made it a tradition for years.

I will refer to two members of a former college generation, as I have been well situated for knowing of what I write. The first, Charles S. Davies (1807), graduated with a somewhat brilliant record. His class, the second in the history of the college, numbered three, but the Faculty continued to make three do double work by giving each two parts. Davies was reputed to be the author of the device of their "Order of Exercises," with the Greek heading *Hermes Trikephalos*. His reputation flowered with almost premature bloom at the next commencement in 1808, when he pronounced an oration before the Peucinian Society, which attracted notice, and was published in the *Boston Anthology*, with a flattering introduction by Jos. Stevens Buckminster, one of the editors. Mr. Davies, besides his honorable position in the law, was a man of letters, esteemed in literary circles.

Of those early years, the second I mention, one perhaps equally conspicuous, is Nathan Lord (1809). Although young he took high rank in college, and became an assistant of the eminent Dr. Abbot, at Phillips Exeter Academy, itself a distinction for a young man. The writer was among his pupils, and knows of his singular popularity in office. For forty or more years as president of Dartmouth College, Dr. Lord is honored in the memories of a host of its alumni and friends for vigorous understanding, unflinching courage and eminent influence and address as an executive and teacher.

The writer, when he recalls his college contemporaries, though classes were small, and reflects on the influence which has proceeded from that small body of youth and young men that sat with him in any general exercise, is reminded of the reply of Luther, I think, when he was wont to bow when he entered his school, "because I

enter the presence of future burgomasters, princes, and dukes of the empire." Our teachers might well have shown a mark of respect on entering a reciting or lecture-room of that day.

N. Cleaveland (1813) was young, vivacious, scholarly, showing the æsthetic tastes which always characterized him. He was the poet of his class, and among the best of college poets. I recall his poem before the Peucinian Society at its anniversary Nov. 22, 1812, and particularly the grace with which he disposed of the name of our river Androscoggin, too unwieldy for his verse, leaving, as he said, the unmanageable word for Indian bards to weave into their song. Mr. Cleaveland was tutor in the college three years, is remembered with grateful respect as head for several years of Dummer Academy Mass., and of a young ladies' seminary in Brooklyn, N. Y. He published several addresses which, especially when historical subjects are treated, exhibit faultless taste, skill in detail, delicate humor and breadth of treatment. When he died he had been for more than twenty years engaged on a history of the college and its graduates, now nearly completed by another hand.

In the class before me, George Evans was a youth rather rough at times, the writer, a mere boy, thought in an encounter with him in foot ball, with more reputation for capacity, I think, than for scholarship. He graduated with a poem, but at once forsook dalliance with the muses and gave himself earnestly to what the public deem the higher sphere of the law and politics. He rose rapidly to leadership at the bar; was sent to Congress in both branches, one of the ablest and most influential of the New England representation, and a power when it was something to be such in the Congresses of that day. Mr. Webster, it was said, regarded him as the strongest man in questions of finance.

Rufus Anderson, of the class of 1818, was contemporary with myself, tall in stature, fine, engaging person, diligent, of excellent scholarship, irreproachable. He was president of our principal society, the Peucinian, and exhibited elements of character which he sustained to advanced age—decision, firmness, method. He came to college with well-matured character, but in his senior year enforced it by a full consecration of himself to the service of Him who became henceforth the Sovereign of his heart. He inherited a physical constitution which discouraged the hope of long life. His father and mother were victims of consumption, and his brother, whose name stands next on the class-roll, followed during the year after graduation. For some years it seemed as if he were on the same path of frailty. Yet Dr. Anderson passed beyond four score, ever a man of marked administrative faculty, of intellectual and moral force, publishing several works of great value, a guiding influence for more than forty years in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and leaving a name honored in the Christian world.

Gideon Lane Soule of the same class deserves mention. He came

to college with the advantage of the excellent fitting for which Phillips Exeter Academy has had a name for almost a century, and honored his fitting by his decided taste for classical study through his collegiate course, graduating with the intermediate Latin oration, always an honorary appointment. He, soon after graduation, was recalled by Dr. Abbot to assist him in the academy, became in time, when Dr. Abbot retired at his semi-centennial service, full principal, and discharged the duties of his station with eminent success until he had completed his own semi-centennial, the occasion being commemorated, as was that of his predecessor, by a notable gathering of the alumni of the institution and appropriate services.

The year 1820 was an epoch in the history of the college, as it was of the State. The District of Maine then became an independent State of the Union. To refer only in a general way to the new impulse communicated to the life of the college by a measure which at a subsequent period proved unfortunate, and by many of its friends was deplored; the authorities, in accordance with the advice of the new President, Rev. Dr. Allen, surrendered its charter to the State, in order to secure financial aid, a change was made in the charter by which influential men were added to its boards of trust and oversight, the medical school was established, new departments were added to its curriculum, new professors were appointed, and the number of students began to increase. Jacob Abbott heads the class of that year. A mere youth, his class-rank hardly betokened what he was to become, and yet characteristics of his mind and character were just putting forth, a peculiarly practical turn in thinking and manner of life, ever seeking practical and useful ends. Scarcely two years had passed before he was called to a professorship at Amherst. Soon after he opened the Mount Vernon School for young ladies in Boston, which gained high repute. Works from his pen on teaching, on vital points in the Christian scheme, which attracted the favorable attention of the ablest minds, and in rapid succession a copious library of books for the young, the product of his own inventive faculty, have given him a name with the Barbaulds and Edgeworths of a former English generation.

The class of 1822 had men who had distinguished themselves in professional life, as Appleton, for some years Chief Justice of Maine; James Bell, a distinguished New Hampshire name, who, though he had been in the Senate of the United States, found more solid satisfaction in his New Hampshire home and at the Bar, where he reached the highest rank; and Storer, who has gained a name to be remembered with respect and gratitude as a practitioner, as a teacher, and founder of the Tremont School of Medicine, in Boston, and a cultivator of Natural Science.

The college, if it had a voice, would demand liberal space for mention of another name in that class, William Smyth. The story of his early life reveals the heroic spirit that was born with him.

A mechanic's son, familiar with narrow circumstances, early taught to care for and even provide for an orphan brother and sister, acting as a mercantile clerk, meanwhile teaching private pupils and fitting himself for Junior standing in college, and then at once taking the head of the class, although scarcely with his own eyes, which he had abused by night study, and borrowing those of his chum. Called to a proctorship in the college and a teacher of Greek, his favorite branch, what may be regarded an accident developing what was to be his specialty for forty or more years—mathematical science, and as professor in that department, issuing in successive years a series of text books from algebra to the calculus, which were adopted by other colleges; a mechanic by inheritance, also architect, engineer, of true public interest; active in town or State affairs, after a contest in the courts establishing a system of public high schools; anti-slavery from the beginning, and as an associate in the cause, issuing annual reports of marked ability, and sustaining a public discussion in the public press with antagonists at home and in the South; and as his last work for the college, by personal effort, raising \$34,000 for the "Memorial Hall," and superintending the foundation, when he was attacked by fatal disease of the heart, which in an hour or two terminated in death. Had he lived, the work on that hall would probably have been completed, which at this writing, more than twelve years after, is under contract. Prof. Smyth was remarkably a man to be seen and known of men—of great simplicity, open-hearted neither failings nor virtues hidden; of deepest, strongest affections, of integrity never questioned, of great energy and endurance of undoubted Christian character, fertile in device or expedient of a power of concentration at times almost a weakness. On one occasion, after a scene of disturbance for hours, he returned at midnight to his study, and calmed his vexed and harrassed spirit by what he called a "turn" at Laplace's "Mechanique Celeste."

The class of 1823 bears on its roll a name familiar throughout the land, William Pitt Fessenden. A lad when he entered sophomore, for he was but fourteen. Attractive in person, of high spirits, quick to learn, and one of whom it must be thought that everything depended on the influences that would act upon him and on turn he would take. That was soon decided by his early and rapid rise at the bar, and in a few years in political life. He soon represented his town in the State Legislature and was elected to Congress. An early friendship between his father, Gen. Samuel Fessenden, a prominent member of the Cumberland Bar, Maine, and Mr. Daniel Webster, opened an avenue of friendly encouragement and influence for the son. In his own State, in both branches of Congress, at an important crisis of affairs, his vigorous intellectual endowments, his bold stand taken at once in the conflict of debate then in progress, his chivalrous bearing, self-reliance and unflinching spirit had, it was declared, the "effect of a reinforcement on a field of battle." In



the Senate of the United States he gained a position so important and conspicuous that, as one of its ablest members affirmed, that chamber, by his death, "seemed without him to be a different body."

Of the class of 1824 two members are conspicuous, Franklin Pierce and Calvin Ellis Stowe. The former was born in Hillsborough, N. H., son of Gov. Benjamin Pierce, a man of mark, a sterling specimen of our Revolutionary men, a staunch Democrat of the Jefferson school, who transmitted his spirit and principles to the son. While in college he showed the elements of a peculiarly chivalric bearing, and of the high social qualities which in subsequent years made him a general favorite and the idol of his political party. His preparation for college having been rather miscellaneous, and not having himself formed literary tastes or habits of study, the first half of his collegiate course was idled or played away. But a marked change came over him, as the writer noticed in the recitation-room, and was apparent in the merit-roll of his class, the secret of which Pierce himself revealed to him in subsequent years. When the relative standing of the class was ascertained at the opening of the Junior year, he found himself at the foot in scholarship. Disappointed and chagrined, he threw himself on his bed and meditated. He absented himself from college exercises, expecting and hoping some form of punishment as the necessary result. The college faculty were interested in him and forbore. Cooler judgment asserted itself, and, reinforced by the intercession of two of his class, led him to renounce his ill-advised purpose. "But," said he to his friends, "if I do so, you shall see a change." We did see it. From that time he devoted himself to his proper work. The writer remembers the noticeable change in his own exercise in Locke, the text-book of metaphysics, and was surprised by his full and ready command of the author. For months, with iron resolution, he rose at 4 A. M., and till midnight gave himself to his studies, never incurred a censure, was absent to the end of his course from but two college exercises, and then unavoidably, and graduated with the third honor of his class. He commanded the only military company which has ever existed among the students, and gave tokens of the predilections and capacities after developed on a wider field. He left college with a reputation honorable to himself and his class. That turning period of his life reminds one of a very like crisis in the life of the eminent Dr. Paley, Archdeacon of Carlisle, both in the manner of it and the result. The subsequent career of Mr. Pierce at the bar, in the civil and political history of his State and the nation until he ascended to the chair of the Presidency of the United States, is of public record in our national annals.

The other member of that class is Calvin E. Stowe. He was a native of Natick, Mass. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a paper maker, and worked in his mill two years. He then fitted for college at Bradford, Mass., and Gorham, Me., under the well-

remembered Rev. Reuben Nason; admitted freshman, he was soon recognized as the leader of his class. The writer noticed particularly his written Latin exercises for their latinity. The traits which have ever been ascribed to him, and for which he is specially remembered, were marked in his undergraduate course, his humor and wit, his mimic power, his ready and pertinent speech, his love of books, and his reading in unusual directions for an undergraduate; the simple, strong Saxon of his literary performances, with entire absence of attempts at rhetorical effect; sharp retort in the play of college wit and humor; a most excitable temperament, and, through all, a decided, uncompromising Christian profession and character. He left college for the theological seminary, received ordination, held professorships in Dartmouth and Bowdoin and Lane and Andover Seminaries, and has published several works and contributions to reviews.

The College Triennial not unfrequently fails to denote, in its classical fashion, real celebrities of a class because their names have not had appended what some may regard as the cabala of acadian bodies, the "semi-lunar fardels," as the eminent Dr. Cox wittily styled them, or other mystic initials, indicating honors, the reward of eminence, or as compliments, sometimes, forsooth, bought at a price. Our own class of 1825 has in its roll the name of "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mr.," all the catalogue shows of a name that does its full share to make that class memorable in college annals.

The visitor at Salem, Mass., is shown with pride the dwelling in the lower part of the town where Hawthorne first saw the light. His family came from England, and settled in Salem early in the last century. The men followed the sea; and his father, a ship-master, died of yellow fever in Cuba when the son was but a child. His mother was said to be of great beauty and extreme sensibility. At the age of ten the boy, on account of his health, was sent to live on the borders of Lake Sebago, Me., and at the proper age was sent back to Salem to complete his fitting for college. The writer's memory pictures him distinctly as he sat in his Latin and Greek recitation room, a dark-browed youth, with dark, drooping, full, inquisitive eyes, a full head of dark hair, gentle, grave, low, yet musical, voice; shy as a maiden, always rendering his passages tastefully, writing his Latin exercises with facility and idiomatically. His English themes were complimented by the professor in charge, Prof. Newman, whose compliments were worth having. He was more a reader than a scholar on the merit roll. I cannot do better than quote the picture of him by the pen of a classmate, J. S. C. Abbott, recognized, it is likely, by his contemporaries: "Though singularly retiring in his habits, dwelling in unrevealed recesses which his most intimate friends were never permitted to penetrate, his winning countenance and gentle manners won esteem and even popularity. Though fond of being present at festive scenes, he

never told a story or sang a song. His voice was never heard in any shout of merriment; but the silent, beaming smile would testify to his keen appreciation of the scene and to his enjoyment of the wit. He would sit for a whole evening with head gently inclined to one side, hearing every word, seeing every gesture, and yet scarcely a word would pass his lips. But there was an indescribable something in the silent presence of Hawthorne which rendered him one of the most desired guests on such occasions. Jonathan Cilley was probably his most intimate friend in the class. And yet his discrimination would lead him to say: "I love Hawthorne, I admire him; but I do not know him. He lives in a mysterious world of thought and imagination, which he never permits me to enter." It was of Hawthorne's college days I was to write. His manner of life, and the sources and elements of his fame are the common possession of the world of letters.

Jonathan Cilley, just mentioned, will be recognized as the young man who after rapid rise in the law and with talents and endowments which gave promise of future distinction and made him the hope of his political party, fell in a duel at Bladensburg, near Washington, in 1838, with Mr. Graves, a fellow-member of the House of Representatives.

Two seats behind Hawthorne sat Longfellow in the recitation room. In his school days he gave decided proofs of poetic taste, anonymous pieces from his pen in the poet's corner of a Portland newspaper having attracted attention. During his college life he contributed to periodicals of the time "An April Day," "Autumn," "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "Woods in Winter," and "Sunrise in the Hills," which were received with favor as "early blossoms" of a spring of promise. The same classmate, from whom I obtained the sketch of Hawthorne, relates an incident of interest, as it had an important influence in determining his future career. At an annual examination of his class, which occurred in his Sophomore year, I think, his fine rendering of an ode of Horace attracted the notice of one of the Committee of Examination, a trustee of the college, the eminent counselor and advocate, Benjamin Orr, himself a lover of Horace. The professorship of Modern Languages being established soon after, Mr. Orr proposed the name of Longfellow for the chair, referring to that examination as his warrant for the young man's fitness for the position. Mr. Longfellow received the appointment, with the privilege of going abroad to prepare himself for the duties. While Mr. Longfellow was an undergraduate the writer was asked by the editor of the United States Literary Gazette, issued in Boston, about a young man in our college who sent him so fine poetry. It was Longfellow, then a fair-haired youth, blooming with health and early promise. I was glad to report him as one whose scholarship and character were quite equal to his poetry, for he received at graduation one of the highest honors, an English

oration. After graduation Longfellow entered his father's office at Portland to read law, but his genius and taste lead in another direction, and the flattering call from the college was cheerfully accepted. He soon took passage for Europe, where he spent from three to four years in Spain, France, Italy and Germany. With unusual facility in acquiring language he faithfully and successfully improved his opportunities, rare at that period, and returned to assume his position in the college, which he held with ever increasing reputation for six years.

The Triennial again fails to make prominent that member of the class of 1826, who was really conspicuous for national reputation, Sergeant Smith Prentiss, whose professional life was spent for the most part in Mississippi. He was born in Portland, Me., of Puritan descent, an ancestor of the family having emigrated from England and settled in Cambridge, Mass., before 1640. His father was a much respected ship-master of Portland, but subsequently removed to a farm in Gorham, whence the son came to college. A fever left the infant son with crippled limbs and a special object of a mother's care, and the child was ten years old before he could walk without crutches, and ever after supplemented the inefficiency of his right limb with a staff. Among the earlier influences which gave impulse and color to his mind may be mentioned the ardent preaching of the eloquent Dr. Edward Payson, to whose church Capt. Prentiss belonged. When Gorham became the family home the habits of the boy became very active. He grew up a keen sportsman and indefatigable angler; was an eager reader, devouring every book within reach; knew almost by heart "Pilgrim's Progress" and large portions of the Bible. If not so occupied he would listen to the animated talk of his veteran grandfather, Major Lewis, who could tell of the tented field, having borne command at Bunker Hill, or to warm discussions of political topics. Not without important issues in later days the bright-eyed grandchild heard the staunch old Federalist dilate with pride on the virtues and principles of Washington and Hamilton, while he denounced with unsparing severity the policy and conduct of Jefferson and his party.

Prentiss was fitted for junior standing in college at Gorham Academy under the classic teaching and vigorous ferule of Rev. Reuben Nason, and at the age of 15 presented himself for examination. The writer recalls distinctly the appearance of the youth limping with a staff as he took his seat for examination in the preparatory course, and the studies of the first two years of the college curriculum. He was at once drawn to the unfortunate yet active lad of ruddy, beaming countenance, attractive features, and sympathized with him in what he thought the severe ordeal before him. He began his scrutiny, purposely to save embarrassment, with gentle touch, but found, at once, that the subject yet needed no special forbearance, as he met the trial with entire self-posses-

sion, and was ready for any pressure of the examiner. Prentiss passed without exception. The two years of college residence gave promise of the future which was before him. After graduation he studied law with Judge Josiah Pierce, of Gorham, who gives the following account of his pupil: "In my office he read law studiously in the former part of the day, but in the afternoon perused other books. The writings of Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Cooper, Byron afforded him much amusement and pleasant instruction. His favorite author was Shakespeare, and, I think, a week never passed without his perusing more or less of the productions of the great dramatist."

In the year following, his thoughts even in college having been turned towards the opening West, he left his New England home, went West, and, pausing a while in Cincinnati, soon pressed his way beyond, and in due time we find him at Natchez, Miss. After engaging in teaching awhile, and continuing his legal studies, he was admitted to the Bar in 1829, formed a favorable partnership, and in 1832 removed to Vicksburg, where he prosecuted his profession with sudden and brilliant success. The great distinction Mr. Prentiss subsequently won at the Bar, in Congress and in the political field for eloquence and power, scarcely if ever surpassed, is a matter of history.

In our political annals the name of John Parker Hale, of the class of 1827, will attract attention. He was born in Rochester, N. H., and followed his father and grandfather in the law. He was fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy. Of his college days a classmate several years ago thus wrote: "In most cases the college life corresponded very well with the subsequent career. Hale was, to a considerable extent, an exception. In college he was recognized as of superior talents, and was, by far, our most prompt and fertile debater. He had a passion for mock law cases and for making speeches. But he was no student, and his habits were so careless and indolent that, I think, his classmates did not anticipate for him the distinction he has gained." This judgment of his undergraduate life seems to the writer very just, and yet one can discern in this estimate of him elements which were conspicuous in later days when his inexhaustible flow of humor, self-possession, ready wit and fertility of resource in debate were of so much avail for him. At the Bar Mr. Hale at once entered on a successful career. Entering Congress at a critical period of our national affairs, his independent action, apparently at great personal sacrifice, the courage and spirit with which he maintained his position against most formidable opposition, and the felicitous humor, keen retort and sarcasm with which he met reproach and insult, made him a conspicuous figure in the conflicts of that period.

When he looks over the class rolls of earlier years the writer sees

names, which have won distinction and are held in high respect and honor, but the special service laid upon him by the editor restricts him from extending or multiplying details. The "earlier years" of the college have now passed in review. And yet within a few years from the date which we have reached occur the names of two or three men who became so prominent that they lay claim to a national reputation, and the writer pleads the indulgence of embracing them in this review.

Cyrus Hamlin, of the class of 1834, has occupied so important a position, and has achieved such a work in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Turkey, that some account of his college life will be of interest. He was a native of Waterford, Me., became an apprentice to a jeweler in Portland, when his decided religious character and impulses led him, in hope of a wider field of usefulness, to conceive the project of a collegiate education. He was fitted at Bridgeton Academy, and entered college in 1830. His memory is fresh among his college contemporaries for strength of character, versatility of talent and resource, calm energy, unflinching courage and unquestioned Christian devotion. The youth was remarkably father of the man. He left a memorial of mechanical skill and persistence, now one of the curiosities of the college, a steam engine constructed by himself in Portland during a winter vacation, instead of keeping school, without his having seen a complete one (he had seen the upper works of the "*Chance'llor Livingston, steamer*"), except in such drawings as he could find. He used the engine in a few attempts at lecturing in different towns with the result of more compliments for his ingenuity and perseverance than of money for his short purse. The engine was made one of the college treasures at a price that perhaps was an equivalent for what he could have earned by school keeping, and has been of service in college lectures. His fearlessness, sagacity, patient persistence, abundant resource and power of influence in the various experiences of a stirring period in the history of the college are among its traditions, and thus foreshadowed the energy, active agency, manifold experiences and efficient labors of one of the heroes of missionary history.

Another of the same class has, within three years, been numbered among the "stellati" of the Triennial, leaving a name in Europe, as well as in his own land, among the leaders of theological thought in the world, Henry Boynton Smith. The writer recalls his appearance as a youth scarcely fifteen, with light hair, beautiful eyes, slender form, active movement, full of life, mirthful, of winning ways. A classmate writes that "he had, in a very eminent degree, the attributes both of the boy and the man. He had the overflow of spirit, the joyous hilarity, the love of fun of the boy; but also the power of thought and of keen analysis belonging to far riper years." He soon showed superior

scholarship in all departments, but peculiar critical faculty and a special tendency toward a region of thought in which he became prominent. He graduated with one of the highest appointments, and the subject of his English oration indicated the same tendency, his topic being "The Character of Erroneous Belief and its Influence on the Conduct," out of the range of subjects which usually attract the undergraduates; and, at the same time, suggesting that profound themes had been familiar to his thoughtful mind. During the last year of his college life, after a severe conflict, for he had been subjected to influences leading in a different direction, he had come out from perplexity and doubt into a clear, definite and assured Christian faith, and consecrated, as he hoped, his brilliant powers and his deepest affections to the service of Him who was henceforth, in the highest sense, his Lord and Master. As his classmate says, in referring to that crisis of young Smith's life: "When he emerged from doubt and danger into a clear, calm settled faith, we knew he was destined to be a leader of the Lord's hosts." Few have attracted more interest of faculty or students than he. The promise borne by his genius and scholarship awakened most tender solitudes in his behalf, and nothing interfered with the anticipation of a brilliant future but the feebleness of his physical constitution, which was ever a source of ceaseless anxiety.

John Albion Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, during a most critical period of our national history, was so pre-eminent for the ability, energy and wise efficiency of his gubernatorial career, which has given him rank among the most distinguished incumbents of that office and a lasting remembrance, that he deserves a place with graduates who have national reputation. He was born in Windham, near Portland, in Maine, a descendant of an English family who settled in Rowley village, now Boxford, Mass., in 1688. His father removed from Massachusetts to Windham in early manhood, bought a small house, still standing, near the Presumpscot River, and established the business of a general trader, in which he was fairly successful. He was greatly respected as a citizen, a deacon of the church, a man of substance and of great influence. His mother was well educated, of great sweetness of temper, with remarkable conversational powers, and highly prepossessing in appearance. It was a happy home, the usual resort of the ministers when visiting or journeying through the town, and in this way the family had excellent opportunities for acquiring information from the cultured men of the day. From early youth Albion was interested in questions affecting the happiness of the race. At thirteen he made a speech in a public meeting in the town under rather peculiar circumstances, which are thus related by a brother: "A temperance society had been organized with general interest. Previous to one of their meetings, appointed for a Sabbath afternoon, the officers of the society and others were desirous that young Albion should

make some remarks. All had known him from birth and had confidence in his ability to speak to the purpose, and, having obtained his father's consent, proposed the matter to him. Learning that his father was willing, he readily acceded. There was a full attendance. Albion took his seat in the rear of the house, and, after the President, a worthy Free-will Baptist clergyman, and others had spoken, he was invited to offer remarks. He rose, calm and collected, with the dignity of a man and the modesty of a child and began, traced the downward career of a child taught to partake of alcoholic drinks, step by step along his downward course, and pictured his wretched end, contrasting the onward and upward life of all who early resolved upon a life of temperance, illustrating his point by referring to some eminent men whose names he mentioned. The company was held almost spell-bound at such an address from a child. Elder Shaw, the President, afterward said to the father: "Albion beat us all." Albion was fitted at Gorham Academy under the highly reputed Rev. Reuben Nason, entered in 1833 at the age of fifteen. Of his college days, the writer adopts the account given by Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, LL.D., who, though three years in advance of him, became acquainted with him in college and was an intimate friend in professional and public life. "He is remembered as a bright, genial boy, of curly hair and a somewhat peculiar appearance, short, very thick, and his head and body out of proportion to the lower extremities. He was not adapted to the ordinary college sports, in which he appeared to take very little interest. As a scholar he was among the lowest in the class, and had no part at commencement. But he was by no means an idler. On the contrary, he was constantly occupied in general reading, greatly interested in current literature, and always ready for discussion, especially of political topics. He was popular among all without any effort to be so, and always so genial, without the least self-consciousness, as to render him an unusual favorite. He was not regarded as dull, very much the contrary; but he seemed indifferent to the ordinary routine of college honors; possessed of that happy temperament which enabled him then, and for so many years afterward, to pass quietly along without a touch of the emulous jealousies and temptations that wait on the ambitious aspirations of the young as well as the old. After graduation he entered on professional study in Boston, which henceforward became the scene of his labors at the Bar and of his public life. His friend, Mr. Chandler, has done justice to his memory in the paper which he prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, and in a volume, just from the press, containing, besides that memoir, personal reminiscences, two literary discourses hitherto unpublished, and his valedictory address on retiring from the gubernatorial chair, which is regarded as exhibiting statesmanship of a high order.



Nothing has been said of the history of the college since it entered on what may be called its new era when the District of Maine became an independent State. It remains to make a general and brief statement of its subsequent growth. At that date, 1820, it had one dormitory, Maine Hall, a small chapel of wood, in the second story of which was the library of about five thousand volumes. Massachusetts Hall, in which were lecture rooms, apartments for the philosophical apparatus, for chemicals and the laboratory etc., the mineralogical cabinet and the gallery of paintings thus occupying the two lower stories, while the third was devoted to the Medical School and a president's house. The president, two professors and two or three tutors constituted its corps of teachers. A little later three professors were added, and it is somewhat remarkable, and what has been thought to have been for the advantage of the institution, that of these five professors, one having retired for another position, four were in harmonious, uninterrupted service nearly forty years. The world without cannot fully estimate the self-denying labor of those years; but the good name of Alumni herein specially noted, and of many more, who have done credit to themselves and to their Alma-Mater, whose memory is fondly cherished, proves, that much, amidst embarrassment and discouragement, was effected, and that a tribute of respect and gratitude is due to men who gave their best to the college. It was affirmed at a commencement dinner a few years ago that the life of the college had always been a struggle with poverty. More recently, liberal friends have afforded substantial relief, although the institution in its resources falls behind some whose origin is coeval or even of later date. The college now numbers in its academic and medical departments sixteen professors and four instructors. Its library contains about 35,000 volumes, and is much more valuable than its size indicates. Liberal accessions have been made to its cabinets of natural science, its means of instruction have been increased, and in the quality of its instruction it has kept pace with improved methods. There are now three dormitories; Massachusetts Hall, which, through the munificence of one of its honored alumni, has been renovated in its interior, the two upper stories having been thrown into one and making the Cleaveland cabinet of mineralogy, geology and conchology, one of the most spacious and beautiful apartments in the country; Adams Hall, for the accommodation of the medical school and other uses of the college; a chapel with two towers, in the Romanesque style, in which is the college library and art gallery, much enlarged from what it was; a laboratory; and the Memorial Hall, French Gothic in style, the upper story designed for the art gallery, the second for public exhibitions of the college, and the lowest, it may be, for a gymnasium. There are scholarships and funds for the relief of those that need it, and competitive prizes offered, and last, though not least, as appealing to the eye of the visitor, the barren waste of the "college yard" of forty

or more years ago, with scarcely a tree or shrub except the balm of Gileads on its borders, now embracing three or fourfold the space it then contained, well shaded with lindens, maples and elms, with its green sward and pastures of shrubbery and flowers, makes the college campus one of the most spacious and attractive.

ALPHEUS S. PACKARD.

## POLITICAL ORGANIZATION IN GENERAL.

The mere gathering of individuals into a group does not constitute them a society. A society, in the sociological sense, is formed only when, besides juxtaposition there is co-operation. So long as members of the group do not combine their energies to achieve some common end or ends, there is little to keep them together. They are prevented from separating only when the wants of each are better satisfied by uniting his efforts with those of others than they would be if he acted alone.

Co-operation, then, is at once that which cannot exist without a society, and that for which a society exists. It may be a joining of many strengths to effect something which the strength of no single man can effect; or it may be an apportioning of different activities to different persons, who severally participate in the benefit of one another's activities. The motive for acting together, originally the dominant one, may be defense against enemies; or it may be the easier obtainment of food by the chase of others; or it may be, and commonly is, both of these. In any case, however, the units pass from the state of perfect independence to the state of mutual dependence; and as fast as they do this they become united into a society, rightly so called.

But co-operation implies organization. If acts are to be effectually combined, there must be arrangements under which they are adjusted in their times, amounts and characters.

This social organization, necessary as a means to concerted action, is of two kinds. Though these two kinds generally co-exist, and are more or less interfused, yet they are distinct in their origins and natures. There is a spontaneous co-operation which grows up without thought during the pursuit of private ends; and there is a co-operation which, consciously devised, implies distinct recognition of public ends. The ways in which the two are respectively established and carried on present marked contrasts.

Whenever, in a primitive group, there begins that co-operation which is effected by exchange of services—whenever individuals find their wants better satisfied by giving certain products which they can make best, in return for other products they are less skilled

in making, or not so well circumstanced for making, there is initiated a kind of organization which then and throughout its higher stages results from endeavors to meet personal needs. The division of labor, to the last as at first, grows by experience of mutual facilitations in living. Each new specialization of industry arises from the effort of one who commences it to get profit, and establishes itself by conducing in some way to the profit of others. So that there is a kind of concerted action, with the elaborate social organization developed by it, which does not originate in deliberate concert. Though it is true that within the small subdivisions of this organization we find everywhere repeated the relation of employer and employed, of whom the one directs the actions of the other; yet this relation, spontaneously formed in the pursuit of private ends and continued only at will, is not made with conscious reference to achievement of public ends; ordinarily these are not thought of. And though, for the regulating of trading activities, there eventually arise agencies serving to adjust the supplies of commodities to the demands; yet such agencies do this not by direct stimulations or restraints; but simply by communicating information which serves to stimulate or restrain; and, further, these agencies themselves grow up not for the intended purpose of thus regulating, but in the pursuit of gain by individuals. So unintentionally has there arisen the elaborate division of labor by which production and distribution are now carried on, that only in modern days has there come a recognition of the fact that it has all along been arising.

On the other hand, that co-operation which unites the actions of individuals for a purpose immediately concerning the whole society is a conscious co-operation, and is carried on by an organization of another kind, arising in a different way. When the primitive group has to defend itself against other groups, its members act together under further stimuli than those constituted by purely personal desires. Even at the outset, before any control by a chief exists, there is the control exercised by the group over its members; each of whom is obliged, by the *consensus* of opinion, to join in the general defense. Very soon the warrior of recognized superiority begins to exercise over each, during war, an influence additional to that exercised by the opinion of the group; and when this authority becomes established it greatly furthers combined action. From the beginning, therefore, this kind of social co-operation is a conscious co-operation, and a co-operation which is not wholly a matter of choice—is often much at variance with private wishes. As the organization initiated by it develops, we see that, in the first place, the fighting division of the society displays in a more marked degree these same traits: the grades and divisions constituting an army, co-operate more and more under the regulation, consciously established, of agencies which over-ride individual volitions—or, to

speaking strictly, control individuals by motives which prevent them from acting as they would spontaneously act. In the second place, we see that throughout the society as a whole there spreads a kindred form of organization—kindred in so far that, for the purpose of maintaining the militant organization and the government which directs it, there are similarly established over citizens agencies which force them to labor more or less largely for public ends instead of private ends. And simultaneously there develops a further organization, still akin in its fundamental principle, which restrains individual activities in such wise that social safety shall not be endangered by the disorder consequent on unchecked pursuit of personal ends. So that this kind of social organization is distinguished from the other as arising through conscious pursuit of public ends, in furtherance of which individual wills are constrained, first of all by the joint wills of the entire group, and afterwards more definitely by the will of a regulative agency which the group evolves.

Most clearly shall we perceive the contrast between these two kinds of organization on observing that, while they are both instrumental to social welfare, they are instrumental in converse ways. That organization shown us by the division of labor for industrial purposes exhibits combined action; but it is a combined action which directly seeks and subserves the welfares of individuals, and indirectly subserves the welfare of society as a whole by preserving individuals. Conversely, that organization evolved for governmental and defensive purposes exhibits combined action; but it is a combined action which directly seeks and subserves the welfare of the society as a whole, and indirectly subserves the welfare of individuals by preserving the society. Efforts for self-preservation by the units originate the one form of organization; while efforts for self-preservation by the aggregate originate the other form of organization. In the one case there is conscious pursuit of private ends only; and the correlative organization resulting from this pursuit of private ends, growing up unconsciously, is without coercive power. In the other case there is conscious pursuit of public ends; and the correlative organization, consciously established, exercises coercion.

Of these two kinds of co-operation and the structures effecting them, we are here concerned only with one. Political organization is to be understood as that part of social organization which consciously carries on directive and restraining functions for public ends. It is true, as already hinted, and as we shall see presently, that the two kinds are mingled in various ways—that each ramifies through the other more or less according to their respective degrees of predominance. But the two are essentially different in origin and nature; and for the present we must, so far as may be, limit our attention to the last.

That the co-operation into which men have naturally risen secures to them benefits which could not be secured while, in their primitive state, they acted singly; and that, as an indispensable means to this co-operation, political organization has been, and is, advantageous, we shall see on contrasting the states of men who are not politically organized with the states of men who are politically organized in less or greater degrees.

There are, indeed, conditions under which as good an individual life is possible without political organization as with it. Where, as in the habitat of the Esquimaux, there are but few persons and those very widely scattered; where there is no war, probably because the physical impediments to it are great and the motives to it feeble; and where circumstances make the occupations so uniform that there is little scope for the division of labor, mutual dependence can have no place, and the arrangements which effect it are not needed. Recognizing this exceptional case, let us consider the cases which are not exceptional.

The Digger Indians, "very few degrees removed from the ourang-outang," who, scattered among the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, sheltering in holes and living on roots and vermin, "drag out a miserable existence in a state of nature, amid the most loathsome and disgusting squalor," differ from the other divisions of the Shoshones by their entire lack of social organization. The river-haunting and plain-hunting divisions of the race, under some, though but slight governmental control, lead more satisfactory lives. In South America the Chaco Indians, low in type as are the Diggers, and like them degraded and wretched in their lives, are similarly contrasted with the superior and more comfortable savages around them in being dissociated. Among the Bedouin tribes, the Shererat are unlike the rest in being divided and sub-divided into countless bands which have no common chief; and they are described as being the most miserable of the Bedouins. More decided still is the contrast noted by Baker between certain adjacent African peoples. Passing suddenly, he says, from the unclothed, ungoverned tribes—from the "wildest savagedom to semi-civilization"—we come in Unyora to a country governed by an "unflinching despot," inflicting "death or torture" for "the most trivial offenses;" but where they have developed administration, sub-governors, taxes, good clothing, arts, agriculture, architecture. So, too, concerning New Zealand when first discovered, Cook remarks that there seemed to be greater prosperity and populousness in the regions subject to a king.

These last cases introduce us to a further truth. Not only does that first step in political organization which places individuals under the control of a tribal chief bring the advantages gained by better co-operation, but such advantages are increased when minor political heads become subject to a major-political head. As typifying the evils which are thereby avoided, I may name the fact that

among the Beloochees, whose tribes, unsubordinated to a general ruler, are constantly at war with one another, it is the habit to erect a small mud tower in each field, where the possessor and his retainers guard his produce—a state of things allied to, but worse than, that of the Highland clans, with their strongholds for sheltering women and cattle from the inroads of their neighbors, in days when they were not under the control of a central power. The benefits derived from such wider control, whether of a simple head or of a compound head, were felt by the early Greeks when the Amphictyonic Council established the laws that “no Hellenic tribe is to lay the habitations of another level with the ground; and from no Hellenic city is the water to be cut off during a siege.” The good which results from that advance of political structure which unites smaller communities into larger ones was shown in our own country when, by the Roman conquest, the incessant fights between tribes were stopped; and again, in later days, when feudal nobles, becoming subject to a monarch, were debarred from private wars. Under its converse aspect we see the same truth when, amidst the anarchy which followed the collapse of the Carovingian empire, princes and barons, resuming their independence, became active enemies to one another: their state being such that “when they were not at war they lived by open plunder.” And the history of Europe has repeatedly, in many places and times, furnished kindred illustrations.

While political organization, as it extends itself throughout masses of increasing size, directly furthers welfare by removing that impediment to co-operation which the antagonisms of individuals and of tribes cause, it indirectly furthers it in another way. Nothing beyond a rudimentary division of labor can arise in a small social group. Before commodities can be multiplied in their kinds there must be multiplied kinds of producers; and before each commodity can be produced in the most economical way, the different stages in the production of it must be apportioned out among special hands. Nor is this all. Neither the required complex combinations of individuals, nor the elaborate mechanical appliances which facilitate manufacture, can arise in the absence of a large community, generating a great demand.

But though the advantages gained by co-operation pre-suppose political organization, this political organization necessitates disadvantages; and it is quite possible for these disadvantages to outweigh the advantages. The controlling structures have to be maintained, and the restraints they impose have to be borne; and the evils inflicted by taxation and by tyranny may become greater than the evils prevented.

Where, as in the East, the rapacity of monarchs has sometimes gone to the extent of taking from cultivators so much of their produce as to have afterwards to return part for seed, we see exemplified the truth that the agency which maintains order may cause miseries

greater than the miseries caused by disorder. The state of Egypt under the Romans, who, on the native set of officials, superposed their own set, and who made drafts on the country's resources not for local administration only but also for imperial administration, furnishes an instance. Beyond the regular taxes there were demands for feeding and clothing the military, wherever quartered; extra calls were continually made on the people for maintaining public works and subaltern agents; men in office were themselves so impoverished by exactions, that they "assumed dishonorable employments or became the slaves of persons in power;" gifts made to the government were soon converted into forced contributions; and those who purchased immunities from extortions found them disregarded as soon as the sums asked had been received. More marked still were the curses following excessive development of political organization in Gaul during the decline of the Roman empire:

"So numerous were the receivers in comparison, with the payers, and so enormous the weight of taxation, that the laborer broke down, the plains became deserts, and woods grew where the plough had been. . . . It were impossible to number the officials who were rained upon every province and town. . . . The crack of the lash and the cry of the tortured filled the air. The faithful slave was tortured for evidence against his master, the wife to depose against her husband, the son against his sire. . . . Not satisfied with the returns of the first enumerators, they sent a succession of others, who each swelled the valuation—as a proof of service done; and so the imposts went on increasing. Yet the number of cattle fell off, and the people died. Nevertheless, the survivors had to pay the taxes of the dead."

And how literally in this case the benefits were exceeded by the mischiefs, is shown by the remark that "They fear the enemy less than the tax-gatherer: the truth is, that they fly to the first to avoid the last. Hence, the one unanimous wish of the Roman populace, that it was their lot to live with the barbarian."

In the same regions during later times the lesson was repeated: While internal peace and its blessings were achieved in mediæval France as fast as feudal nobles became subordinate to the king—while the central power, as it grew stronger, put an end to that primitive practice of a blood-revenge which wreaked itself on any relative of an offender, and made the "truce of God" a needful mitigation of the universal savagery; yet from this extension of political organization there presently grew up evils as great or greater—multiplication of taxes, forced loans, groundless confiscations, arbitrary fines, progressive debasements of coinage, and a universal corruption of justice consequent on the sale of offices: the results being that many people died by famine, some committed suicide; while others, deserting their homes, led a wandering life. And then,

afterwards, when the supreme ruler, becoming absolute, controlled social life in all its details, through an administrative system vast in extent and ramifications, with the general result that in less than two centuries the indirect taxation alone "crossed the enormous interval between 11 millions and 311," there came the national impoverishment and misery which resulted in the great revolution.

Even the present time supplies kindred evidence, in sundry places. A voyage up the Nile shows every observer that the people are better off where they are remote from the center of government—where administrative agencies cannot so easily reach them. Nor is it only under the barbaric Turk that this happens. Notwithstanding the boasted beneficence of our rule in India, the extra burdens and the complication of restraints it involves, have the effect that the people find some of the adjacent countries preferable: the ryots in sundry places are leaving their homes and settling in the territory of the Nizam and Gwalior.

Not only do those who are controlled suffer from political organization, evils which greatly deduct from, and sometimes exceed, the benefits. Numerous and rigid governmental restraints indirectly shackle those who impose them as well as those on whom they are imposed. The successive grades of ruling agents, severally coercing grades below, are themselves coerced by grades above; and even the very highest ruling agent is enslaved by the system created for the preservation of his supremacy. In ancient Egypt the daily life of the king was minutely regulated alike as to its hours, its occupations, its ceremonies; so that, nominally all powerful, he was really less free than a subject. It has been, and is, the same with other despotic monarchs. Till lately in Japan, where the form of organization had become fixed, and where, from the highest to the lowest, the actions of life were prescribed in detail, the exercise of authority was so burdensome that voluntary resignation of it was frequent. Adams writes: "The custom of abdication is common among all classes, from the Emperor down to his meanest subject." European states have exemplified this re-acting tyranny. "In the Byzantine Palace," says Gibbon, "the Emperor was the first slave of the ceremonies he imposed." Concerning the tedious court life of Louis Le Grand, Madame de Maintenon remarks: "Save those only who fill the highest stations, I know of none more unfortunate than those who envy them. If you could only form an idea of what it is!"

So that while the satisfaction of men's personal wants is furthered both by the maintenance of order and by the formation of aggregates large enough to permit extensive division of labor, it is hindered both by deductions, often very great, from the products of their actions, and by the restraints imposed on their actions, usually in excess of the needs. And political control indirectly entails evils on those who exercise it as well as on those over whom it is exercised.

The stones composing a house cannot be otherwise used until the



house has been pulled down. If the stones are united by mortar, there must be extra trouble in destroying their present combination before they can be recombined. And if the mortar has had centuries in which to consolidate, the breaking up of the masses formed is a matter of such difficulty that building with new materials becomes more economical than rebuilding with the old.

I name these facts to illustrate the truth that any kind of arrangement stands in the way of re-arrangement; and that this must be true of organization, which is one kind of arrangement. When, during the evolution of a living body, its component substance, at first relatively homogeneous, has been transformed into a combination of heterogeneous parts, there results an obstacle, always great and often insuperable, to any considerable change of structure: the more elaborate and definite the structure the greater is the resistance it opposes to alteration. And this, which is conspicuously true of an individual organism, is true, if less conspicuously, of a social organism. Though a society, composed of discrete units, and not having had its type fixed by inheritance from countless like societies, is much more plastic; yet the same principle holds. As fast as its parts are differentiated—as fast as there arise classes, bodies of functionaries, established institutions, these, becoming coherent within themselves and with one another, resist such forces as tend to modify them. The conservatism of every long-settled institution daily exemplifies this law. Be it in the antagonism of a Church to legislation interfering with its arrangements; be it in the opposition of an army to abolition of the purchase system; be it in the disfavor with which the legal profession at large has regarded law-reform; we see that neither in their structures nor in their modes of action are parts that have once been specialized easily changed.

As it is true of a living body that its various acts have as their common end self-preservation, so is it true of its component organs that they severally tend to maintain themselves in their integrity. And, similarly, as it is true of a society that maintenance of its existence is the aim of its combined actions, so it is true of its separate classes and systems of officials, or other specialized parts, that the dominant aim of each is to preserve itself. Not the function to be performed, but the sustentation of those who perform the function becomes the object in view: the result being that when the function is needless, or even detrimental, the structure still preserves itself as long as it can. In early days the history of the Knights Templars furnished an illustration of this tendency. Down to the present time we have before us the familiar instance of trade guilds in London, which, having ceased to perform their original functions, nevertheless jealously maintain themselves for no purpose but the gratification of their members. And the accounts given in "The Black Book" of the sinecures which survived up to recent times, yield multitudinous illustrations.

The extent to which an organization resists re-organization we shall not fully appreciate until we observe that its resistance increases in a compound progression. For while each new part is an additional obstacle to change, the formation of it implies a deduction from the forces causing change. If other things remaining the same, the political structures of a society are further developed—if the existing institutions are extended or fresh ones set up—if for directing social activities in greater detail, extra staffs of officials are appointed the simultaneous results are an increase in the aggregate of those who form the regulating part and a corresponding decrease in the aggregate of those who form the part regulated. In various ways all who compose the controlling and administrative organization become united with one another and separated from the rest. Whatever be their particular duties, they are similarly related to the minor and major governing centers of their departments, and, through them, to the supreme governing center; and are habituated to like sentiments and ideas respecting the set of institutions in which they are incorporated. Receiving their subsistence through the national revenue, they tend towards kindred views and feelings respecting the raising of such revenue. Whatever jealousies there may be between their divisions are over-ridden by sympathy when any one division has its existence or privileges endangered; since the interference with one division may spread to others. Moreover, they all stand in like relations to the rest of the community, whose actions are in one way or other superintended by them; and hence are led into kindred views respecting the need for such superintendence and the propriety of submitting to it. No matter what their previous political opinions may have been, they cannot become public agents of any kind without being biased towards opinions congruous with their functions. So that, inevitably, each further growth of the instrumentalities which control, or administer, or inspect, or in any way direct social forces, increases the impediment to future modifications, both positively, by strengthening that which has to be modified, and negatively, by weakening the remainder; until at length the rigidity becomes so great that change is impossible and the type becomes fixed.

Nor does each further development of the regulative organization increase the obstacles to change, only by relatively increasing the power of those who, as regulators, maintain the established order, and decreasing the powers of those who, as the regulated, have not the same direct interests in maintaining it. For the ideas and sentiments of a community as a whole, progressively adapt themselves to the regime familiar from childhood, in such wise that it comes to be looked upon as natural, and as the only thing possible. In proportion as public agencies occupy a larger space in daily experience, leaving but a smaller space for other agencies, there comes a greater tendency to think of public control as everywhere needful, and a

less ability to conceive of activities as otherwise controlled. At the same time the sentiments, adjusted by habit to the regulative machinery, become enlisted on its behalf, and adverse to the thought of a vacancy to be made by its absence. In brief, the general law that the social organism and its units act and re-act in such ways as to become congruous, implies that every further extension of political organization increases the obstacle to re-organization; not only by increasing the strength of the regulative part and decreasing the strength of the part regulated, but also by producing in citizens thoughts and feelings in harmony with the resulting structure, and out of harmony with anything substantially different. Both France and Germany furnish examples of this truth. M. Comte, while looking forward to an industrial state, was so swayed by the ideas and sentiments appropriate to the French form of society that his scheme of organization for the industrial state prescribes its arrangements with a definiteness and detail characteristic of the militant type, and utterly at variance with the industrial type. Indeed, he had a profound aversion to that individualism which is a product of industrial life and gives the character to industrial institutions. So, too, in Germany, we see that the Socialist party, who are regarded and who regard themselves as wishing to entirely reorganize society, are so incapable of really thinking away from the social type under which they were born and nurtured that their proposed social system is in essence nothing else than a new form of the system they would destroy. It is a system under which life and labor are to be arranged and superintended by public instrumentalities, omnipresent like those which already exist and no less coercive; the individual having his life even more regulated for him than now.

While then, on the one hand, in the absence of settled arrangements, there cannot be co-operation, yet co-operation of a higher kind is hindered by the arrangements which facilitate co-operation of a lower kind. Though without some established relations among parts, there can be no combined actions; yet the more extensive and elaborate such relations grow, the more difficult does it become to make an improved combination of actions. There is an increase of the forces which tend to fix, and a decrease of the forces which tend to unfix; until the fully-structured social organism, like fully-structured individual organism, becomes no longer adaptable.

In a living animal, formed as it is of aggregated units originally like in kind, the progress of organization implies, not only that the units composing each differentiated part severally maintain their positions, but also that their progeny succeed to those positions. Bile-cells which, while performing their functions, grow and give origin to new bile-cells, are, when they decay and disappear, replaced by these: the cells descending from them do not migrate to the kidneys, or the muscles, or the nervous centers, to join in the performance of their duties. And, evidently unless the specialized units

each organ is made of, gave origin to units similarly specialized, which remained in the same place, there could be none of those settled relations among parts which characterize the organism, and fit it for its particular mode of life.

In a society also, fixity of structure is favored by the transmission of positions and functions through successive generations. The maintenance of those class-divisions which arise as political organization advances, implies the inheritance of a rank and a place in each class. Obviously in proportion as the difficulty of rising from one grade into another is great, the social grades become settled in their relations. The like happens with those sub-divisions of classes which, in some societies, constitute castes, and in other societies are partially exemplified by guilds. Where custom or law compels the sons of each trader to follow his father's occupation, there result among the structures carrying on production and distribution obstacles to change analogous to those which result in the regulative structures from impassable divisions of ranks. India shows this in an extreme degree; and in a less degree it was shown by the craft-guilds of early days in England, which facilitated adoption of a craft by the children of those engaged in it, and hindered adoption of it by others. Thus we may call inheritance of position and function the principle of fixity in social organization.

There is another way in which succession by inheritance, whether to class-position or to occupation, conduces to stability. It secures supremacy of the elder; and supremacy of the elder tends towards maintenance of the established order. A system under which a chief-ruler, sub-ruler, head of a clan or house, official, or any person having the power given by rank or property, has his place filled up at death by a descendant, in conformity with some accepted rule of succession, is a system under which, by implication, the young, and even the middle-aged, are excluded from the conduct of affairs. So, too, where an industrial system is such that the son, habitually brought up to his father's business, succeeds to his position when he dies, it follows in like manner that the regulative power of the elder over the processes of production and distribution, is scarcely at all qualified by the power of the younger. Now, it is a truth daily exemplified that increasing rigidity of organization, necessitated by the process of evolution, produces in age an increasing strength of habit and aversion to change. Hence it results that succession to place and function by inheritance, having as its necessary concomitant the monopoly of power by the eldest, involves a prevailing conservatism; and this further insures maintenance of things as they are.

Conversely, social change is facile in proportion as men's positions and functions are determinable by personal qualities. If, not being prevented by law or custom, members of one rank establish themselves in another rank, they in so far directly break the division

between the ranks, and they indirectly weaken the division by preserving their family relations with the first, and forming new ones with the second; while, further, the ideas and sentiments prevailing in the two ranks, previously more or less different, are made to qualify one another and to modify the characters of their members. Similarly if, between sub-divisions of the-producing and distributing classes, there are no barriers to migration, then, in proportion as migrations are numerous, influences physical and mental, following inter-fusion, tend to alter the natures of their units; at the same time that they perpetually check the establishment of differences of nature, caused by differences of function. Such transpositions of individuals between class and class, or group and group, must, on the average, however, be determined by the fitnesses of the individuals for their new places and duties. Intrusions will ordinarily succeed only where the intruding citizens have more than usual aptitudes for the businesses they undertake. Those who desert their original social positions and occupations are at a disadvantage in the competition with those whose positions and occupations they assume; and they can overcome this disadvantage only by force of some superiority in respect of the occupations in which they compete. This leaving of men to have their careers determined by their efficiencities we may therefore call the principle of change in social organization.

As we saw that succession by inheritance conduces in a secondary way to stability, by keeping the places of authority in the hands of those who by age are made most averse to new practices, so here, conversely, we may see that succession by efficiency conduces, in a secondary way, to change. Both positively and negatively the possession of power by the young facilitates innovation. While the energies are overflowing, little fear is felt of those obstacles to improvement and evils it may bring, which, to those of flagging energies, look formidable; and, at the same time, the greater imaginativeness that goes along with higher vitality, joined with a smaller strength of habit, facilitates acceptance of fresh ideas and adoption of untried methods. Since, then, where the various social positions come to be respectively filled by those who are experimentally proved to be the fittest, the relatively young are permitted to exercise authority, it results that succession by efficiency furthers change in social organization, indirectly as well as directly.

Contrasting the two, we thus see that while the acquirement of function by inheritance conduces to rigidity of structure, the acquirement of function by efficiency conduces to plasticity of structure. Succession by descent favors the maintenance of that which exists. Succession by fitness favors transformation, and makes possible something better.

As I have pointed out elsewhere, "complication of structure accompanies increase of mass" in social organisms as in individual

organisms. When small societies are compounded into a larger society, the controlling agencies needed in the several component societies must be subordinated to a central controlling agency: new structures are required. Re-compounding necessitates a kindred further complexity in the governmental arrangements; and at each of such stages of increase all other arrangements must become more complicated. As Drury remarks: "By becoming a world in place of a town, Rome could not conserve institutions established for a single city and a small territory. . . . How was it possible for sixty millions of provincials to enter the narrow and rigid circle of provincial institutions?" The like holds where, instead of extension of territory, there is only increase of population. The contrast between the simple administrative system which sufficed in old English times for a million people, with the complex administrative system at present needed for many millions, sufficiently indicates this general truth.

But now, mark a corollary. If, on the one hand, further growth implies more complex structure, on the other hand changeableness of structure is a condition to further growth; and, conversely, unchangeableness of structure is a concomitant of arrested growth. Like the correlative law just noted, this law is clearly seen in individual organisms. On the one hand, the transition from the small immature form to a larger mature form in the living creature, implies that not the whole only, but all the parts have to be changed in their sizes and connections; every detail of every organ has to be modified; and this implies the retention of plasticity. On the other hand, when, on approaching maturity, the structures are assuming their final arrangement, their increasing definiteness and firmness constitute an increasing impediment to growth: the unbuilding and rebuilding required before there can be the needful readjustment, become more and more difficult. So is it with a society. Augmentation of its mass necessitates change of the pre-existing structures, either by incorporation of the increment with them, or by their extension through it. Every elaboration and further settlement of the structures, presents an additional obstacle to this; and, when rigidity is reached, such modifications of them as increase of mass would involve are impossible, and increase is prevented.

Nor is this all. Controlling and administrative instrumentalities antagonize growth by absorbing the materials for growth. Already, when pointing out the evils which accompany the benefits gained by political organization, this effect has been indirectly implied. Governmental expenditure, there represented as deducting from the lives of producers by taking away their produce, has for its ulterior result deducting from the life of the community: depletion of the units entails depletion of the aggregate. Where the abstraction of private means for public purposes is excessive, as in one of the cases named, the impoverishment leads to decrease of population;

and where it is less excessive, to arrest of population. Clearly those members of a society who form the regulative parts, together with all their dependants, have to be supplied with the means of living by the parts which carry on the processes of production and distribution; and if the regulative parts go on increasing relatively to the other parts, there must eventually be reached a point at which they absorb the entire surplus, and multiplication is stopped by innutrition.

Hence, then, we may say that, in the first place, though each increment of growth is aided by an appropriate organization, yet this organization, being inappropriate to a greater mass, becomes thereafter an impediment to growth; and that, in the second place, growth is further impeded by the abstraction of materials to sustain organization which would otherwise have been available for growth.

To aid our interpretations of the special facts presently to be dealt with, we must keep in mind the foregoing general facts. They may be summed up as follows.

Co-operation is made possible by society, and makes society possible. It pre-supposes associated men, and men remain associated because of the benefits association yields them.

But there cannot be concerted actions without agencies by which actions are in some way adjusted in their times, amounts, and kinds; and the actions cannot be of various kinds without the co-operators undertaking different duties. That is to say, the co-operators must fall into some kind of organization, either voluntarily or involuntarily.

The organization which co-operation implies is of two kinds, distinct in origin and nature. The one, arising directly from the pursuit of individual ends, and indirectly conducing to social welfare, develops unconsciously and is non-coercive. The other, arising directly from the pursuit of social ends, and indirectly conducing to individual welfare, develops consciously and is coercive.

While, by making co-operation possible, political organization achieves benefits, deductions from these benefits are entailed by such organization. Maintenance of it is costly; and the cost may become a greater evil than the evils escaped. It necessarily imposes restraints; and these restraints may become so extreme that anarchy, with all its miseries, is preferable.

Organization as it becomes established is an obstacle to reorganization. Both by the inertia of position, and by the cohesion gradually established among them, the units of the structures formed oppose change. Self-sustentation is the primary aim of each part as of the whole; and hence parts once formed tend to continue; whether they are or are not useful. Moreover, each addition to the regulative structures, implying, other things equal, a

simultaneous deduction from the remainder of the society which is regulated, it results that while the obstacles to change are increased, the forces causing change are decreased.

Maintenance of a society's organization implies that the units forming its component structures shall severally be replaced as they die. Stability is favored if the vacancies they leave are filled without dispute by descendants; while change is favored if the vacancies are filled by those who are experimentally proved to be best fitted for them. Succession by inheritance is thus the principle of social rigidity; while succession by efficiency is the principle of social plasticity.

Though, to make co-operation possible, and therefore to facilitate social growth, there must be organization, yet the organization formed impedes further growth; since further growth implies reorganization, which the existing organization resists, and since the existing organization absorbs part of the material for growth.

So that while, at each stage, better immediate results may be achieved by completing organization, they must be at the expense of better ultimate results. These are to be achieved by carrying organization at each stage no further than is needful for the orderly carrying on of social actions.—HERBERT SPENCER, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

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## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, POET AND ESSAYIST.

### PART II.—ESSAYIST.

MR. LOWELL says somewhere that the art of writing consists largely in knowing what to leave in the ink-pot. We may add that the art of publishing consists largely in knowing what to leave in the waste-paper basket. As an experienced editor, that is a discovery our author must have made long ago—but he has been too severe with himself. How many volumes of Lowell's prose works, if not in the waste-basket, are almost as effectually buried in magazine and newspaper columns? How many ink-pots between 1838 and 1880 have been absorbed by the blotting-paper of oblivion? A brief review of Mr. Lowell's working life will give the reader some notion of what the world has *not* got, and will serve to call attention to the condensed wealth contained in such unpretentious little volumes as "Among My Book," and "My Study Windows."

The "Lowles" from Yardley, Worcestershire, left Bristol for America about 240 years ago. There was evidently "stuff" in the family as the town of "Lowell," a shire of Middlesex, Mass., is named after them. Charles Lowell, a respected Unitarian minister at Boston, was the father of the present poet, and deter-



mining that his son James Russell should have a liberal education, he sent him to Harvard University, where he entered at fifteen—became "Class poet," graduated at nineteen, and, on leaving college, was recommended to study law. Whether Mr. Lowell's faculty for promoting litigation was imperfect, or insufficiently cultivated, is of little consequence to posterity; had he been a successful lawyer, he might have become a professional politician—the world would then have probably lost a poet and a statesman. About a year seems to have satisfied him that human nature, from a legal point of view, was unproductive—perhaps dull. At all events, in 1841 he published a collection of poems called "A Year's Life." As they have never been reprinted, and we have not seen the original volumes, they may have been poetical digests of interesting cases. Some, however, have been republished; but we fail to find in the exquisite plaint of "Threnodia," "Irene," "My Love," "To Perdita, Singing," or "The Moon," the least allusion to the "Prisoner at the Bar," "Costs," or even a "Fee Simple." The mature taste which cancels early work is not always to be relied on. Why Mr. Tennyson should have only retained one exquisite line in the whole of his prize poem, "Timbuctoo"—a poem full of mature and sustained beauty—is to us as great a mystery as why Mr. Ruskin seems anxious to bury forever all his more important writings—which the world, however, will not willingly let die.

However, "to fresh woods and pastures new," in company with Mr. Robert Carter, did Mr. Lowell betake himself in 1843, and the "Pioneer, a literary and critical magazine," supported by Edgar Poe, Hawthorne, Parson, Storey and others, was pioneered through three monthly numbers, when the publisher failed, and the venture was wrecked. Every one must buy his experience, and the interests of authors and publishers get a little mixed sometimes—especially those of authors—still, the great matter is to find one's "sea-legs" on the voyage of literary life.

In 1844 the verses including "A Legend of Brittany," "Prometheus," "Rhœcus" and some sonnets, showed at least that the poet and philanthropist was beginning to stand firm upon that quarter-deck on which the great anti-slavery battle was to be fought and won.

In 1845 a prose volume of conversations appeared, on some old poets—Chaucer, Chapman, Ford, etc.—subsequently, we suppose, incorporated in "My Study Windows"—and various hints, paragraphs and disquisitions on politics and slavery prepare the way for some patriotic bursts of feeling, the indignation and the eloquent wrath of "The Present Crisis" (1848), "Anti-Texas," and "On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington." These were shortly followed, in that most momentous year, '48, when the States were seething with revolution and Europe was in a blaze with Louis Napoleon's exploits, by "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and the fa-

mious "Biglow Papers," on which we have already so fully dwelt.\* "A Fable for Critics" also appeared in the year '48.

In 1851 Mr. Lowell visited England, France and Switzerland, and lived for some time in Italy. Such essays as "Dante" show how deeply he imbibed the spirit of Italy's greatest poet, and how closely he studied the schools of Italian painting and the relics of the Roman or Græco-Roman sculpture. Of the Greek sculpture there is little enough in Italy; only a few marble replicas of a few fine statues—the originals of all the finest Greek statues were in ivory or bronze. He joins in the abuse of Michael Angelo at present fashionable, and the reader may be referred to the section on "Italy," printed in the "Fireside Travels," for a variety of impressions de voyage, probably unlike what was printed before them, but very similar to what has appeared since. We miss the "flying grace" of Howell's "Venetian Life," but this Mr. Lowell would call "cheapening" one thing by another; and then, indeed, the impress left by Italy upon his mind and studies is far more important than are any of the pleasant, chatty notes made guide-book in hand. One thing is certain, that Mr. Lowell avoided traveling as other Americans are said to travel—seeing everything and looking at nothing—or, worse still, making notes, as they rush from place to place on the "Continong," of what they neither have seen nor looked at. I remember myself meeting two such enterprising travelers when I was last in Rome. They were standing opposite the "Apollo Belvidere," in the Vatican. One held guide-book with pencil, and read; the other mastered as rapidly as he could the labels on each pedestal. "Wal, what's the next?" says the friend with the guide-book. "That," says his friend, stooping down to examine the label—"that's the 'Pollo Belvidere.'" "Chalk 'im off," says his friend with the pencil, and both passed on without even raising their eyes to the Sun-god!

But to be at leisure, to master well, to think and write maturely, is an old-world feature retained by Mr. Lowell. It is one of his main charms; like good wine, it will keep—ay, and bear exportation to boot.

In December, 1852, he returned to America, and in 1854 and 1855 lectured on the British poets. The substance of these lectures probably reappeared in "Among My Books."

In January, 1855, on the resignation of Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, by that time famous and influential as the poet of the "Biglows," accepted the chair of modern languages and belles lettres in Harvard College.

With that passion for thoroughness which he had so humorously and forcibly expressed in the "Biglows," Mr. Lowell revisited Europe

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\*Gentleman's Magazine, October, 1880.

to qualify himself especially in the French and German languages and literatures for his new post.

Folks thet worked thorough was the ones thet thriv,  
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live;  
You can't git red on't—jest ez sure as sin,  
It s ollers askin' to be done agin.

To this period, at Dresden, 1856, we doubtless owe those exhaustive studies, the fruits of which come out in the excellent essays on "Lessing" and "Rousseau"—papers which impress the reader, without apparent effort or design, with the feeling (most reassuring that the writer knows so much more than he cares to say.

In 1857 to 1862 many essays, not since republished, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which Mr. Lowell became editor; and in 1863 to 1872 he edited, in conjunction with Charles E. Norton, the *North American Review*—a kind of American "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" in literary importance.

In 1864 appeared the pleasant "*Fireside Travels*," containing his gossip about "Cambridge, U. S., 30 years ago;" "*The Moosehead Journal*," full of characteristic incidents and glimpses of out-of-the-way lonely scenery and American travel in pleasant by-ways; experiences at sea, together with appearances of whales and jelly-fish; a pensive paragraph on the sea-serpent, and a few words of sympathy for that rare monster's admirers; some notes on the Mediterranean, not unlike other people's notes on the Mediterranean, and "In Italy"—generally—very generally.

In 1867 we have the "Second Series of Biglow" and "*Melibœus Hipponax*;" in 1868, "*Under the Willows, and Other Poems*;" in 1869, "*The Cathedral*," an extensive poem redolent of foreign travel, but interspersed with those delightful meditations and serious reflections without which Mr. Lowell's earnest nature is incapable of long exhaling itself in either prose or poetry. In 1870 the pith of many essays and magazine articles is extracted and issued in his three chief prose volumes, "*My Study Windows*," and two volumes "*Among my Books*." In 1872 Mr. Lowell is again in Europe, and in 1874 Cambridge University—not U. S. A.—confers its LL.D. in the Senate-house upon one who had certainly by this time, more by the quality than by the quantity of his books, won for himself a foremost place in English literature, as well as a special throne in America, where he may well be called the Prize Poet of the Vernacular.

From the English point of view all this may seem an odd training for a politician. Indeed, our English House of Commons has always been a little shy of literary men (although it happens to have a good supply of them just now—1880). Lord Macaulay was a fair parliamentary success as far as he went, but his extreme distaste for office perhaps betrayed a certain sense of unfitness to excel in prac-

tical politics; Bulwer Lytton was a showy success d'estime as a debater; and John Stuart Mill, although unable to keep his seat, left his hall-mark on every question that he opened his lips upon in the House. Lord Beaconsfield is altogether an exceptional phenomenon; but our last attempt at a poet-statesman, on a truly imperial scale abroad, cannot be exactly described as a success, in spite of Mr. Prinsep's gorgeous and consummate efforts on canvas.

But they manage all these things differently in America, and, indeed, they make politicians out of all sorts of stuff, for home use—but for foreign service a literary career seems to be no unnatural or unusual prelude. Mr. Howell was consul at Venice, so was G. P. R. James; Mr. Bret Harte is consul at Glasgow. Mr. Lowell, who had never made a political speech or sought his country's suffrage at home, or held any state appointment whatever, was offered the post of ambassador to Russia in 1874, which he declined; but so determined were the Americans to be represented by him abroad, that Madrid, which he accepted, was offered him in 1877, and London in 1880; nor could any better appointment have been made.

Since Mr. Lowell's arrival he has had no diplomatic work of any importance to transact, and the devout wish cherished on either side of the Atlantic must be that he may have no opportunity whatever afforded him of distinguishing himself as a political agent, except in the quiet and genial direction of that *entente cordiale* which he is so happily fitted to promote.

The style of Mr. Lowell is emphatically his own, and yet no man reports so habitually—half sympathetically, half whimsically—the ring of other writers. "Homer Wilbur" is especially redolent or resonant of the old Elizabethan masters. We hear the grave Verulam Lord Bacon, or the judicious Hooker, in—"Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organizations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all those are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from their original intentment." Sometimes we get an odd flavor of Swift, bright humor being substituted for malignant satire; at others, the flowing and tender style of Jeremy Taylor comes back to us as we read; and this pretty close to a quaint essay on "Journalism" is certainly the oddest mixture of Emerson and Sterne: "Through my newspaper, here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruisgins? But to none of us does the present continue miraculous (even if for a moment discerned as such). We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision

was let down to me from Heaven, shall be the wrappage to a bar of soap, or the platter for a beggar's broken viotuals."

But here is a bit of the genuine, unadulterated Lowell, in one of his rare bursts of terrible scorn and irony. It is indeed a tremendous indictment on the war material of an "Unthrifty Mother State," this picture of a war recruit. "An own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought to be christened—a ruddy, rugged babe; and now there he wallows, reeking, seething—the dead corpse, not of a man, but of a soul—a putrefying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Comes the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, and parts the hair upon his forehead, nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him,—and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By-and-by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say, 'My poor, forlorn foster-child! Behold here a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me?' Not so; but, 'Here is a recruit ready-made to my hand, a piece of destroying energy lying unprofitably idle.' So she claps an ugly gray suit on him, puts a musket in his grasp, and sends him off, with gubernatorial and other godspeeds, to do duty as a destroyer."

Mr. Lowell is hard upon fine writers; and, indeed, his own style, although rising to an occasion, never approaches the chronic elevation of the penny dreadful; he prefers "was hanged" to "was launched into eternity;" he would have the poor taste to write "when the halter was put round his neck," rather than "when the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions;" he will not even call a "great fire" a "disastrous conflagration," or speak of "a frightened horse" as an "infuriated animal." Instead of rising at a public dinner with "I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations," Mr. Lowell might be so negligent of oratory as to begin, "I shall say a few words." But he never talks the current nonsense about good Saxon English, and he boldly maintains that our language "has gained immensely by the infusion (of Latinisms), in richness of synonym, and in power of expressing nice shades of thought and feeling." Perhaps there may be a question between the English "again rising" and the Latin "resurrection;" but "conscience" is superior to "in-wit," "remorse" to "again-bite;" and what home-bred Englishman could ape the high-Roman fashion of such togated words as "the multitudinous sea incarnadine?" Again, "mariner" is felt to be poetically better than "sailor" for emotional purposes, and most people would prefer to say, "It was an ancient mariner" rather than "It was an elderly seaman."

Such shrewd perceptions abound in these essays: and now, before proceeding, I might, with that kind of careless facility so much in

vogue with the critics, point out a few slips or a little slovenliness here and there, as when Mr. Lowell opines that "Chastelard" was ever popular in England, or that Mr. Swinburne really owes very much to Robert Browning, and quite forgets to mention D. G. Rossetti, who was his real master. We might remark upon his curious notion that Clough was, after all, the great poet of the age, and wonder why, in dealing with Pope's artificiality, he should have failed to allude to that one, most perfect and extreme ease, "The Dying Christian to his Soul;" or, whilst condemning his want of real pathos, should have forgotten such real bursts of passion as occur in "Eloisa to Abelard." As to Mr. Lowell's slovenly style, nothing can be more slipshod than the following on Dryden: "He is always imitating—no, that is not the word," etc.; or, "The always hasty Dryden, as I think I have said before," etc. Every critical notice is expected to contain a few specimens of such flippant signs of the critic's superior acumen, and I hope I shall get credit for them: but the real object of such an article as this is "to give the quality of a man's mind, and the amount of his literary performance." To such business we now continue to apply ourselves.

In Mr. Lowell's mind, the conservative and radical elements are mixed in truly statesmanlike proportions. Capable of that concentrated passion which did much towards sweeping slavery from his own land, and with a certain bitterness and skepticism towards established forms of religion, no one can fail to be reassured and won by the essential sobriety of his qualifying utterances. Do you think him a radical? then note how he dwells on that "power of the past over the minds and conduct of men, which alone insures the continuity of national growth, and is the great safeguard of power and progress;" or, again, "The older Government is the better, and suits; new ones hunt folks' corns out like new boots." His impatience with the sects is with their forms only, and their attempts to imprison the Eagle of Faith in the iron cage of Dogma. He quotes with approval Selden, who says, "It is a vain thing to talk of an heretick—a man, for his heart, cannot think any otherwise than he does think;" and we can hardly be grateful enough to him for reminding the children of this generation that "So soon as an early conviction has cooled into a phrase, its work is over, and the best that can be done with it is to bury it."

But there is one clear note running through the whole of his utterances which makes them fresh as with the sea air. It is the note of moral supremacy; "that moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments and not ruins behind it;" that "great motors of the race are moral, not intellectual, and their force lies ready to the use of the poorest and the weakest of us all;" that "no man without intense faith in something can ever be in earnest;" that in act a right ambition is to be "a man amongst men, not a humbug amongst

humbugs," and in word "to give the true coin of speech, never the highly ornamental promise to pay—token of insolvency."

It is not safe to divide Mr. Lowell's essays into the heavy and the light, for there come to him flashes of delicate humor in his gravest moods, and he will anon stop and moralize, like Thackeray, in front of a clown. Safer is it to separate the volumes roughly into contemporary and non-contemporary. "Among my Books," 2 vols., are entirely non-contemporary and full of grave and weighty matter concerning "New England Two Centuries Ago," Dryden, Shakespeare, Lessing, Rousseau, Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, and Keats; whilst "My Study Windows," with the exception of "Pope," "Chaucer," and "Notes on the Library of Old Authors," deal entirely with contemporary matters. Such are "My Garden Acquaintance," "A Good Word for Winter," "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," "A Great Public Character," whose interest for us begins and ends with this sketch of him,—a remark which applies equally, if not more, to "The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival;" and finally we have an extremely interesting and entertaining section of critical and biographical studies on Carlyle, Abraham Lincoln, Emerson, Thoreau: and to this list we must add a notice of Edgar Poe's life and works, written at his own request in 1845, and attached to an edition of Poe's works in 4 vols.

No true American can touch upon the early settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers upon the barren coast of Massachusetts, and the momentous national life which grew out of it, without an irrepressible glow of feeling. It is like the sentiments of the Swiss about William Tell. Mr. Lowell's "New England Two Centuries Ago" is a prose idyl full of suppressed poetical fervor. He calls the history "dry and unpicturesque." "There is no rustle of silks, no waving of plumes, no chink of golden spurs," but we soon feel that "the homespun fates of Cephas and Prudence" have the living interest of life in the catacombs about them, and are "intrinsically poetic and noble." "The noise of the axe, hammer and saw" rings through it all, and is the physical image of that mighty impulse which drove the Puritan to make "the law of man a living counterpart of the law of God."

This coming out into the wilderness for the sake of an idea is full of a moral chivalry irresistibly attractive to an age bird-limed with the "expedient," and suffocated with the "practical;" it is just the indescribable magnet which draws the imagination of skeptical France after a Victor Hugo, or the dolce far niente of Italy after a Garibaldi. Sublime singleness of purpose—divine simplicity of heart—the little child is again set in the midst of us by the dear Lord, and presently he overcomes the mailed Goliath with a sling and a stone! "Dry and unpoetic," repeats Lowell, with his great heart all on fire; "everything is near, authentic, petty," "no mist of distance to soften outlines, no image of tradition," only this—that Jehovah, who had

become "I was," became again "I am" to the Puritans. Yet, were they not fanatics?—enthusiasts they were; but work and "business" saved the balance of character: their very narrowness and despotism were sensible and judicious. "They knew that liberty in the hands of feeble-minded men, when no thorough mental training has developed the understanding and given the judgment its needful means of comparison and correction," meant nothing more than 'the supremacy of their particular form of imbecility, a bedlam chaos of monomanias and bores.' The New Englander was without humor, but that quality has since been largely developed in his descendants, who fail not to see that Puritanism had an intensely humorous side. Mr. Lowell, in the midst of his close sobriety of treatment, has a winning perception of those lighter shades of the comic which crop up in such a "Miles Gloriosus" as Captain Underhill, who took up certain heretical opinions "with all the ardor of personal interest" 'on the efficiency of grace without reference to works.' His chief accuser, although he denied the charge of heresy on that score, was "a sober woman whom he had seduced in the ship and drawn to his opinion, but who was afterwards better informed." He told her that he had continued "in a legal way and under a spirit of bondage," and could get no "assurance," for about five years, till at length, "as he was taking a pipe of the good creature tobacco, the Spirit fell upon his heart, an absolute promise of free grace, which he had never doubted, whatsoever sin he should fall into." "A good preparative," adds the chronicler, "for such motions as he familiarly used to make to some of that sex. The next day he was called again and banished, etc." His subsequent grave complaints—claims for promotion in the colony, and profound consciousness of personal merit—are very diverting, especially at the end, where he throws in a neat touch of piety 'and if the honored court shall vouchsafe to make some addition, that which hath not been deserved by the same power of God may be in due season.'

Here and there a fugitive trace of that simple old life of the early colonists still survives, and with it we must take farewell of them. The picture is caught and crayoned with the quick and tender touch of a poet's pencil:

"Passing through Massachusetts, perhaps at a distance from any house, it may be in the midst of a piece of wood and where four roads meet, one may sometimes even yet see a small, square, one-story building, whose use would not long be doubtful. It is summer, and the flickering shadows of forest leaves dapple the roof of the little porch, whose door stands wide, and shows, hanging on either hand, rows of straw hats and bonnets that look as if they had done good service. As you pass the open window, you hear whole platoons of high-pitched voices discharging words of two or three syllables, with wonderful precision and unanimity. . . . Now, this little building and others like it were an original kind of fortifi-



cation, invented by the founders of New England. . . . They are the Martello towers that protect our coast. . . . The great discovery of the Puritan fathers was that knowledge was not an alms or pittance . . . but a sacred debt which the commonwealth owed to every one of her children."

Passing from the New England of America to the old England of Shakespeare, we have to note Shakespeare's good fortune in living at a time when old England was passing into the new England of modern Europe; and the reflection, although not new, is well put by Mr. Lowell when he notes that, had Shakespeare been born fifty years earlier, he would have been damped by a book language not flexible, not popular, not rich, not subdued by practice to definite accentuation; or fifty years later he would have missed the Normanly refined and Saxonly sagacious England of Elizabeth, and found an England absorbed and angry with the solution of political and religious problems. Mr. Lowell, like every other thoughtful writer, must have his say on the distinction between genius and originality—and he says it pithily and well—"Talent sticks fast to the earth. Genius claims kindred with the very workings of nature, so that a sunset shall seem like a quotation from Dante or Milton; and if Shakespeare be read in the very presence of the sea itself, his verse shall but seem nobler for the sublime criticism of ocean." And how prettily said is this: "What is the reason that all children are geniuses (though they contrive so soon to outgrow that dangerous quality), except that they never cross-examine themselves on the subject? The moment that process begins, their speech loses its gift of unexpectedness, and they become as tediously impertinent as the rest of us." And again, "Genius is a simple thing of itself, however much of a marvel it may be to other men."

Of the endless twaddle about originality our author makes as short work as does Mr. Emerson, and very much in that prophet's own spirit: "Originality is the power of digesting and assimilating thoughts, so that they become parts of our own life." Or elsewhere: "Originality consists quite as much in the power of using to purpose what it finds ready to hand as in that of producing what is absolutely new." Compare this with Emerson, who points out that Shakespeare was little solicitous whence his thoughts were derived, and adds, "Chaucer was a huge borrower," but both "steal by apology—that which they take has no worth where they find it, and the greatest where they leave it. . . . It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature that a man having once shown himself capable of original writing is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts, but as soon as we have learned what to do with them they become our own."

"Shakespeare Once More!" Mr. Lowell calls his essay. Does he

say anything new? The reader who has read all that has been written about Shakespeare is the best judge of that. I have no such pretensions; but the summing-up on various counts is very good and clear, especially the remarks of Heminge and Condell, "the two obscure actors to whom we owe the preservation of several of his plays and the famous Folio Edition of 1623." Mr. Lowell is of opinion that bad is the best extant version as to accuracy; that the rugged, incomplete, obscure, and irregular passages are all imperfect, and that Shakespeare never wrote bad meter, rugged rhyme, nor loose and obscure English. This may be true; at all events, no one can say that it is not so. To me it appears like saying that Handel never wrote indifferent music, or that Raphael is never out of drawing. It always seems to me to be putting an ideal strain upon human nature—this steady elimination of the "pot-boiling" element. It may not always have been so prominent as in the case of Handel, or poor Morland, or Fielding, or the divine Mozart; but one who, like Shakespeare, must have produced with great speed at high pressure, and who certainly was not above writing down to his public, may have occasionally had such a moderate opinion of his audience, and such an indisposition to do the *plus quam satis*, as to leave a passage rough on occasion without much injury to himself or to posterity.

But here am I emptying my little basket on the mighty rubbish-heap of Shakespearean speculation! Let me rather note Mr. Lowell's fine appreciation of the way in which at first every one feels himself on a level with this great impersonal personality—how Alphonso of Castile fancies he could advise him—how another could tell him there was never a seaport in Bohemia. "Scarce one (for a century or more after his death) but could speak with condescending approval of that prodigious intelligence, so utterly without compare that our baffled language must coin an adjective—Shakespearean—to qualify it." And then, as time goes on, every one seems to get afraid of him in turn. Voltaire plays the gentleman usher—but when he perceives that his countrymen are really seized, turns round upon the placid Immortal and rails at him with his cowardly "*Sauvage ivre, sans la moindre étincelle de bon gout!*" Even Goethe, who tries to write like him in "*Götz*" and fails, comes to the conclusion that Shakespeare is no dramatist; and Chateaubriand thinks that he has corrupted art, "He invented nothing," says Lowell, "but seems rather to rediscover the world about him."

Mr. Lowell's views of "*Hamlet*" will be specially interesting to Mr. Irving and his admirers—the more so because Mr. Irving seems to have come to the same conclusion. "Is *Hamlet* mad?" "High medical authority has pronounced, as usual, on both sides of the question;" but no—*Hamlet* is not mad intellectually, he is a psychologist and metaphysician, a close observer both of others and of himself, "letting fall his little drops of acid irony on all who come

near him, to make them show what they are made of." Hamlet deprived of reason is a subject for bedlam—not the stage. If Hamlet is irresponsible, the play is chaos; besides, the feigned madness of Hamlet is one of the few points in which it has kept close to the old story. Morally, Hamlet drifts through the whole tragedy, never keeping on one tack; feigned madness gives to the indecision of his character the relief of seeming to do something, in order, as long as possible to escape the dreaded necessity of doing anything at all. He discourses of suicide, but he does not kill himself—he talks of daggers, uses none—goes to England to get farther from present duty—he is irresolute from over-power of thought. He is an ingrained skeptic—doubts the soul, even after the ghost scene—doubts Horatio, doubts Ophelia—his character is somewhat feminine:—but here we break off in despair of being able to give even a rough idea of Mr. Lowell's Hamlet—it is by far the finest piece of literary criticism in the book, and must be studied—at the Lyceum.

We here sum up with Shakespeare's moral; "Lear may teach us to draw the line more clearly between a wise generosity and loose-handed weakness of giving; Macbeth, how one sin involved another and forever another by a fatal parthenogenesis, and that the key which unlocks forbidden doors to our will or passion leaves a stain on the hand that may not be so dark as blood, but that will not out; Hamlet, that all the noblest gifts of mind slip through the grasp of an infirm purpose."

We turn the closing pages of this essay, unquoted, with reluctance, and pass to two essays which should be hung like pendant pictures "in every gentleman's library"—Lessing and Rousseau.

To begin an elaborate essay on Lessing with a disquisition on Burns is characteristic of an author who prefaces a brief notice of Poe with instances of some dozen poets who gave small early promise, as a contrast to Poe, who gave great early promise of ability. After about seven pages, we at last reach Lessing; the seven preceding pages show the extent and carefulness of Mr. Lowell's studies at Dresden; of the definite opinions he formed of Goethe, "limpidly perfect in his shorter poems—failing in coherence in his longer works;" of the Grand Duke, with his whole court in a sensational livery of blue, yellow, and leather breeches, but still capable of manly friendships with Goethe and Herder, whose only decoration was genius; of Heine, who could be daintily light even in German; of German love-making, which he explains to be "a judicious mixture of sensibility and sausages." However, Lessing is at last seized in the midst of a "setting" a little labored, with great firmness, and Mr. Lowell shows his essential gift, commenting with due appreciation on Herr Stahr's life of Lessing, while leaving on the literary easel a portrait of Lessing very unlike Herr Stahr's. It is in all those points where Lessing differs most from Rousseau, that Lessing charms Mr. Lowell; his character was more interesting than his works—he was

lover of truth first and of literature afterwards; his struggles with poverty brought out his native manliness, his genuineness saved him from that fritter, haste, and vapidity which are the snare of book-makers; when he wants to earn a penny, he says, "I am unhappy, if it must be by writing." "To call down fire from heaven to keep the pot boiling" is no doubt the prophet's bitterest pill—but we are comforted when we think of the many noble works in art and literature which the world would never have had "but for the whips and scourges" of necessity.

In truth, few writers have not discovered that, although inspiration will not always come when called for, it will not often come if it be never called. Emerson's "laying siege to the oracle" is not a bad plan. "Nothing comes of being long in a place one likes" strikes the keynote of that "restless mounting-upward" endeavor that makes Lessing so congenial a subject to our author.

To him, and not to Wieland, is traced that revolt from pseudo-classicism in poetry, prelude to the romanticism which ran wild in France in the next century. In 1767 Lessing was working at the "Laocoon," and in 1758 "Emelia Galotti" was begun; and in 1779 "Nathan the Wise," by which he was chiefly known outside Germany, was published. In 1781 he died. He may almost be said to have invented German style, and to have converted criticism from the science of party spirit to the service of simplicity and truth. The greatest critic of his age, he also was the first to see that "criticism," as Mr. Lowell says, "can at best teach writers without genius what is to be avoided or imitated. It cannot communicate life, and its effects when reduced to rule has commonly been to produce that correctness which is so praiseworthy—and so intolerable." That "so intolerable" is quite in M. Renan's best manner.

Mr. Lowell's candor and breadth are happily displayed in his remarks upon the sentimentalist Rousseau. He dislikes him. His half-conscious hypocrisy, his false sentiment, his self-indulgence and want of true moral fiber are exactly what are most sickening to his reviewer. Yet will he not suffer him to be pummeled by Burke—nay, Irish Edmund is called "a snob;" but then Rousseau, with all his faults, was a good red republican and Mr. Burke was a person of royalist proclivities. Neither is old Dr. Johnson allowed to jump upon the blithe author of "Emile;" he is promptly reminded of his own friend, "that wretchedest of lewd fellows, Richard Savage"—which is a little hard upon Johnson, as Richard Savage by no means so adequately represented the *noscitur a sociis* of Johnson's mature life, as did "Emile" or the "Confessions" the settled views and tastes of Jean-Jacques. Rousseau is used, perhaps, a little stringently to "cheapen" Byron and Moore with. In comparison with such pet aversions of his, Mr. Lowell evidently considers Jean-Jacques a man of parts and principles. On the whole, the essay seems very fair to Jean-Jacques, and certainly contains some

of Mr. Lowell's finest and most sensitive paragraphs. "There is nothing so true, so sincere, so downright and forthright as genius; it is always truer than the man himself is—greater than he."

And well is the trenchant line drawn between poetical and moral sentiment. "Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action, and that, while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of life." And, further: "There is no self-delusion more fatal than that which makes the conscience dreamy with the anodyne of lofty sentiments, while the life is groveling and sensual." Yet, although Rousseau indulged this self-delusion, "I cannot help looking on him," writes his American critic, "as one capable beyond any in his generation of being divinely possessed."

The inmost core of his being was religious. . . . Less gifted, he had been less hardly judged. . . . He had the fortitude to follow his logic wherever it led him. . . . More than any other of the sentimentalists, except, possibly, Sterne, he had in him a staple of sincerity. Compared with Chateaubriand, he is honesty; compared with Lamartine, he is manliness itself." This last is just a little caustic on a man of whom Mr. Lowell wrote in 1848:

This side the Blessed Isles, no tree  
Grows green enough to make a wreath for thee;

and—

Only the Future can reach up to lay  
The laurel on that lofty nature.

But times change; so do men and their opinions. Has not Mr. Emerson, in one of his Olympic moods, declared that "consistency is the bugbear of little minds?" and has not Mr. Lowell analogued the thought in—"the foolish and the dead alone never change their opinions?"

In the bright little essay called, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," Mr. Lowell expresses what are possibly the feelings of many Americans when he says: "It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even possibly to conceal them." The whole essay is intended evidently to be "overheard" on this side of the Atlantic, and is full of humor, wisdom and wholesome truth, both for Americans and English—especially English. It contains this remarkable political utterance, which could never have been written except by an American, and perhaps by no American but Mr. Lowell: "Before the war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shopkeepers."

We regret that we cannot dwell at greater length upon the lighter tones of sweet feeling that come streaming in from his "Garden Acquaintance"—like the song of birds in spring, the bobolink and

the oriole, the cat-bird and the song-sparrow, besides the many birds with which we are familiar in England—all are his friends, and he is their protector. How sweetly, like Selborne, or gentle and genial Owen, does he write: "If they will not come near enough to me (as most of them will), I bring them down with an opera-glass—a much better weapon than a gun. I would not, if I could, convert them from their pretty pagan ways. The only one I sometimes have savage doubts about is the red squirrel. I *think* he oölogizes. I *know* he eats cherries . . . and that he gnaws off the small end of pears to get at the seeds. He steals the corn from under the noses of my poultry. But what would you have? He will come down upon the limb of the tree I am lying under until he is within a yard of me. . . . Can I sign his death-warrant who has tolerated me about his grounds so long? Not I. Let them steal, and welcome. I am sure I should, had I had the same bringing up and the same temptation. As for the birds, I do not believe there is one of them but does more good than harm; and of how many featherless bipeds can this be said?" "Elia" himself never beat this in delicacy. "Winter" is conceived in a similar spirit. "Milton," a recreative review of Professor Masson's ponderous and irrelevant performance, reminds us a little of Macaulay's famous gibbeting of poor Montgomery, the poet; and indeed this baiting of a would-be humorist by Lowell, a real one, is very pleasant sport, and readable withal. "Dryden" and "Dante" are careful and elaborate studies of the age as well as of the men; but it is easy to see that Mr. Lowell's heart is as much in Dante as it is out of Dryden. "Keats" is an affectionate tribute. Mr. Lowell finds very little new to say about Wordsworth or Spenser, but his "Chaucer" is very careful and sympathetic. The essay on Witchcraft is, oddly enough, the least interesting to us—perhaps because it is evidently the least congenial to the writer. The essay on Pope is as much under-friendly as Thackeray's "Pope" is over-friendly.

We regret to have no space for comment on the suggestive notice of "President Lincoln," full of personal insight and true American patriotism. But what we must call the attack on Carlyle and the panegyric on Emerson must serve to wind up our critical reflections for the present.

Carlyle and Emerson are most dissimilar: alike in this only, that each has performed the same office for different types of mind in the same century; both have taught men to think for themselves—Carlyle by his analysis of the external, Emerson by his analysis of the internal world. The one deals with matter in its effect on mind, the other with mind in its effect on matter. He who is taught by Emerson is seldom found at the feet of Carlyle; and it is strange but true that the readers of Carlyle have often an antipathy for Emerson's style, and most Emersonians detest Carlyle.

The key of Mr. Lowell's view of Carlyle is to be found, of course,

in Carlyle's devotion, and Mr. Lowell's aversion, to the majesty of physical force. Carlyle is the despot, Mr. Lowell the republican, and from his hostile camp he examines the peculiarities of the "Sturm and Drang" school, and separates between the early and the late Carlyle with a firmness of touch and a plainness of speech which we in England are still afraid to use towards the venerable sage of Chelsea. "In the earlier part of his literary career Mr. Carlyle was the denouncer of sham, the preacher-up of sincerity, manliness, and of a living faith. He had intense convictions, and he made disciples. If not a profound thinker, he felt profoundly." He is represented as a man who hoped great things of humanity; then, later on, grew impatient when disappointed, and ended by hoping nothing of human nature except what could be got out of it by incessant driving and thrashing. "His latest theory of divine government seems to be the cudgel." He is the "volunteer laureate of the rod." The world for him "is created and directed by a divine Dr. Busby." It would be difficult for Mr. Carlyle's admirers to rebut this charge, but some of them might point to the obvious fact that the divine government, as we see it to be, *has* this severe, compulsory, and inexorable side to it. It is the government of the rod, though not of the rod only. Men are compelled and punished into the paths of rectitude and virtue by what we call the laws of nature. Our God is a divine despot, and the human despot, when good and wise, is a reflection of at least one side of a divine character. What Mr. Carlyle scorns and leaves out is the possibility of that free, slow development of the individual which is to make him a moral agent in the great scheme—the willing and joyful servitor of the divine despot. Because man will not do right, he must be compelled; that is pure Carlylese. But because to do right is in accordance with his own happiness as well as being the will of the heavenly despot, therefore his tender training as a free agent to do right freely, and not the "dumb-driven-cattle theory," should be the special and patient care of his earthly ruler—and this, in Mr. Lowell's opinion, of course, is a thing better done by a republican than by a monarchical or imperial form of government.

Mr. Lowell, though he weeps over the prophet of Chelsea, is generously alive to his literary greatness: "With all deductions, Carlyle remains the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times." And again: "As a purifier of the sources whence our intellectual inspiration is drawn, his influence has been second only to that of Wordsworth—if even to his." There is something much more living and personal about Mr. Lowell's account of Emerson: that great magician, who seems to dispense so naturally with the definite props of rule and doctrine so essential to most men, because he is so inseparably wedded to the eternal harmonies as never to feel any of them external to himself—that sweet and lofty prophet, who, with piercing yet indulgent eye, above all

pain, yet pitying all distress, tells us what we know, and gives us the possession of ourselves—that equable temperament, that cloudless serenity whose calm is infectious, and whose deep peace puts everything into proportion; though, personally, Mr. Lowell prefers a temple (unlike those vast Mexican mysteries of architecture), with a door left for the god to come in—yet he knows that the root of the matter is in Emerson, who is never out of the presence of the “Oversoul, and whose one temple is the round world and the over-arching heaven. To be conformable to eternal law is to be religious—to be natural on the plane of a high and pure nature—to be radiant with the original righteousness which draws the love and reverence of humankind and makes life adorable, instead of forever struggling with the nightmare of original sin. This, if anything, is to be prophetic. This, in spite of what Emerson calls the “dear old devil,” is the witness to the world that “God has breathed into man’s nostrils the breath of life, and man has become a living soul.” “What an antiseptic is a pure life!” exclaims one who has watched and revered Emerson from boyhood. “At sixty-five, he had that privilege of soul which abolishes the calendar, and presents him to us always the unwonted contemporary of his own prime.

... We who have known him so long, wonder at the tenacity with which he maintains himself in the outposts of youth.” The brief essay before us is little more than a warm tribute to Mr. Emerson as a lecturer. We are told that he is still an unfailing “draw” in America, but we are told something else—that he is a consummate master of the lecture-art. Will our eminent men ever, as a rule, think it worth while to acquire this art?—Not so long as £10 is considered an adequate fee for the best lecture, whilst £50 or £100 is willingly given for the best song. The old country is far behind the new in its estimation of high-class scientific and literary merit. Platform lecturing is an art like any other; and England will never get good lecturers till she pays for them. Pray, what sort of fiddling can you get for nothing? Lowell’s essay on Emerson is—what I hope these two papers on Lowell will prove to be—a way of referring readers to the fountain head, more than an analysis of the waters that flow from it. Personally, like so many others, to Emerson I owe my freedom and emancipation from those stocks of prejudice and those pillories of public opinion which make so many sit in the world of thought like frightened criminals, unable or afraid to stir. When I was at college I exchanged four handsome volumes of Montaigne for one volume of Emerson’s Essays. I have never regretted my bargain; and, when I open my well-worn copy, I still find the Pantheon and the Forest Primeval alike instinct with the great Oversoul, and vocal with the music of God.

I think I can do no better than close this brief estimate of James Russell Lowell—his literary performance, together with such flashes of personality as leap forth spontaneously from its many-



sided facets—with these words of his great friend and master, words fitly applicable to the few men who have measured their own time with temperate eyes—the few workers who have made their own country better and greater—"the few souls that have made our souls wiser:" "The world is his who can see through its pretensions. . . . The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon."—H. R. HAWES, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

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### SUBSCRIPTION.\*

It is with some hesitation that I re-enter on a subject which I thought I had fully dispatched some fifteen years ago. But it has occurred to me that, looking at some of the observations which have been made on subscription during the last six months, it might be desirable to remove the whole question from the somewhat personal and controversial aspect under which it has presented itself, and to carry it back to a wider ground, which will at once serve as an illustration and as an argument for the course which commended itself at the time of which I spoke.

It is right to say that in what follows I do not touch on the question how far it is right or expedient for the Church to control the opinions of its individual members. That is a matter for the authorities to determine in each particular instance. The Duke of Argyll made some pertinent remarks on this subject a few months ago in speaking of the Church of Scotland.

But the question of subscription is much more simple. It is an expedient that could hardly be adopted in other matters. No one promises beforehand to obey the statutes of the realm. When they are put in force against him he feels bound to obey or to resist, as the case may be; but his conscience is not entangled by any preliminary declaration of his adherence to them. No one subscribes beforehand to the contents of the Bible or to the excellence of the versions of King James or of the University printing presses. It is enough that we accept them for their intrinsic merit. In this respect I have always agreed with Bishop Burnet: "Churches and societies are much better secured by laws than by subscription. It is a much more reasonable as a more easy mode of government."

The proposition which I maintain is that subscription to any doc-

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\*Address read at Slon College, Dec. 7, 1880.

ument is always misleading, always futile; and that it has been proved to be so on the most colossal scale by the historical precedent to which I am now about to refer. This was to a great extent remedied some fourteen years ago; but if it needs to be remedied yet further, that remedy should be at once applied.

In the year 1841 there took place the greatest uprising against the letter of the Anglican formularies that has ever been known before or since. In that year there appeared a celebrated tract which gave expression to a large amount of feeling prevailing at that time amongst the clergy of the Church of England, in which the Thirty-nine Articles were, as it were, taken to pieces, and one by one dissected and disemboweled before the eyes of an astonished public. The belief down to that time had been that, whatever else the Articles might be, they were a declaration unmistakable against the Church of Rome. They were the declaration which, in the great struggle of the Reformation, the Church of England, like the other Protestant churches, adopted as a means of expressing its own deliberate conviction. They partook of the same character as all the Protestant Confessions, except that so far as the Protestant churches were divided into two sections, the Confession of Augsburg and the Scandinavian Confessions represented the Lutheran; the Helvetic Confession, the Heidelberg Catechism, the Westminster Confession and the Thirty-nine Articles represented the Reformed. It was therefore a reasonable conviction that in this document, if in any, was to be found a safeguard against the principles of the Church of Rome. A few of the Articles, such as those from Article I to Article V, were directed against the ancient heresies of the early centuries; a few others, such as part of Articles XXXVII, XXXVIII and XXXIX were directed against the revolutionary tendencies of the extreme Anabaptists; but the remaining thirty were devoted to the setting forth of what were believed to be the points on which the Protestant churches had with much labor and pain broken free from the great Church of the West. This was the bulwark which was supposed to be contained in the Articles; and it was securely fenced in, as it was thought, by a series of subscriptions which prevented at every point the intrusion of the opposite opinion. There was first a subscription from all undergraduates of Oxford above the age of twelve years, which was expressed by signature without any precise form of words. There was further added in 1603 a subscription to the Royal Supremacy, to the Book of Common Prayer and to the Thirty-nine Articles, expressed in these words: "I do willingly and from my heart subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the United Church of England and Ireland, and to the three articles of the 36th canon, and to all things that are contained in them."

The three articles of the canon were as follows: "1. That the Queen's Majesty, under God, is the only supreme governor of this realm and of all other Her Highness's dominions and countries, as

well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal; and that no foreign prince, prelate, state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within Her Majesty's said realms, dominions, and countries. 2. That the Book of Common Prayer, and of Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, containeth in it nothing contrary to the Word of God; and that it may lawfully so be used; and that I myself will use the form in the said book prescribed in public prayer and administration of the sacraments, and none other. 3. That I allow the Book of Articles of religion, agreed upon by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces and the whole clergy, in the Convocation holden at London in the year of our Lord 1562; and that I acknowledge all and every the articles therein contained, being in number thirty-nine, besides the ratification, to be agreeable to the Word of God."

There was also the subscription enjoined by the Act 13 Eliz., c. 12, sec. 5, in 1571, that the minister should "Declare his assent and subscribe to all the Articles of Religion which only concern the confession of the true faith and the doctrine of the sacraments;" and further, that "No person shall hereafter be admitted to any benefice with cure except he . . . shall first have subscribed the said articles in presence of the Ordinary, and publicly read the same in the parish church of that benefice, with declaration of his unfeigned assent to the same."

There was also in 1661, for the beneficed clergy, this assent to the Prayer Book contained in these words: "I do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the book intituled The Book of Common Prayer."

When, therefore, the whole of this machinery as regards the Articles was found to have suddenly broken down; when all these subscriptions utterly failed of their purpose; when Article VI was held to affirm that the Books of Scripture are not the rule of faith; when Article XI says that justification is by faith only, and we were told that Baptism and works justify as well as faith; when Article XII says that works done before justification have the nature of sin, and we were told on the other hand that such works dispose men to receive the grace of justification; when Article XVI says that not every sin after baptism is unpardonable, and when it was asserted that every sin after Baptism is unpardonable; when Article XX speaks of the visible Church, and says nothing of Episcopal succession, and when, on the other hand, we were told that Episcopal succession is essential; when Article XXI says that General Councils may err, and on the other hand we were told that General Councils must be distinguished from Œcumenical Councils which never err; when in Article XXII, the "Romish" doctrine concerning purgatory, pardons, relics, invocation of saints is condemned, and we were told that by this is not meant the Roman doctrine; when, in Article XXV, the Sacraments

are confined to two, and we were told that there was no reason why we should not have seven; when, in Article XXVIII, Transubstantiation is said to be repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, and we were told on the other hand that Transubstantiation is a theory which the Article does not touch; when, in Article XXXI, the sacrifices of Masses are said to be blasphemous fables, and we were told that the sacrifice of the Mass is quite true; when, in Article XXIII, there is an assertion that the marriage of the clergy is permissible, and we are told that even the most determined advocates of the celibacy of the clergy admit the fact; when Article XXX asserts that "the Second Book of Homilies contains godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for these times," and we were told that there was no subscription to the Homilies, and that it was never intended that we should submit to such a yoke of bondage; when all these, and many more, were explained or denied in a manner which the majority of the English people, and the mass of the English clergy, believed to be entirely at variance with the intention of the Reformers who compiled them, and with the wording of the Articles themselves, it was with a feeling of something like dismay that this breach was effected in the safeguards which subscription to the Articles had provided. The first publication of Tract XC provoked a sharp and bitter controversy. Many of those who had formerly sympathized with its illustrious author fell away from their allegiance to him. Some of those who on other grounds had long before this time advocated the relaxation of the enormous burden of subscription were startled and confounded, especially when they found that the liberty sought for was not to be attained by open legal methods, but by crooked and subtilizing explanations. Nevertheless the respect due to the personal character and lofty genius of Cardinal Newman withheld the early opponents of Tract XC from pursuing their victory beyond the point of a censure pronounced by the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford.

As time, however, went on, and more and more use was made of this liberty, the opposition became in proportion more intense. In 1844 the explanation of the Articles offered by Tract XC was taken up in a bolder and more defiant strain by one who, although his name is forgotten by the present generation, and is never once mentioned in the interesting account of these times by Cardinal Newman, was yet, as the memory of any one who goes back to that period will testify, the most energetic and active in influence of all the persons connected with the Oxford movement in that stage of its existence. Mr. Ward, in his "Ideal of the Christian Church," and in a pamphlet which immediately preceded it, set forth, with a directness and a perspicuity which is beyond the possibility of mistake, the repeated claim to hold every Roman doctrine compatibly with the signature of the Thirty-nine Articles. He did not, indeed, go a step beyond what Tract XC had claimed as the legitimate boundary of belief, but he stated the doctrine in a more popular and more intelligible shape,

and gave currency to the expression of a "non-natural sense." All this combined with the increasing alarm and apprehension which the movement had created in all classes of the community, resulted in the greatest explosion of theological apprehension and animosity which has been witnessed within this century.

The whole point turned, it will be observed, on the question of the lawfulness of thus escaping from the subscriptions which the clergy and the graduates had taken. The machinery set on foot by the Oxford authorities, who at that time acted with the virtual authority of the Church itself, was of the most decisive kind. It first of all set forth a test by which it was hoped that the Articles must for the future be accepted, not according to the subtle explanations of the nineteenth century, but according to the rigid definitions of the sixteenth. It laid down that, whenever subscribed within the University of Oxford, they must be accepted in that sense in which they had been originally uttered.

A second class of machinery consisted of the terrible decrees pronounced against the author himself. First, that he should be censured for this deviation from the subscriptions he had taken; and, secondly, that if found guilty he should be deprived of all his degrees and reduced to the state of an undergraduate.

The third piece of artillery that was brought to bear was a revival of the attack on the spring of this dissolving tendency, and was aimed against Tract XC itself.

Upon the announcement of this vast strategy there arose a protest against it from a section of the clergy and the community which, though from the time of Lord Falkland it had existed in the bosom of the English Church, has been in the habit of keeping itself to itself, and of not embroiling the acrimonious controversies by which it has been surrounded. "It is suggested," so I read in a letter dated 1847, "that the new party which is, or which wants to be formed, is not the High Church or the Low Church, but the Broad Church." But on this occasion it was thoroughly roused. The attempt to define subscription by a reference to the original intention of the framers, however reasonable, however just it may appear as a matter of history and of logic, met with the most determined opposition from this quarter.

One who has since been raised to the highest post of the English Church, and who has united in that position the liberality and firmness of mind which he showed on this occasion, generously put aside his former objections to the celebrated tract, and issued a powerful and convincing protest against extending the censure to Tract XC any further than the immediate purpose of pronouncing the position untenable, and against drawing from the natural antipathy to its circumlocutions a legal and ecclesiastical instrument for abridging the liberties of the whole Church. Mr. Maurice, forgiving all the obloquy with which he had been loaded by the High

Church party, came forward at the same time to vindicate the latitude which Tract XC and the "Ideal of the Christian Church" demanded. Professor Donkin—the most serene and unimpassioned intellect of that troublous time, and who was foremost in the Liberal ranks—wrote a short and trenchant pamphlet on the subject. Mr. Hull, the venerable opponent of the Athanasian Creed, became the champion of the endangered party. Two younger members of the Liberal school, who have since risen to high positions in the University and the Church, were ceaselessly employed during the whole of the winter preceding the final attack in endeavoring to avert it. They drew up and they obtained a legal opinion, which was submitted to a distinguished lawyer, now Lord Chancellor of England, and by a minute comparison of them with the changes introduced into their substance in the reign of Charles the Second, they maintained the illegality of the new test.

The Hebdomadal Board quailed before an attack which was fired upon them from both sides, and they withdrew the first branch of their attack. On the very day on which the legal opinion to which I have referred became known, the new test was withdrawn.

The second branch of attack was also vehemently resisted by almost the whole of the Liberal section of the Church. If some few amongst them voted for the censure, the great majority voted against applying it to the person of the individual. It was, however, carried amidst furious tumult, and amidst excitement that involved the whole university, from the youngest undergraduate to the topmost dignitary, with cries and counter-cries of passion from all shades of what has since been the obstructive party of the Church of England.

But the third measure, containing the attack on Tract XC, was suspended for the moment by the courageous and magnanimous conduct of the two proctors, who rose in their places and placed upon the measure that constitutional veto which the university allows. On this step a large declaration of support, signed by all the members who have since become famous in the Liberal ranks of the Church of England, was drawn up in order to strengthen the hands of the proctors and to prevent the measure being brought forward when they went out of office. The contest had reached a white heat. The weapons of both parties were drawn, when suddenly the Oxford movement collapsed. This is not the place to describe the reason for so singular and total a defeat. The triumph over Mr. Ward and his adherents was absolute and final, but it had no connection with the subscription to the Article or the "non-natural sense."

Two remarks are inevitable at this point. The first is that it was not the violation, real or supposed, of the engagements into which they had entered by their subscription that drove the distinguished heads of the secession from the Church of England. In Cardinal Newman's case we have his own express declaration that the great

moving causes of his secession were the foundation of the bishopric at Jerusalem and the discovery in studying the Fathers of the Fifth century that the position of the Church of England might be considered as analogous to that of the Monophysites. Other reasons, no doubt, moral, artistic, theological, may have had their weight in producing that step; but it was not any compunction at having strained the historical sense of the Thirty-nine Articles beyond endurance.

The other remark is this: Cardinal Newman has stated with all his eloquence, with an eloquence which continued even to that memorable day when he received the invitation from the Supreme Pontiff to accept the Cardinal's hat, that he was one of those who from the first had "fierce thoughts against the Liberal school;" he was one of those "who kept it at bay in Oxford for many years;" and he adds: "The men who have driven me from Oxford were distinctly Liberals. It was they who had opened the attack on Tract XC, and it was they who would gain a second benefit if I went on to retire from the Anglican Church." In his statement of his fierce opposition to the Liberal school he is, no doubt, perfectly correct. Politically, ecclesiastically, theologically, he maintained an internecine opposition to them. It will be seen from what I have said that he is not equally correct in stating that the Liberals were the men who drove him from the Anglican Church. He might have retired under any circumstances, but the blows which were intended by the Oxford decrees to have made it impossible for him to retain his position were warded off, I will not say entirely, but in a very large measure, by the self-denying efforts of the Liberal party.

I have not yet finished my history. Many years elapsed, and Tract XC, which had provoked so tremendous a disturbance of the theological mind, which had broken through the very innermost drawbridge and portcullis, as it was thought, of the Church of England, and which had played so conspicuous a part in the crisis of the fate of the party, was again brought to the front in 1866. On that occasion it was republished with approval in Oxford by a high dignitary, whose name in his advanced old age wins a respect even from his opponents. He said: "That work which Tract XC effected will never be undone so long as the Articles shall last. There was not a word of remonstrance from any quarter whatever. The heads of houses were silent. The bishops were silent. The leading journals, which so fiercely and vigorously supported the coercive measures of 1845, spoke of the outcry on that occasion as ludicrously exaggerated and one-sided. The leading periodical of the High Church party announced that "What was condemned in a panic of ignorance in 1841 is accepted and allowed to be entirely tenable in 1865."

"One is tempted to ask with wonder," the reviewer continues, "how it is that men ever have placed such implicit belief in the Articles? . . . No other answer can be given than that they

have been neglected and ignored. . . . It is impossible to deny that they contain statements, or assertions, that are verbally false, and others that are very difficult to reconcile with truth. . . . What service have they ever done, and of what use are they at the present time? . . . We boldly proclaim our opinion, that (before the desired consummation can take place) the Thirty-nine Articles must be wholly withdrawn. They are virtually withdrawn at the present moment, for it is proved that, as far as the most important of the Articles are concerned, there are persons who signed them in senses absolutely contradictory.

Such is the result of the most direct example ever produced of the failure of subscription to induce even a tolerable uniformity of consent to the Articles of the Church of England. It was truly said in 1840 that any of the extremest heretics that we choose to name could have signed the first five Articles with the same fidelity as the claim was made for the whole High Church party to accept all the Articles from the sixth to the thirty-seventh. That such a conclusion should have been arrived at is, of course, perfectly conclusive for all parties within the Church of England. No declaration of assent which can ever be made can be more stringent than that which existed at the time of Tract XC, and of the "Ideal of the Christian Church." No deviation from the letter of the Articles can ever be more complete than that which was claimed, and which has since triumphed. That extraordinary and exceptional liberty which the High Church party now enjoys from its pledges to accept the Articles was won for them by the unfailing, energetic support of the Liberal clergy of the Church of England, gradually working through good report and evil to that result.

I will now proceed to state some arguments why, on the one hand, we may regard this result with satisfaction, and on the other hand, why we trust it will not lead to any dangerous results.

First, the motives, as I have stated, which induced so many intelligent and conscientious men to secede from the Church of England to the Church of Rome at that time were not, except in a very few instances, the result of their deviation from the terms of their subscription. It was the power of a countervailing attraction in a powerful body outside, which may be thought unreasonable, but which everyone who has had any experience knows to be absolutely irresistible when once it has taken possession of the mind. What I have said with regard to this attraction towards the Church of Rome is equally true as regards the attractions which may exist in other directions. These attractions may be towards Dissent or towards Positiveism, towards spiritual independence, or towards democratic tendencies; but these, and not divergence from this or that formula, are the real ground of their departure. Honor their motives—let them go if they will, but do not make their departure a measure for the consciences of other men. The conscience of each individual



must be left to stand by itself, and if a man, however much he may admire the Roman system, or however much he may introduce into the English worship elements, as we may think, inconsistent with it, yet still maintains that in the English system he can work faithfully, honestly and zealously—then there is no reason before God or man why he should retire from it. The Prayer-Book, the august and venerable document which, from Edward VI. to Queen Victoria, has won the affections of the English people; the Articles, which in spite of the disparaging remarks thrown upon them, are the firm and moderate expression of the Protestant side of the Church of England—these have claims on the attention of every one who has a heart to feel, and a mind to think. At the time of those vehement dissensions in the Church of England in 1844, a young man wrote a pamphlet urging toleration of those opinions within the bosom of the same church, and one quotation which he used has remained fixed in my mind: “The divergences of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, which hitherto seemed quite impossible to unite within the same communion,

Volvenda dies en attulit ultro.”

Secondly, what has been the cause of this great change between the furious opposition to Tract XC in 1841-45, and its complete acceptance in 1866? Many causes, no doubt, have contributed, but the chief cause is this: It is not that the evils of the Papacy have diminished—on the contrary, they have become more glaring and more dangerous. But we have gradually arrived at a different view of the purposes which these documents serve in our day from that entertained at their first introduction. At their first introduction—and what I am saying applies to all confessions of faith whatsoever at the time of their introduction—a fond belief prevailed that dogmatical words have but one sense which, like Ithuriel's spear, will at a touch cause opposing error to be revealed in its proper deformity. We have now learned, by slow experience, that this is not the case. No doubt it is our duty to purge as far as we can our various formulas from points which have become dead, unprofitable and palpably erroneous in the course of time. But for the large part of them this is not the case. The Homeric maxim, which Matthew Arnold quotes, goes very far to solve these difficulties. *ἑπέων νόμος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα*. “Words have a great force this way and that way.”

The explanations in Tract XC, unhistorical, untenable, and even disingenuous, as they may at first sight appear, yet, when viewed in a larger light, show how curiously even what appeared to be the most exact phraseology, breaks down under the endeavor to enforce it. Tract XC and the “Ideal of the Christian Church,” were attempts to explain away the documents by the force of circumstances and context, by taking the grammatical bearing of words apart from their

sense. This in itself was a conspicuous failure. But as a wave in that larger movement which would sweep away all such subscriptions, and return to the state of things before the Reformation, when no preliminary subscriptions were required from any one, it must take an important place.

This larger end at last forced itself on the legislature. That elaborate system of subscription which I have described, double, triple, quadruple, was the last felt by the rulers alike of the State and of the Church, as it had been felt by weak or enlightened consciences before, to be absolutely unendurable. So long as it existed, excuses and explanations of all kinds were added to justify it; and those who were acquiescent in it naturally availed themselves of these explanations as the general sense of the Church. But the time came when this artificial system was attacked in an open, straightforward manner, and then the whole fabric came down with a crash.

Convocation, indeed, then as always the stronghold of the fantastical, fanatical objections to every liberal measure, withstood to the last, and, on the very eve of the change, declared that no relaxations were needed. But the voice of common sense and common charity made itself heard through the Royal Commission in the Houses of Parliament, and at one stroke the elaborate subscriptions which had vexed the righteous souls of so many generations were swept away. Then, and not till then, when Convocation found that it could else have no part in this beneficent change, it rushed in, as it always does, to claim its honor. The few Liberal members of that singular body, who had been as those crying in the wilderness, found themselves borne on the crest of the wave, and the subscriptions of 1562, of 1571, of 1603, and of 1661 fell like a house of cards before the Act of 1865.

In that Act of Parliament, framed in contradiction to Convocation, and carried irrespectively of its late adhesion, every single particularity of phrase by which our forefathers had so laboriously attempted to bind up the consciences of posterity is totally abandoned. We no longer express our "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer." That form which succeeded in its iniquitous purpose of driving out the conscientious men who became the fathers of English Dissent is no longer pronounced by any English clergyman. The declaration of "assent to all and every of the Thirty-nine Articles, and to everything therein contained, as agreeable to the word of God," is now totally abolished. The substitution of assent to the doctrine (not doctrines) of the Church as contained in both the formularies was expressly asserted, without contradiction, by the Royal Commissioners in Parliament, to have been made in order that it might be understood that it was to the general teaching, and not every part and parcel of that teaching, that assent was given. The question of how much or how little latitude should still be required of

the clergy of the Church, or of members of the Church, who by frequenting the Church express their general approval, is open to much discussion; but it is a discussion which must be maintained within the limits which each man will prescribe to himself, and which the present form of modified subscription in no way touches. "I assent to the Thirty-nine Articles, and to the Book of Common Prayer, and to the ordaining of Bishops, Priests and Deacons. I believe the doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland as therein set forth to be agreeable to the word of God, and in public prayer and administration of the sacraments. I will use the form in the said Book printed, and none other, except so far as will be added by lawful authority."

It has been said by one whom we all honor and respect for his character and abilities, that "he could not understand a clergyman standing up to teach others without first asking definitely what he was going to teach. Before such a Church he could see no other prospect than vagueness, irresoluteness, inanity, decay: the motive power was gone, the bond of cohesion was snapped." He spoke of the dreadful dangers which awaited the abolition of subscription. It may be so. But it must be remembered that this exactly describes the Church of England as it has existed since the year 1865. Since that time, as far as the law of the Church is concerned, there is, if these forebodings be true, nothing but "vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness, and decay," because a clergyman is no longer summoned, as he was before 1865, to declare "definitely what he will teach and what he will say." Before 1865 this was certainly requisitè. Every young clergyman was required then to declare definitely what he would teach and what he would say on the 600 or more propositions in the Thirty-nine Articles, or the 600 or more allusions which occur in the Prayer-Book. Since 1865 it is certainly not required of any clergyman to speak out definitely on any one of these propositions in the Articles, or any one of these allusions in the Prayer-Book. He may hold them, but he is not demanded to pledge himself to them beforehand.

It may be observed also that this description applies equally to the whole period of the Latin Church down to the publication of the decrees of Pope Pius IV. Before that time it might be said that "there was no bond of cohesion," because there was no definite subscription required, and therefore there was for the whole medieval Church "nothing but vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness and decay." And further, it applies especially to the Church of the three first centuries, which, amidst all the doubts and all the heresies that existed, had no bond at all beyond that contained in the baptismal formulary, and no subscription whatever demanded of the clergy, nothing that called upon them "definitely to stand up and say what they would teach." Of this state of

things we might equally say that there was "no prospect before it but vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness and decay."

I have but one word more. It may be asked whether this remnant of subscription which is left is still worth keeping. My answer is that this depends simply on the question whether it keeps out a single member of the Church of England from entering the ministry. I maintain seriously and solemnly that it is entirely unworthy of the Church to keep such a rag and tatter of a state of things which has been proved utterly indefensible. Will you allow me to enforce this by an illustration which I once made use of in the United States. When I was asked there what were the dangers which beset the Church, I answered that I saw but one permanent danger, which affected all churches alike, and I illustrated it by a story from another sphere. When, in a banquet given to him by the chief statesman of Italy, Mr. Gladstone addressed them in a powerful speech on the glories of their country, in that beautiful Italian tongue of which he is so complete a master, he suddenly exclaimed: "But there is an enemy in the midst of you." They started; they turned to each other; they whispered. "He means the Pope." But Mr. Gladstone was thinking of an enemy in the heart of the Italian kingdom, familiar to the mundane experiences in which his transcendent financial powers made him completely at home. He said: "His name is *Deficit*." That is the danger for us. It is neither the Pope, nor critical inquiry. It is not the deficiency of wealth, not the deficiency of Church discipline, not the deficiency of sacraments, not the deficiency of Church services, but the deficiency of able, enlightened, conscientious men who will enter the service of the Church as in former days. I do not know what may be the case in this respect in detail. I know that in the great university over which Bishop Lightfoot exercised so vast and salutary an influence he did there bring into the service of the Church a supply of gifted and faithful pastors equal to what there may once have been. I know that in the other university this is not the case, and that the failure of gifted men to enter Holy Orders is one of the fixed, I will not say permanent, evils of the present aspect of affairs in Oxford. But it is evident that if, from whatever cause, this failure should continue and extend, then it is the duty of every one to inquire into the causes; and if of these causes one should be the small shred of subscription that remains, then every man who cares for the welfare of the Church, especially when the removal of the obstacle is in accordance with a principle already fully established, should spare no endeavor to abolish it. If, from that or any other cause, the decrease of gifted pastors should still continue, it is not difficult to prophesy that, in some form or other, the end of the better days of the Church of England is at hand. It will continue, doubtless, but continue in a degraded, despised, imperfect condition, such as we have the opportunity of knowing from

the example of the Church of France and Italy and Spain. That such may not be the case, that the Church may still continue to draw to itself the chosen men of the nation, is, I trust, not beyond the limits of hope, and not beyond the reasonable expectation of all who care for the future welfare of their country.

I do not wish to exaggerate on one side or the other the importance of this fragment of subscription. There would still remain the obstacle always placed in the way of over-scrupulous men from the existence of a fixed Liturgy. This is inevitable. The Presbyterian and some of the Nonconformist churches are in this respect more completely their own masters than ours. They have the prayers of the Church at least in their own hands. But there is a great advantage in a Liturgical form, and of that advantage there is also the necessary disadvantage—that objections to particular phrases will always occur. There would still remain the possible, though certainly the decreasing possibility, of the authorities of the Church so applying the formularies as to oust this or that clergyman. This, however, is an incident of any form of Church government, to be found equally in conforming and nonconforming Churches; or, rather, more in non conforming Churches. No member of the Society of Friends would be permitted to preach the necessity of sacraments. No Unitarian minister would be permitted to read the Athanasian Creed. No Congregational minister would be permitted to affirm the necessity of an Established Church or of the Episcopal succession. It is only in the National Church that such variations and their opposites could be permitted. The largeness of the Church involves the largest of sufferance. Legal prosecutions for doctrine, on either side, have become almost obsolete during the last twelve years.

It is therefore still to be considered whether there is any object in keeping up a form of subscription which, after the eviscence of the old form, contains nothing of a safeguard and something of an offense.

There was a time when such questions were thought not unworthy of the heads of the Liberal party. In Mr. Trevelyan's brilliant book\* on Fox's early life, there is given a vivid account of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the petition for the relaxation of subscription. "I cannot help saying," says a competent authority, who was present, "that I never was so affected with, or so sensible of, the power of pious eloquence as while Sir George Savile was speaking. It was not only an honor to him, but to his age and country."

"Those giants of old," says Mr. Trevelyan, "showed of what they were capable when party feeling did not tempt them to pervert or

exaggerate. The problem of the obligations of the clergy was stated and examined with a clearness and conciseness which seems to have been lost by some of our generation who choose that problem for their special study, and with a frankness which makes us proud to think what courageous fellows our great-grandfathers were.\*

The pathetic tone of the gifted author indicates that this Liberal enthusiasm has become extinct. In fact, it lasted almost till our own time; but it has since been dwindling gradually away, until it now seems impossible to revive a spark of generous warmth in its behalf in those who are occupied with the object, important and desirable as it is, of keeping together the Liberal party. Any one who knows the present state of affairs will perceive that the desire of elevating, enlarging, reforming, any existing institutions is not to be expected from the present leaders of perhaps either party. "Jerusalem does not come within the lines of their operations." But there are in the younger generation signs that this apathy will not last for ever; and meanwhile it is our duty to keep alive the hope that the enlarged usefulness of the Church of England, or the preservation of the enlargement which exists, may yet become a motto of the Liberal cause, an object more worthy of the Church of England than the legal and technical trivialities which absorb the mind of a large portion of its clergy. *Di meliora piis.*—ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

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## THE CHASE—ITS HISTORY AND LAWS.

### II.

At the close of our former article on hunting we proposed, on resuming the subject, to deal with that of the Romans. As we then observed, it is not as hunters or as devoted to the chase that the Romans were remarkable. It is a mistake to suppose, as a modern French writer has done, that, because Horace speaks of the "venator" who remains "sub Jove frigido," unmindful of his tender wife, for the sake of a hind or Marsian boar, all Romans were ardent sportsmen, or that, because, towards the close of the Republic, and in the early days of the Empire, hunting became for a time the fashion, therefore the Romans had been from the beginning a nation of hunters. Plutarch, it is true, represents Romulus and Remus as

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\*Page 439. Mr. Trevelyan adds, "with a thoroughness as exhaustive as was attainable by an assembly of men who had not yet advanced to the point of asking themselves whether it was necessary to have a privileged church at all." There is another turn to be given to this ingeniously anachronistic sentence. But it would lead us too far into another region,

given, among other things, to hunting; but as no one now doubts that the twin brothers were of a purely mythical character, the statement of that estimable but too-credulous historian is of but little value. Columella also, in his treatise "*De Re Rustica*," while he declares his objection to hunting, as enticing the husbandman away from his work, and tending to make him idle, says that the ancient Romans, "*vera illa Romuli proles*," as he is pleased to call them, divided their time between the labors of agriculture and those of hunting; but, here again, as Columella did not write until long centuries after the age of which he is speaking, his testimony can avail but little. The fiercer beasts of prey, being happily unknown in Italy—"rabidæ tigres absunt, et sæva leonum semina," says Virgil in that well-known noble outburst of patriotic enthusiasm—there was not the same necessity for hunting on the larger scale. At the same time, there is no reason to suppose that in a country still thickly wooded and well supplied with wild animals the rural population did not take the trouble to capture them. Wolves and foxes, too, as enemies to the flock and the farmyard, would require to be destroyed. The deer, the roebuck, and the hare would be worth the trouble to capture, as acceptable food. The wild swine, destructive to the crops, and also available as food, and to the pursuit of which the danger of the sport would add an additional zest, would not be suffered to escape pursuit. But the hunting of wild animals does not appear to have been organized on a large scale. Italy is not represented as having possessed any indigeneous breed of dogs distinguished for hunting qualities of first-rate character; for the Umbrian breed, though excelling in point of nose, was, we are told, useless in other respects; nor does the use of hounds in packs, as a means of capturing game, appear to have been known till a comparatively late period. It was not till the tide of conquest had brought them into contact with the Eastern nations, and had made them acquainted with the grander style of hunting there pursued, that the Romans took to the chase in a manner at all deserving of the name. Having subdued Macedonia, Paulus Æmilius is said to have brought away the hounds and hunting establishment of Perseus, the conquered king, to Rome, and to have given them to his son Scipio Æmilianus. Hunting became soon afterwards the fashion of the day, especially with the younger men; so that Terence, writing some century and a half before Christ, says in the "*Andria*:"

Plerique omnes faciunt adolescentuli,  
Ut animum ad aliquod studium adjungant, aut equos  
Alere, aut canes ad venandum.

So strong, indeed, did the passion for hunting become for a time, that Sallust represents Catiline as having used the gift of horses and hounds purchased for the purpose—"aliis canes atque equos mercari"

—in addition to the "*aliis scorta præbere*"—as one of the means resorted to by that arch-conspirator for the purpose of corruption.

Their conquests in the East having made the Romans acquainted with the *paradeisoi* of the Persians, and the plunder of conquered nations and provinces having caused a prodigious influx of wealth, the Roman magnates, who now began to build sumptuous villas, added to them inclosures for breeding and preserving game; rather, however, it would seem, for the purpose of having the game at hand, when wanted for the table, than for the amusement of hunting; or, if for the latter, that the sport might be had without the chance of disappointment, as well as with the least possible amount of trouble and fatigue to the luxurious sportsman. Being surrounded by oak palings, these inclosures were termed *roboraria*. They appear, however, to have been at first of comparatively small extent, and to have been confined to the preserving of hares, whence they were also termed *leporaria*. Later on they sometimes assumed larger dimensions, and became parks in the fuller sense of the term, and contained deer and boars as well as hares and rabbits.

The information on this subject is derived from Varro, an intelligent and reliable author, who lived to a great age, and who therefore, when he wrote, could look back for two or three generations. Aulus Gellius, in the "*Noctes Atticæ*," at a later period, refers to the subject, but adds nothing to what was before known. Writing in the early years of Augustus, Varro says that there are three appendages to a villa: a *leporarium* (a hare-warren)—for which name, by the time of Pliny, in consequence of its having become the custom to keep other game besides hares in these inclosures, that of *vivarium* had been substituted; an *aviarium*, or as it was also then called, an *ornithon*, and a *piscina* (fish pond). Speaking to his Roman friends of the *leporaria* of their day, Varro tells them that these differed very materially from those of their great-grandfathers, inasmuch as the latter had been small inclosures of an acre or two, and for hares only, whereas in their day the *leporaria* were many acres in size, and contained wild swine, wild goats and deer, as well as hares and rabbits. He mentions that Fulvius Lippinus, who, according to Pliny—who, however, calls him *Lupinus*—was the first Roman who established a *vivarium* on this large scale—an example followed soon after by Lucullus and Hortensius—had in the neighborhood of Tarquinii an inclosure of seventy acres, in which were not only the animals just named, but also wild sheep. Varro speaks of another large inclosure in which the wild boars and wild goats had been made quite tame, and came to be fed when called; and also of one belonging to Hortensius, in Laurentinum, of fifty acres and upwards, which the owner called *θηριονοποιον*, and in which, having his triclinium spread on an elevated spot, he supped with his guests. A trumpet being sounded, the table was surrounded by such a multitude of deer boars and other animals that the scene, Varro says, gave him



as much pleasure as a venatio in the circus would have done, barring the absence of African wild beasts. It may be assumed that a vivarium, in which the animals were thus rendered tame, cannot have been established with much of a view of hunting.

Speaking of the hares, which such a leporarium should contain, Varro mentions four sorts—the Italian, which he says is small, with short forelegs and long hind ones, and is dark in color on the back, but white underneath; those of transalpine Gaul, and those of Macedonia, both of which are very large; and the Spanish breed, which is small. He adds, as of the hare species, the rabbit (*cuniculus*), which he states to have been imported into Italy from Spain, in which statement he is confirmed by Pliny.

With regard to the ornithones or aviaries, they appear to have been originally intended, not at all with a view to sport, but for the rearing and fattening of quails and thrushes, both of which were esteemed great delicacies by the Romans, and the rearing of which was a source of large profit to the proprietors of these establishments. These buildings were carefully constructed. They were roofed over with network, were furnished with artificial trees, and every convenience for the birds to perch and roost, and were supplied with small streams of running water, the whole being made to look as much like the country as possible; but they had only a few high windows, lest the birds, able to see outside, should pine for their natural freedom, and in consequence not fatten as they should do. But besides these aviaries, in which birds were kept, as Varro terms it, "*fuctus causa*," that is, for the table or the market, some villa proprietors had others, in which birds—especially singing birds—were kept "*delectationis causa*," M. Lælius Strabo, a friend of Varro's, having been the first to introduce such an ornithon. Lucullus, at his Tusculon villa, combined the two things under the same roof; and while, like Hortensius, in the midst of the wild boars and goats, he was reclining on his triclinium at supper—"ubi delicate cœnaret"—he had the satisfaction of seeing some of the thrushes on the dish cooked, and at the same time the others flying about—"alios videret in mazonome positos eectos, alios volitare circum fenestras captos"—perhaps anticipating the gratification of eating the latter in their turn.

Hunting was no doubt a common pursuit at the commencement of the Augustan era. Horace not only says that the

*Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
Gaudet equis, canibusque—*

but also represents hunting as the ordinary and fitting occupation of Roman men—

*Romanis solemne viris opus—*

and as a pursuit at once

utile famæ,  
Vitæque et membris—

though the "venator," who remains, "teneræ conjugis immemor," in pursuit of the deer or Marsian boar, must be taken as representing an exceptional case of individual ardor rather than as the type of Roman sportsmen in general.

From the references to hunting in the writings of this period, it seems pretty certain that, while importance was attached to the breeding and training of hounds, the hound was at this time little, if at all, employed for the purpose of running down the game, but mainly for the subsidiary purpose of driving it into the net that it might be taken, or rousing it that it might be brought down by the javelin, arrow or sling of the hunter. Virgil recommends, as not the least important point to be attended to by the countryman, the rearing of dogs of Spartan or Molossian breed:

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum—

the latter, it would seem, for the protection of his homestead and flocks from the thieves and wolves, the former for hunting. With the merits of the numerous foreign breeds—more especially of the Gallic, which was used in Gaul for pursuing the game without net or other contrivance—he seems to have been unacquainted. When he says:

Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas,

he adds:

Montesque per altos  
Ingentum clamore premes ad retia cervum.

And when speaking of the pursuits to be followed in winter—

Cum nix alta jacet, glaciem cum flumina trudunt—

though he mentions "auritos sequi lepores," he combines with it "retia ponere cervis," and

Tum figere damas,  
Stupea torquentem Balearis verbera fundæ.

So that it may well be doubted whether he had any idea of the use of the hound for running down the game. Indeed, when we come to the treatise of Arrian, we shall see that the Spartan hound, of which Virgil speaks, being wanting in speed, would have been of little use for that purpose.

Horace, it is true, speaks of the "visa catulis cervæ fidelibus;" but he leaves us in uncertainty as to the purpose for which the hounds were here employed. It is the nets of his "venator" that the Marsian

boar has torn; and if the happy countryman is described by him as "*trudens acres hinc atque hinc multa cane Apros*," it is "in obstantes plagas;" while if it is with the snare that he takes, as "*jucunda præmia*," the timid hare and the foreign crane.

That the net was the principal instrument of the Roman sportsman is clear; and, as was the case with the Grecian net, it was an apparatus of an extensive character. First came the indago, or net of large circumference, by which the area intended to be beaten was in a great measure inclosed, so that the game, if once driven within it, should not again escape. To this was added, at each end, the formida, or rope hung with colored feathers, which, waving in the wind, frightened the animals, and so deterred them from attempting to escape at the sides. Subsidiary again to the larger net were the plagæ, or road nets—the *enodia* of Xenophon—which were placed across roads or narrow openings. Besides these there were the *cases*, or purse nets, made to receive the animal as it rushed towards the indago, with a laqueus, or noose, which tightened round it, making escape impossible. Each of these nets had its appropriate attendant, or attendants; but nothing would be gained by repeating their respective appellations. But from their number it is obvious that this form of hunting must have been of a somewhat expensive character.

The weapons of the hunter were various—adapted of course to the game he was pursuing. Among them was the *venabulum*, or hunting spear, with broad point, used for thrusting, not for throwing; the *verutum*, or javelin, or dart, used, on the other hand, for the latter purpose; the *lagobolon*, or harepole; the bow and arrow; and lastly the *Toladan* knife, Spain being, even in that age, celebrated for its metal. We read, too, of the *triaina*, a three-pronged instrument, for dispatching the hare when entangled in the net—a more formidable weapon, one would have thought, than was required for such a purpose. We also read occasionally of the sling as used in hunting, but we can scarcely suppose it to have been of much avail.

With the nets and weapons of the hunter, the hound occupies an important place. If the net was to be employed, the service of this useful auxiliary was essential towards finding the game, and driving it into the toils. If the hunted animal, like the stag, was to be dispatched by the spear or javelin of the hunter, the hound would assist in bringing it to bay. If, like the boar, it was capable of offering resistance, fierce and powerful hounds would assist in tearing it down. Where the purpose was merely to find the game, that it might be started by the hunter himself, and so be within the reach of dart or arrow, the use of the dog being then to indicate the immediate vicinity of the game, the hound underwent a different training, and seems to have been taught to behave very much in the way of a modern pointer. Indeed, one would almost be led to think that it was of the pointer that the writers who refer to this use of the

dog were speaking. Thus Pliny, dwelling on the sagacity of the dog, says: "Sed in venatu solertia et sagacitas præcipua est. Scrutatur vestigia atque persequitur, comitantem ad feram inquisitorem loro trahens: qua visa quam silens et occulta, quam significans demonstratio est, cauda primum, deinde rostro!" Equally striking is the language of Lucan:

Nec creditur ulli  
Silva cani, nisi qui presso vestigia rostro  
Colligit, et præda nescit latrare reperta,  
Contentus tremulo monstrasse cubilia loro.

Thus Grattius Faliscus, too, whose work we are about to mention, speaks of the dog standing, as it were, fixed and rooted to the spot:

Aut effecta levi testatur gaudia cauda  
Aut ipsa infodiens unctis vestigia plantis  
Mandit, humum, celsasque apprensat naribus auras.

The earliest treatise on hunting which has come down to us from the Roman times is a poem called the "Cynegeticon," by the Grattius Faliscus just referred to, who, having been mentioned by Ovid—by the reference to Tityrus, Ovid would appear to make him contemporary with Virgil—is supposed to have belonged to the Augustan age, but of whom, except this poem, nothing certain is known. As a poem the work is of very inferior merit. The writer gives instructions on most of the points which we have seen referred to by Xenophon, the construction of the different nets, and of the spears and instruments used in hunting, and the foot snare (the *ποδορράβη* of Xenophon), which he calls the "dentata, et iligno robore clausa, pedica," and which he seems to contemplate with satisfaction as an ingenious and useful invention, ascribing this and all other contrivances for taking game—though some of them would appear to us to be of a very poacher-like character—to divine suggestion. But it is on the subject of dogs that the interest of the poem principally turns. Of these he enumerates some twenty different sorts. It will be sufficient to refer to a few of the leading ones. The Median breed is fierce, but indocile. "Extollit gloria Celtas," for the opposite quality. But of the latter he says nothing as to the swiftness, on which we shall find Arrian laying so much stress. The Gelonian breed is sagacious, but cowardly. The Persian combines sagacity with courage. The Seric—by which, we presume, is meant the Chinese—is a "genus intractabilis iræ." The Lycaonian dogs, on the other hand, are good-natured, yet bold. The Umbrian, while admirable for its scenting qualities—"solertia naris"—will not face the game which it has roused. The strangest statement of all is that the dogs of Hyrcania, to increase the strength and fierceness of their breed, go into the forests and engender with tigers. The offspring, says the poet, will make you suffer in your flocks: bear this,

however, as the dog will compensate you for it by his service in the woods. We shall find Pliny and Ælian saying in substance the same thing—and, indeed, things still more startling—so prone were even the learned of the ancient world to believe in fable.

After dealing with the merits or demerits of several other breeds, to follow him in which would lead us too far, Grätius proceeds to eulogize the British dog, whose only defect he seems to consider to be his want of beauty. The following lines on this subject are interesting, as being, however small may be their intrinsic merit, the earliest testimony to the qualities of the British hound:

Quid freta si Morinum, dubio refluentia ponto,  
Veneris, atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos?  
O quanta est merces, et quantum impendia supra!  
Si non ad speciem mentiturosque decores  
Protinus: hæc una est catulis jactura Britannis.  
Ad magnum cum venit opus, promendaque virtus,  
Et vocat extremo præceps discrimine Mavors,  
Non tunc egregios tantum admirare Molossos.

From what Grätius here says of the appearance of the British dog it is not improbable that he was referring to the mastiff breed, which, like the Molossian, would be admirably adapted from its strength and courage to boar-hunting, in his day a favorite pursuit.

The upshot of the whole is that the author strongly recommends the crossing of the various races, and advises which breeds shall be thus combined.

It may be observed that Strabo, the geographer, who wrote in the beginning of the first century, in what he says respecting Britain, speaks of it as producing a good breed of dogs for hunting—*κύνας εὐφρεῖς πρὸς κυρνηεῖας*. Strabo, it is true, had never been in Britain, and therefore must have got his information at second hand; but the statement shows that the British dog enjoyed a good reputation in his day.

In the troubled and dangerous times which ensued after the days of Augustus, hunting appears to have very much gone out of fashion. What with foreign wars and intestine dangers, amid which every man carried, as it were, his life in his hand, men's minds were too much occupied to give themselves up to field sports. Still more fatal, as calculated to supersede real hunting, were the so-called "venationes"—so-called, however, only by an abuse of language, for the term "venatio" is little applicable to what was practiced under it—the wholesale slaughter of wild animals in the circus and amphitheater—which, introduced in the later years of the Republic, had now assumed huge dimensions, and, together with the equally hideous gladiatorial conflicts, had become the ruling passion of all classes—not only of the poor citizens, to whom real hunting was impossible, but also of the wealthy and great, who preferred to wit-

ness these exhibitions at their ease to the toils and dangers of the chase.

Originally the exhibition of wild animals had arisen out of the practice of exposing, on the occasion of the triumph of a Roman general, together with the spoils taken from the enemy, the particular products of the conquered country, and among these any animals previously unknown to the Roman people, and which consequently would be objects of curiosity and interest. When, therefore, the Romans extended their conquests to Africa and the East, it was natural that the larger animals, the produce of those countries and unknown in Italy, should be made part of the show. Being of no further use after they had been exhibited, they were killed. But the practice of exhibiting wild beasts, and putting them to death, was soon afterwards transferred to the *Ludi Circenses*, as part of the show provided on such occasions; and successive exhibitors vied with one another, not only in the magnificence of the games, but also in the number and nature of the animals exhibited. At the *Ludi Circenses*, exhibited by Scipio Nasica and P. Lentulus, as *curule ædiles*, in B.C. 168, Livy tells us that elephants, as well as panthers and bears, formed part of the show. Elephants first fought in the circus, according to Pliny, in the games exhibited by Claudius Pulcher, in his *ædileship*, in B.C. 99. In the games of the Luculli, B.C. 79, they fought with bulls. Seneca states that at the games given by Sulla, in his *prætorship*, 100 lions were exhibited, which were killed by javelin-men sent by King Bocchus for the purpose. Scaurus, in his *ædileship*, B.C. 58, astonished the Roman public by exhibiting in the circus, for the first time, a hippopotamus, as also five crocodiles in an artificial canal. Still more prodigious was the quantity of wild beasts exhibited by Pompey, in his second consulship, in B.C. 55, in a *venatio* given on the dedication of the temple of Venus Victrix. Six hundred lions and twenty elephants were exhibited and killed, the latter by *Gætulians*, who fought them with darts. The huge animals in their terror endeavored to break down the railings which separated them from the spectators, and thereby caused no little consternation and alarm. Cicero was present at this exhibition, and evidently was disgusted at the sight of so much carnage. He writes to his friend, M. Marius, who, from illness or some other cause, had been unable to attend: "*Reliquæ sunt venationes binæ per dies quinque; magnificæ nemo negat; sed quæ potest homini esse polito delectatio, quum aut homo inbecillus a valentissimâ bestia laniatur, aut præclara bestia venabulo transverberatur?*" Even the Roman public, not as yet brutalized by the frequency of such massacres, appear to have rather sympathized with the elephants than derived pleasure from the entertainment. For Cicero adds: "*Extremus elephantorum dies fuit; in quo admiratio magna vulgi atque turbæ, delectatio nulla extitit. Quinetiam misericordia quædam consecuta est atque opinio ejus-*

modi, esse quandam illi belluæ cum genere humano societatem." Pliny says that the spectators, touched with pity for the poor beasts, who seemed to appeal to them for mercy, were not only moved to tears, but broke out in imprecations against Pompey, as the author of this cruelty, which, adds the superstitious Roman, were soon after realized in his downfall.

Julius Cæsar, in his third consulship, exhibited, in like manner, a venatio, which lasted five days, and at which the camelopard was seen in Italy for the first time. He also caused bulls to be encountered by Thessalian horsemen, whose business it was to chase them round the circus till they were exhausted, and then to seize them by the horns and kill them. Similar bull-fights were exhibited afterwards by Claudius and Nero. Augustus, in the games exhibited by him in B.C. 29, besides a hippopotamus, showed, for the first time, a rhinoceros, and, if we are to believe Suetonius, a snake fifty feet long, and as many as thirty-six crocodiles. At a venatio of this emperor no less than 3,500 animals were slaughtered.

Confined originally to the Ludi Cirenses, the venationes, at a later period, were often associated with imperial triumphs or other state occasions. And the rage for this wholesale massacre of animals, as a source of amusement and gratification to the public, continued to increase, and led exhibitors to compete with one another in the number and rarity of the animals they presented. Thus, among other instances, on the dedication of the Colosseum by Titus, we are told that 5,000 wild beasts, and 5,000 other animals, were slaughtered. In the games celebrated by Trajan, after his Dacian victories, Dion Cassius asserts that as many as 11,000 animals were killed. At the games exhibited by Septimus Severus, in A.D. 207, on the occasion of his return to Rome after his victories in the East, and the marriage of his son Caracalla, 400 wild beasts were let loose in the amphitheater at one time, after which a hundred a day were slaughtered for the seven days during which the games continued.

Equally remarkable, if we may believe Vopiscus, was the venatio of Probus. Of wild beasts, 100 lions and as many lionesses, 100 Libyon and as many Syrian leopards, and 300 bears; of other animals, 1,000 ostriches, 1,000 boars, 1,000 stags, 1,000 deer, and a multitude of other animals were slaughtered on this occasion. The same historian states that among the animals collected by the younger Gordian for his triumph, but afterwards exhibited by his successor Philip at the secular games in A.D. 248, were a hippopotamus, a rhinoceros, thirty-two elephants, ten tigers, sixty tame lions, thirty tame leopards, ten hyenas, ten camelopards, ten elks, twenty onagri, forty wild horses, and an immense number of other animals. Many other instances might be given, but these will suffice.

When the wild beasts had been exhibited in the circus, they were killed in the amphitheater by the bestiarii, a class of men trained

expressly for the purpose of fighting wild beasts, and who were an entirely distinct class from the gladiators, who fought not with beasts, but with one another. The other animals were hunted and killed in the circus.

But at these hideous exhibitions, wild beasts, especially lions, were frequently put to a still more revolting use than that of being fought with and killed by men. Convicted criminals were often condemned to be exposed to the beasts, and, when so sentenced, were delivered over, naked and unarmed, to the fury of a ferocious animal, while the demoralized and heartless Romans found in the frightful spectacle a source of pleasurable excitement, witnessed with grim satisfaction the terror and agony of the wretched victim, watched with breathless interest for the onset and rush of the beast, and saw a fellow-creature torn to pieces before their eyes with the same satisfaction as they would have felt at seeing a hunted wolf, or other noxious animal, torn to pieces by a pack of hounds.

The demand for wild animals from the African and Eastern provinces, to satisfy the requirements of the Roman amphitheater, was such that it was at last with difficulty that these provinces could furnish the necessary supply. As early as the time of Nero, Petronius writes:

Queritur in silvis Mauris fera. et ultimus Ammon  
 Afrorum excutitur, ne desit bellua dente  
 Ad mortes pretiosa; famas premit advena classes,  
 Tigris et aurata gradiens vectatur in aula  
 Ut bibat humanum, populo plaudente, cruorem.

The deficiency of wild beasts became such that an edict was issued prohibiting the destruction of these animals. The governors of the provinces and their officers were alone authorized to hunt them, and then only for the purpose of taking them alive and sending them to Rome. To all others their pursuit was prohibited under severe penalties. The result was that the provinces were overrun with these destructive beasts, to the terror and distress of the inhabitants. The evil became so crying that the Emperors Honorius and Theodosius, by a law of A.D. 409 (Cod. Theodos., lib. xv., tit. 11), revoked the prohibition, and made the killing of these animals again lawful. At the same time, it was forbidden to take lions alive for the purpose of sale.

Gibbon writes: "The African lions, when pressed by hunger, infested the open villages and cultivated country; and they infested them with impunity. The royal beast was reserved for the pleasure of the emperor and the capital, and the unfortunate peasant who killed one of them, though in his own defense, incurred a very heavy penalty." "This extraordinary game law," adds Gibbon, "was mitigated by Honorius and Theodosius, and finally repealed by Justinian." In the last statement the great historian is not quite accu-



rate. To Justinian belongs the credit of having abolished the gladiatorial conflicts. As regards wild beasts, Justinian simply repeats, in the Code (lib. xi., tit. 44), in totidem verbis, the law of the two emperors revoking the prohibition to kill them. The fighting with wild beasts appears to have gradually fallen into disuse, though it may possibly have received its final death-blow by the abolition of its kindred amusement, the gladiatorial exhibitions.

To return from this digression. In the time of Trajan, hunting had again come into fashion. Trajan and his successor, Hadrian, were both hunters on a great scale. Both were hunters not only of the ordinary beasts of chase, but of lions and the other wild beasts, when their presence in the African or Eastern provinces afforded the opportunity.

It is to a Greek that we are indebted for the next treatise on hunting. Arrian, who was born at Nicodemeia, in Bithynia, and who lived in the time of Hadrian and the Antonines, was a philosopher, an accomplished scholar, and an elegant writer, in point of style resembling Xenophon, whom he appears to have made his model. He attached himself to the Stoic philosopher Epictetus, as Xenophon had attached himself to Socrates. He also proved himself an efficient general, and having thus so many points of resemblance to Xenophon, he acquired the appellation of the younger Xenophon. In A. D. 124 he gained the favor and friendship of the Emperor Hadrian, who was then in Greece, and a few years afterwards was appointed Prefect of Cappadocia; and that province being invaded by the Massagetae, he defeated them in a decisive battle. Under Antoninus Pius he became consul. In addition to several philosophical and historical works—among the latter the *Anabasis of Alexander*, considered by competent critics as by far the best account of Alexander's conquest of the East—he composed, as Xenophon had done, and possibly to make the resemblance to him the more complete, a work on hunting, to which he also gave the title of "*Kunegeticos*"—not, however, in any spirit of rivalry, but avowedly as a supplement to the work of his admired predecessor, more especially with reference to hare-hunting. The principal interest of the work is to be found in what he says on the subject of dogs, and the style of hunting which he recommends. Having in the course of his official career been employed in Gaul, Arrian had become acquainted with the Gallic breed of hounds, which he represents as far superior to those known to Xenophon, to the inferiority of which, and to Xenophon not having been acquainted with a superior breed, he ascribes the statement of the latter that a hare could not be run down and caught by hounds. Confident in the power of the Gallic hounds, Arrian disdains not only the use of gins and traps, but also that of the net—to run the game down fairly with hounds being, in his view, the only pursuit worthy of a true sportsman. Nay, so generous is his mind towards the object of the chase, that he is of opinion that, if the

hare, having afforded a good run, and being exhausted, betakes itself to the shelter of a bush, the hounds should be called off, and the life of the animal spared. He has often, he tells us, taken up the hare when thus overcome, and having coupled up the hounds, let her go again; or, if he came up too late to save the hare, has flogged the hounds for not having spared her—a mode of gratifying his sensibility which certainly savors quite as strongly of injustice towards the hounds as of tenderness towards the hare. The death of the hare was to him, differing herein from Xenophon, a painful sight. But the sympathy of this evidently kind-hearted man was obviously misplaced. The pain to the hare is in the terror and distress this timid animal undergoes while being pursued, and dreading to be overtaken rather than in its death, which, when once it is overpowered by the hounds, is instantaneous.

Taking the Gallic dog for his model, Arrian dwells on the length of body and the size and brightness of the eyes as essential characteristics of a fine hound. He tells us of one he had himself possessed, to which he ascribes almost human sagacity, and such extraordinary swiftness and strength that alone he could run down four hares in a day. He describes two sorts of Gallic hounds: the *Ἰγούσιαι* (Segusii), and *Ουέτραγοι* (Vertragi), the latter of exceeding swiftness. Early in the morning men are to be sent to observe where the forms are. The hunter is afterwards to come with the first-named hounds, and start the hare, which then the swifter Vertragi pursue; but the hare was to be allowed a fair start, and only two of those swifter hounds were to be loosed after her. From the manner in which the sport is described, the latter hounds would appear to have been what we call greyhounds, and we should unhesitatingly conclude that they were so, were it not that Arrian says nothing which at all intimates that they ran by sight and not by scent. At all events, the Gauls appear to have had a much higher sense of real sport than their Roman masters.

Like his model, Arrian confines himself almost entirely to hare-hunting. Of stag-hunting he says but little; though, by the way, he tells us that while the latter required to be followed on horseback, hare-hunting was generally practiced on foot. When run down, the stag is to be killed by a spear, or taken alive with a noose.

The hunting which Arrian sought to introduce does not appear to have found favor, at least in his time. The next treatise on hunting which has come down to us is the "Onomasticon" of Julius Pollux, a Greek sophist and grammarian, a work written for the instruction of the youthful Commodus, and which deals, in a quaint and amusing style, with every known, we had almost added and unknown, subject, and to which the title "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis" might not have been altogether inapplicable. In this work, combining fable with fact, but adding little or nothing to the prior stock of knowledge, the author, amongst other subjects of

this book, deals in the fifth section with that of hunting, and for the most part closely following Xenophon, goes again over the old ground of nets and weapons, taking no notice of the Gallic form of sport. His detestable pupil profited little by his instructions. Commodus, though vigorously and powerfully made, and thoroughly devoted to athletic sports, never took to those of the field. The pleasure of this monster in human form, so far as concerns animals, was confined to the wholesale slaughter of the circus or amphitheater. He is said by his biographers to have been passionately addicted to this low form of sport, but being as cowardly as cruel, to have taken care to be protected from the possibility of harm, shooting his arrows or throwing his javelins from behind a screen of network; just as in his gladiatorial conflicts, in which he is reported to have killed some hundreds, he is also said to have worn impenetrable armor, and to have fought with a heavy sword, while the arms of his opponents were of tin or lead.

The next author who claims our attention is one respecting whose identity there has been some confusion and controversy among the critics.

In the reign of Severus, or his son, Caracalla, there appeared three poems in Greek hexameter verse, on fishing, hunting and fowling, entitled "*Haliutica*," "*Kunegetica*" and "*Ixeutica*," each professing to be the work of a writer named Oppianus. An anonymous writer of the life of Oppianus, having represented the "*Kunegetica*" and the "*Ixeutica*" as having been the work of the Oppianus whose life he was writing, and his author as having been a native of Cilicia, it was assumed, and long believed as undoubted, that the other treatise, the "*Haliutica*," which had appeared the first of the three, and which was known to be the work of Cilician Oppianus, though no mention is made of it by the biographer in question, was also by the same Oppianus as the other two works; and the three poems were considered as the productions of the same writer; till at the close of the last century Schneider, a learned German scholar, in editing the "*Haliutica*" and "*Kunegetica*," asserted the contrary, maintaining that the Oppian of the "*Kunegetica*" was a totally different person from the author of the "*Haliutica*," as manifest from the fact that the former in his work declared himself to be a native of Apameia, or Pella, in Syria—this being apparent from two passages; in one of which, speaking of the River Orontes, he describes it as washing his native town, *ἐμὴν πόλιν*; while in the other, speaking of the temple of Memnon, in the neighborhood of Apameia, he refers to the *εὐρέα καλλή* as of his own country—whence it followed that he could not have been the same as the Cilician of that name, and that the author of the biography had been mistaken in representing him as a Cilician. This argument of course assumes that the author of "*Haliutica*" was a native of Cilicia, a fact as to which the ancient writers are agreed, and which appears to be borne out by a passage

in which the writer speaks of the *ἀστὺ Κωρύκιον* and the *ἀμφιρύτη Ἑλεούδα*," both of which were in Cilicia, as *ἡμετέρης πάτρης*. On the other hand, there is a passage in the "Kunegetica" which would appear to be conclusive as to the identity of authorship. It is that in which the poet (v. 77 to 83) makes his excuses to Nereus, Amphitrite and the Dryads, that *quitting them*—that is, quitting the subjects of fishing and fowling—he is now about to devote himself to the hunting deities, *δαίμοσι θηροφόνοισι γαλίντροπος*. Schneider meets this apparently conclusive evidence by the ingenious suggestion—for which, however, he adduces no authority—that the "Haliutica," having been first written by the Cilician Oppian, the other author, on taking up the cognate subjects, adopted his name; or, if of the same name, sought to represent himself as the same writer. Schneider further supports his view as to the non-identity of the author of the one poem with that of the other by reference to the style of the two; that of the "Kunegetica" being in his view vastly inferior to that of the other poem. Indeed, while he describes the "Haliutica" as "*elegans et concinnum, et satis puro sermone conscriptum*," the other poem, in his estimation, is "*durum, inconcinnum. forma tota incompositum, sæpissima ab ingenio, usu, et analogia Græcia sermonis abhorrens*." On this point again modern critics are divided. Some, though they may not go so far as Schneider in depreciating the merits of the "Kunegetica," agree in thinking the style of this poem inferior to that of the "Haliutica." Others, as is done by a learned writer in an able analysis of the "Kunegetica," in the Metropolitan Magazine, extol the work as a poem, and refer to passages not wholly devoid of poetical beauty.

As if to make the matter still more perplexing, the author of the anonymous life of Oppian, treating, as has just been said, the "Kunegetica" as the work of the Cilician Oppianus, tells a story—on what authority we know not—that the author having been admitted to read his poems before the Emperor Severus and his son Antoninus, better known as Caracalla, to whom (then just nominated Cæsar) the poems were addressed, the emperor was so pleased with them that he, at the poet's request, recalled his father from banishment to which he had been condemned, and ordered him to receive a golden stater (about 15s. 6d.) for every verse. If the fact really happened, which of the two poets was it to whom this bit of luck occurred?—the Cilician, who was not the author of the "Kunegetica," or the author of the "Kunegetica," who was not the Cilician? Some learned critics, however, treat this story as unworthy of belief, contending that the *Γαῖης ὑπαρὸν κραιὸς Ἀυτῶν* to whom the poem is addressed, is not Caracalla, but Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and that the several allusions in the poem to the son of the person addressed refer to Commodus, and not to Caracalla, which is the more probable from the fact that Caracalla had, so far as is known, no son. The learning on this somewhat curious and controverted

subject is to be found well condensed in an article on Oppianus in that abundant and admirable repository of classical knowledge, Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, to which every lover of classical literature and lore is under great and enduring obligation.

An argument in favor of the identity of authorship, and which deserves to be mentioned here, may be found in the extraordinary admixture of fable with fact which characterizes both poems. But it occurs to us that the argument founded on this coincidence is met by the fact that the fabulous matter in both poems is in all probability derived from the same sources, namely, the works on Natural History which existed at this period, the principal ones being—at least of those which have come down to us—first, the "Indica" of Ctesias, who, of all the writers whom "Græcia mendax" has produced, may safely be pronounced to be among the most "audacious," seeing that he declares the outrageous absurdities he narrates as having come within his own personal knowledge when in the East, or as having been communicated to him by persons who had seen what he describes; secondly, the Natural History of Pliny, who, in his chapters on zoology, has mixed up with zoological facts a series of idle stories and statements revolting to common sense, which it is astonishing that a man who enjoyed the reputation of being the most learned of the Romans could possibly have entertained; and thirdly, the "De Natura Animalium" of Ælian, who wrote some half century later, and for whose power of intellectual deglutition nothing appears to have been too gross, and who, though he professes to be a philosopher, and ἐπαύρητος ἀληθείας, exhibits, if we are to give him credit for intended truthfulness, a degree of credulity as wonderful as some of his own stories.

We have not included Aristotle in this category of authors, his work being a treatise on the anatomy and physiology of animals—and as such, a prodigy of knowledge and research, if looked at with reference to the time at which it was composed, and the then state of science on such subjects—rather than as professing to enumerate the various kinds of animals, or to give a description of animals or their habits. Nor does the great philosopher condescend to indulge in fable, citing the mendacious Ctesias only twice or thrice, and then either throwing the whole responsibility of the statement on the latter by the introductory words, "if we are to believe Ctesias," or declaring Ctesias to be untrustworthy—οὐκ ἀξιόπιστος ὢν.

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\*Neither have we included Solinus, probably the greatest gobemouche of all these authors—partly because, though the time at which he wrote is uncertain, there is every reason to think it must have been considerably later than the epoch at which we have arrived; partly because we look on him for the most part as only the servile copyist of Pliny, whose statements he constantly repeats, ipsissimis verbis, without any acknowledgement.

It would not be just to impute to Pliny, or perhaps even to Ælian, the invention of the monstrous things they tell us of. Between the time of Ctesias and that of Pliny, Megasthenes and many other authors, both Greek and Roman, whose works have not come down to us, had written on the history or the geography of Africa and the East, and it seems to have been the practice of all these authors to endeavor to make their works attractive by the introduction of the marvelous, sometimes of their own invention, sometimes existing in popular tradition, sometimes told them by the natives, who, there can be little doubt, amused themselves by imposing on the easy belief of the credulous foreigner. Pliny frequently makes a point of citing the writer on whose authority he makes a statement, leaving the reader to form his own judgment. But it appears pretty plain that, in most instances, his own belief goes along with the story, however repugnant to common sense.

As there can be little doubt that the authors on hunting derived their ideas as to the nature of the wild animals, the pursuit of which they were describing, from the works of the natural historians who had preceded them, it becomes matter of some interest, not only with reference to the subject we are dealing with, but also in a scientific point of view, to see what were the notions of the zoologists of those times on the subject. But we have already exceeded our limit, and must reserve this matter to our next.—A. E. COCKBURN, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

*The sudden and lamented death of Sir Alexander Cockburn will prevent the completion of the series of articles which we had projected.—Editor of The Nineteenth Century.*

#### GEORGE ELIOT'S ANALYSIS OF MOTIVES.

WE return to the novels of "George Eliot" with the old fascination, softened and deepened by the thought that we have read the last line that will even be written by this extraordinary novelist. Such minds are rare growths. We shall never see, we certainly have never yet seen, her equal in the analysis of motives by means of fiction. In "unraveling certain human lots and seeing how they are

woven and interwoven" she has done what no other novelist has done, or could have done. Her novels are without precedent or parallel as studies in motives. If you say the telling of a story is her forte you put her below Wilkie Collins or Mrs. Oliphant; if you say her object is to give a picture of English society, she is surpassed by Bulwer and Trollope; if she be called a satirist of society, Thackeray is her superior; if she intends to illustrate the absurdity of behavior, she is eclipsed by Dickens; but, if the analysis of human motives be her forte and art, she stands first, and it is very doubtful whether any artist in fiction is entitled to stand second. She reaches clear in and touches the most secret and the most delicate spring of human action. She has done this so well, so apart from the doing of everything else, and so, in spite of doing some other things indifferently, that she works on a line quite her own, and quite alone, as a creative artist in fiction. Others have done this incidentally and occasionally, as Charlotte Brontë and Walter Scott, but George Eliot does it elaborately, with laborious painstaking, with purpose aforethought. Scott said of Richardson: "In his survey of the heart he left neither head, bay, nor inlet behind him, until he had traced its soundings, and laid it down in his chart with all its minute sinuosities, its depths and its shallows."

This is too much to say of Richardson, but it is not too much to say of George Eliot. She has sounded depths and explored sinuosities of the human heart which were utterly unknown to the author of "Clarissa Harlowe." It is like looking into the translucent brook—you see the wriggling tad, the darting minnie, the leisurely trout, the motionless pike, while in the bays and inlets you see the infusoria and animalcula as well.

George Eliot belongs to, and is the greatest of the school of artists in fiction who write fiction as a means to an end, instead of as an end. And, while she may not be a first-class story-teller, considered simply as a story-teller, her novels are a striking illustration of the power of fiction as a means to an end. They remind us as few other stories do of the fact that however inferior the story may be considered simply as a story, it is indispensable to the delineation of character. No other form of composition, no discourse, or essay, or series of independent sketches, however successful, could succeed in bringing out character equal to the novel. Herein is at once the justification of the power of fiction. "He spake a parable," with an "end" in view which could not be so expeditiously attained by any other form of address.

A story of the first-class with the story as end in itself, and a story of the first-class told as a means to an end, has never been, and it is not likely ever will be, found together. The novel with a purpose is fatal to the novel written simply to excite by a plot, or divert by pictures of scenery, or entertain by a panorama of social life. So intense is George Eliot's desire to dissect the human heart and dis-

cover its motives, that plot, diction, situations, and even consistency in the vocabulary of the characters, are all made subservient to it. With her it is not so much that the characters do thus and so, but why they do thus and so. Dickens portrays the behavior, George Eliot dissects the motive of the behavior. Here comes the human creature, says Dickens, now let us see how he will behave. Here comes the human creature, says George Eliot, now let us see why he behaves.

"Suppose," she says, "suppose we turn from outside estimates of a man, to wonder with keener interest what is the report of his own consciousness about his doings, with what hindrances he is carrying on his daily labors, and with what spirit he wrestles against universal pressure, which may one day be too heavy for him and bring his heart to a final pause." The outside estimate is the work of Dickens and Thackeray and Walter Scott, the inside estimate is the work of George Eliot.

Observe in the opening pages of the great novel of "Middlemarch" how soon we pass from the outside dress to the inside reasons for it, from the costume to the motives which control it and color it. It was "only to close observers that Celia's dress differed from her sister's, and had "a shade of coquetry in its arrangements." Dorothea's "plain dressing was due to mixed conditions, in most of which her sister shared." They were both influenced by "the pride of being ladies," of belonging to a stock not exactly aristocratic, but unquestionably "good." The very quotation of the word good is significant and suggestive. There were "no parcel-tying forefathers" in the Brooke pedigree. A Puritan forefather, "who served under Cromwell, but afterward conformed and managed to come out of all political troubles as the proprietor of a respectable family estate," had a hand in Dorothea's "plain" wardrobe. "She could not reconcile the anxieties of a spiritual life involving eternal consequences with a keen interest in gimp and artificial protrusions of drapery," but Celia "had that common sense which is able to accept momentous doctrines without any eccentric agitation." Both were examples of "reversion." Then, as an instance of heredity working itself out in character "in Mr. Brooke, the hereditary strain of Puritan energy was clearly in abeyance, but in his niece Dorothea it glowed alike through faults and virtues."

Could anything be more natural than for a woman with this passion for, and skill in, "unraveling certain human lots," to lay herself out upon the human lot of woman, with all her "passionate patience of genius?" One would say this was inevitable. And, for a delineation of what that lot of woman really is, as made for her, there is nothing in all literature equal to what we find in "Middlemarch," "Romola," "Daniel Deronda," and "Janet's Repentance." "She was a woman, and could not make her own lot." Never before, indeed, was so much got out of the word "lot." Never was the little word



so hard worked, or well worked. "We women," says Gwendolen Harleth, "must stay where we grow, or where the gardeners like to transplant us. We are brought up like the flowers to look as pretty as we can, and be dull without complaining. That is my notion about the plants, and that is the reason why some of them have got poisonous." To appreciate the work that "George Eliot" has done you must read her with the determination of finding out the reason why Gwendolen Harleth "became poisonous," and Dorothea, with all her brains and "plans," a failure; why "the many Therasas find for themselves no epic life, only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity." You must search these marvelous studies in motives for the key to the blunders of "the blundering lives" of woman which "some have felt are due to the inconvenient indefiniteness with which the Supreme power has fashioned the natures of women." But as there is not "one level of feminine incompetence as strict as the ability to count three and no more, the social lot of woman cannot be treated with scientific certitude. It is treated with a dissective delineation in the women of George Eliot unequalled in the pages of fiction.

And then woman's lot, as respects her "social promotion" in matrimony, so much sought, and so necessary for her to seek, even in spite of her conscience, and at the expense of her happiness—the unraveling of that lot would also come very natural to this expert unraveler. And never have we had the causes of woman's "blunders" in match-making, and man's blunders in love-making, told with such analytic acumen, or with such pathetic and sarcastic eloquence. It is not far from the question of woman's social lot to the question of questions of human life, the question which has so tremendous an influence upon the fortunes of mankind and womankind, the question which it is so easy for one party to "pop" and so difficult for the other party to answer intelligently or sagaciously.

Why does the young man fall in love with the young woman who is most unfit for him of all the young women of his acquaintance, and why does the young woman accept the young man, or the old man, who is better adapted to making her life unendurable than any other man of her circle of acquaintances? Why does the stalwart Adam Bede fall in love with Hetty Sorrel, "who had nothing more than her beauty to recommend her?" The delineator of his motives "respects him none the less." She thinks that "the deep love he had for that sweet, rounded, dark-eyed Hetty, of whose inward self he was really very ignorant, came out of the very strength of his nature, and not out of any inconsistent weakness. Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought upon by exquisite music? To feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibers of life which no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration? If not, then neither is it a weakness to be so wrought upon by the

exquisite curves of a woman's cheek, and neck, and arms; by the liquid depth of her beseeching eyes, or the sweet girlish pout of her lips. For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music—what can one say more?" And so "the noblest nature is often blinded to the character of the woman's soul that beauty clothes." Hence "the tragedy of human life is likely to continue for a long time to come, in spite of mental philosophers who are ready with the best receipts for avoiding all mistakes of the kind."

How simple the motive of the Rev. Edward Casaubon in popping the question to Dorothea Brooke, how complex her motives in answering the question! He wanted an amanuensis to "love, honor and obey" him. She wanted a husband who would be "a sort of father, and could teach you even Hebrew if you wished it." The matrimonial motives are worked to draw out the character of Dorothea, and nowhere does the method of George Eliot show to greater advantage than in probing the motives of this fine, strong, conscientious, blundering young woman, whose voice "was like the voice of a soul that once lived in an *Æolian* harp." She had a theoretic cast of mind. She was "enamored of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing what seemed to her to have those aspects." The awful divine had those aspects, and she embraced him. "Certainly such elements in the character of a marriageable girl tended to interfere with her lot, and hinder it from being decided, according to custom, by good looks, vanity and merely canine affection." That's a George Eliot stroke. If the reader does not see from that what she is driving at he may as well abandon all hope of ever appreciating her great forte and art. Dorothea's goodness and sincerity did not save her from the worst blunder that a woman can make, while her conscientiousness only made it inevitable. "With all her eagerness to know the truths of life she retained very child-like ideas about marriage." A little of the goose as well as the child in her conscientious simplicity, perhaps. She "felt sure she would have accepted the judicious Hooker if she had been born in time to save him from that wretched mistake he made in matrimony, or John Milton, when his blindness had come on, or any other great man whose odd habits it would be glorious piety to endure."

True to life, our author furnishes the great man, and the odd habits, and the miserable years of "glorious" endurance. "Dorothea looked deep into the ungauged reservoir of Mr. Casaubon's mind, seeing reflected there every quality she herself brought." They exchanged experiences—he his desire to have an amanuensis, and she hers, to be one. He told her in the billy-cooing of their courtship that "his notes made a formidable range of volumes, but the crowning task would be to condense these voluminous, still accumulating results, and bring them, like the earlier vintage of Hippocratic books, to fit a little shelf." Dorothea was altogether captivated by the wide embrace of this conception. Here was something beyond the

shallows of ladies' school literature. Here was a modern Augustine, who united the glories of doctor and saint. Dorothea said to herself: "His feeling, his experience, what a lake compared to my little pool!" The little pool runs into the great reservoir.

Will you take this reservoir to be your husband, and will you promise to be unto him a fetcher of slippers, a dotter of I's and crosser of T's and a copier and condenser of manuscripts until death doth you part? I will.

They spend their honeymoon in Rome, and on page 211 of Vol. I, we find poor Dorothea "alone in her apartments, sobbing bitterly, with such an abandonment to this relief of an oppressed heart as a woman habitually controlled by pride will sometimes allow herself when she feels securely alone." What was she crying about? "She thought her feeling of desolation was the fault of her own spiritual poverty." A characteristic George Eliot probe. Why does not Dorothea give the real reason for her desolateness? Because she does not know what the real reason is—conscience makes blunderers of us all. "How was it that in the weeks since their marriage Dorothea had not distinctly observed, but felt, with a stifling depression, that the large vistas and wide fresh air which she had dreamed of finding in her husband's mind were replaced by ante-rooms and winding passages which seemed to lead nowhither? I suppose it was because in courtship everything is regarded as provisional and preliminary, and the smallest sample of virtue or accomplishment is taken to guarantee delightful stores which the broad leisure of marriage will reveal. But, the door-sill of marriage once crossed, expectation is concentrated on the present. Having once embarked on your marital voyage, you may become aware that you make no way, and that the sea is not within sight—that in fact you are exploring an inclosed basin." So the ungauged reservoir turns out to be an inclosed basin, but Dorothea was prevented by her social lot, and perverse goodness, and puritanical "reversion," from foreseeing that. She might have been saved from her gloomy marital voyage "if she could have fed her affection with those child-like caresses which are the bent of every sweet woman who has begun by showering kisses on the hard pate of her bald doll, creating a happy soul within that woodenness from the wealth of her own love." Then, perhaps, Ladislav would have been her first husband instead of her second, as he certainly was her first and only love. Such are the chances and mischances in the lottery of matrimony.

Equally admirable is the diagnosis of Gwendolen Harleth's motives in "drifting toward the tremendous decision," and finally landing in it. "We became poor, and I was tempted." Marriage came to her as it comes to many, as a temptation, and like the deadening drug or the maddening bowl, to keep off the demon of remorse or the cloud of sorrow, like the forgery or the robbery to save from want. "The brilliant position she had longed for, the

imagined freedom she would create for herself in marriage"—these "had come to her hunger like food, with the taint of sacrilege upon it," which she "snatched with terror." Grandcourt "fulfilled his side of the bargain by giving her the rank and luxuries she coveted." Matrimony as a bargain never had and never will have but one result. "She had a root of conscience in her, and the process of purgatory had begun for her on earth." Without the root of conscience it would have been purgatory all the same. So much for resorting to marriage for deliverance from poverty or old-maidhood. Better be an old maid than an old fool. But how are we to be guaranteed against "one of those convulsive, motiveless actions by which wretched men and women leap from a temporary sorrow into a life-long misery?" Rosamond Lydgate says "Marriage stays with us like a murder." Yes, if she could only have found that out before instead of after her own marriage!

But "what greater thing," exclaims our novelist, "is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labor, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the last parting?"

While a large proportion of her work in the analysis of motives is confined to woman, she has done nothing more skillful or memorable than the "unraveling" of Bulstrode's mental processes by which he "explained the gratification of his desires into satisfactory agreement with his beliefs." If there were no Dorothea in "Middlemarch" the character of Bulstrode would give that novel a place by itself among the masterpieces of fiction. The Bulstrode wound was never probed in fiction with more scientific precision. The pious villain finally finds himself so near discovery that he becomes conscientious. "His equivocation now turns venomously upon him with the full-grown fang of a discovered lie." The past came back to make the present unendurable. "The terror of being judged sharpens the memory." Once more "he saw himself the banker's clerk, as clever in figures as he was fluent in speech, and fond of the theological definition. He had striking experience in conviction and sense of pardon; spoke in prayer-meeting and on religious platforms. That was the time he would have chosen now to awake in and find the rest of dream. He remembered his first moments of shrinking. They were private and were filled with arguments—some of these taking the form of prayer."

Private prayer—but "is private prayer necessarily candid?" Does it necessarily go to the roots of action? Private prayer is inaudible speech, and speech is representative. Who can represent himself just as he is, even in his own reflections?"

Bulstrode felt at times "that his action was unrighteous, but how could he go back? He had mental exercises calling himself naught, laid hold on redemption and went on in his course." He was

"carrying on two distinct lives—a religious one and a wicked one. His religious activity could not be incompatible with his wicked business as soon as he had argued himself into not feeling it incompatible." He even argued himself into believing that "his course up to that time had been sanctioned by remarkable providences." Providence would have him use for the glory of God the money he had stolen. "Could it be for God's service that this fortune should go to" its rightful owners, when its rightful owners were "a young woman and her husband who were given up to the lightest pursuits, and might scatter it abroad in triviality—people who seemed to lie outside the path of remarkable providences?"

But now Providence seemed to be taking sides against him. "A threatening Providence—in other words, a public exposure—urged him to a kind of propitiation which was not a doctrinal transaction. The divine tribunal had changed its aspect to him. Self-prostration was no longer enough. He must bring restitution in his hand. By what sacrifice could he stay the rod? He believed that if he did something right God would stay the rod, and save him from the consequences of his wrong-doing." His religion was "the religion of personal fear," which "remains nearly at the level of the savage." The exposure comes, and the explosion. Society shudders with hypocritical horror, especially in the presence of poor Mrs. Bulstrode, who "should have some hint given her, that if she knew the truth she would have less complacency in her bonnet." Society, when it is real, candid, and conscientious, and very scrupulous about its skirts, cannot "allow a wife to remain ignorant long that the town holds a bad opinion of her husband." The photograph of the Middlemarch gossips sitting upon the case of Mrs. Bulstrode is taken accurately. Equally accurate, and far more impressive, is the narrative of circumstantial evidence gathering against the innocent Lydgate and the guilty Bulstrode—circumstances that will sometimes weave into one tableau of public odium the purest and the blackest characters. From this tableau you may turn to that one in "Adam Bede," and see how circumstances are made to crush the weak woman and clear the wicked man. And then you can go to "Romola," or indeed to almost any of these novels, and see how wrong-doing may come of an indulged infirmity of purpose, that unconscious weakness and conscious wickedness may bring about the same disastrous results, and that repentance has no more effect in averting or altering the consequences in one case than the other. Tito's ruin comes of a feeble, Felix Holt's victory of an unconquerable will. Nothing is more characteristic of George Eliot than her tracking of Tito through all the motives and counter motives from which he acted. "Because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit such deeds as make a man infamous." So poor Romola tells her son, as a warning, and adds: "If you make it the rule of your

life to escape from what is disagreeable, calamity may come just the same, and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it."

Out of this passion for the analysis of motives comes the strong characters slightly gnarled and knotted by natural circumstances, as trees are that are twisted and misshapen by storms and floods—or characters gnarled by some interior force working in conjunction with or in opposition to outward circumstances. She draws no monstrosities, or monsters, thus avoiding on the one side romance and on the other burlesque. She keeps to life—the life that fails from "the meanness of opportunity," or is "dispersed among hindrances," or "wrestles" unavailingly "with universal pressure."

Why had Mr. Gilfil in those late years of his beneficent life "more of the knots and ruggedness of poor human nature than there lay any clear hint of in the open-eyed, loving" young Maynard? Because "it is with men as with trees: if you lop off their finest branches into which they were pouring their young life-juice the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence, and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical, misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial, erring life, which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered. The dear old Vicar had been sketched out by nature as a noble tree. The heart of him was sound, the grain was of the finest, and in the gray-haired man, with his slipshod talk and caustic tongue, there was the main trunk of the same brave, faithful, tender nature that had poured out the finest, freshest forces of its life-current in a first and only love."

Her style is influenced by her purpose—may be said, indeed, to be created by it. The excellences and the blemishes of the diction come of the end sought to be attained by it. Its subtleties and obscurities were equally inevitable. Analytical thinking takes on an analytical phraseology. It is a striking instance of a mental habit creating a vocabulary. The method of thought produces the form of rhetoric. Some of the sentences are mental landscapes. The meaning seems to be in motion on the page. It is elusive from its very subtlety. It is more our analyst than her character of Rufus Lyon, who "would fain find language subtle enough to follow the utmost intricacies of the soul's pathways." Mrs. Transome's "lancet-edged epigrams" are dull in comparison with her own. She uses them with brilliant success in dissecting motive and analyzing feeling. They deserve as great renown as "Nellaton's probe."

For example: "Examine your words well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, especially about your own feelings—much harder

than to say something fine about them which is not the exact truth." That ought to make such a revelation of the religious diary-keeper to himself as to make him ashamed of himself. And this will fit in here: "Our consciences are not of the same pattern, an inner deliverance of fixed laws—they are the voice of sensibilities as various as our memories;" and this: "Every strong feeling makes to itself a conscience of its own—has its own piety."

Who can say that the joints of his armor are not open to this thrust? "The lapse of time during which a given event has not happened is in the logic of habit, constantly alleged as a reason why the event should never happen, even when the lapse of time is precisely the added condition which makes the event imminent. A man will tell you that he has worked in a mine for forty years unhurt by an accident as a reason why he should apprehend no danger, though the roof is beginning to sink." Silas Marner lost his money through his "sense of security," which "more frequently springs from habit than conviction." He went unrobbed for fifteen years, which supplied the only needed condition for his being robbed now.

A compensation for stupidity: "If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar that lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity." Who does not at once recognize "that mixture of pushing forward and being pushed forward" as "the brief history of most human beings?" Who has not seen "advancement hindered by impetuous candor?" or "private grudges christened by the name of public zeal?" or "a church built with an exuberance of faith and a deficiency of funds?" or a man "who would march determinedly along the road he thought best, but who was easily convinced which was best?" or a preacher "whose oratory was like a Belgian railway horn, which shows praiseworthy intentions inadequately fulfilled?"

There is something chemical about such an analysis as this of Rosamond. "Every nerve and muscle was adjusted to the consciousness that she was being looked at. She was by nature an actress of parts that entered into her physique. She even acted her own character, and so well that she did not know it to be precisely her own!" Nor is the exactness of this any less cruel: "We may handle extreme opinions with impunity, white our furniture and our dinning-giving link us to the established order." Why not own that "the emptiness of all things is never so striking to us as when we fail in them?" Is it not better to avoid "following great reformers beyond the threshold of their own homes?" Does not "our moral sense learn the manners of good society?"

The lancet works impartially, because the hand that holds it is the hand of a conscientious artist. She will endure the severest test you can apply to an artist in fiction. She does not betray any

religious bias in her writings. She is not the Evangelical, or the Puritan, or the Jew, or the Methodist, or the Dissenting Minister, or the Churchman, any more than she is the Radical, the Liberal, or the Tory, who talks in her pages. Every side has its say, every prejudice its voice, and every prejudice and side and vagary even has the philosophical reason given for it, and the charitable explanation applied to it. She analyzes the religious motives without obtrusive criticism or acrid cynicism or nauseous cant—whether of the orthodox or heretical form.

The art of fiction has nothing more elevated, or more touching, or fairer to every variety of religious experience, than the delineation of the motives that actuated Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher, Deronda the Jew, Dorothea the Puritan, Adam and Seth Bede, and Janet Dempster. The lancet-edged sarcasms fall copiously and blisteringly, but they drop on the heads that deserve them with undeniable precision. Who can object to this: "Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them wofully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out, that the melody itself is detestable." Is it not one of the "mixed results of revivals" that "some gain a religious vocabulary rather than a religious experience?" Is there a descendant of the Puritans who will not relish the fair play of this: "They might give the name of piety to much that was only Puritanic egoism; they might call many things sin that were not sin, but they had at least the feeling that sin was to be avoided and resisted, and color-blindness, which may mistake drab for scarlet, is better than total blindness, which sees no distinction of color at all." Is not Adam Bede justified in saying that "to hear some preachers you'd think a man must be doing nothing all his life but shutting his eyes and looking at what's going on in the inside of him," or that "the doctrines are like finding names for your feelings so that you can talk of them when you've never known them?" Read all she has said before you object to anything she has said. Then see whether you will find fault with her for delineating the motives of those with whom "great illusions" are mistaken for "great faith"; or those "whose celestial intimacies do not improve their domestic manners," however "holy" they may claim to be; or those who "contrive to conciliate the consciousness of filthy rags with the best damask;" of those "whose imitative piety and native worldliness is equally sincere;" of those who "think the invisible powers will be soothed by a bland parenthesis here and there, coming from a man of property"—parenthetical recognition of the Almighty! May not "religious scruples be like split needles, making one afraid of treading or sitting down, or even eating?"

But if this is a great mind fascinated with the insoluble enigma of human motives, it is a mind profoundly in sympathy with those



who are puzzling hopelessly over the riddle or are struggling hopelessly in its toils. She is "on a level and in the press with them as they struggle their way along the stony road through the crowd of unloving fellow-men. She says "the only true knowledge of our fellows is that which enables us to feel with them, which gives us a finer ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstances and opinion." No artist in fiction ever had a finer ear or a more human sympathy for the struggler who "pushes manfully on" and "falls at last," leaving "the crowd to close over the space he has left." Her extraordinary skill in disclosing "the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts which constitute a man's critical actions," only makes her the more charitable in judging them. "Until we know what this combination has been, or will be, it will be better not to think ourselves wise about" the character that results. "There is a terrible coercion in our deeds which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver, and then reconcile him to the change. And for this reason the second wrong presents itself to him in the guise of the only practicable right." There is nothing of the spirit of "served him right," or "just what she deserved," or "they ought to have known better," in George Eliot. That is not in her line. The opposite of that is exactly in her line. This is characteristic of her. "In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people, who have no picturesque or sentimental wretchedness! And it is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. She does not leave them out. Her books are full of them, and of a Christly charity and plea for them. Who can ever forget little Tiny, "hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food, and has found the nest torn and empty?" There is nothing in fiction to surpass in pathos the picture of the death of Mrs. Amos Barton. George Eliot's fellow-feeling comes of the habit she ascribes to Daniel Deronda, "the habit of thinking herself imaginatively into the experience of others." That is the reason why her novels come home so profoundly to those who have had a deep experience of human life. These are the men and women whom she fascinates and alienates. I know strong men and brave women who are afraid of her books, and say so. It is because of her realness, her unrelenting fidelity to human nature and human life. It is because the analysis is so delicate, subtle and far-in. Hence the atmosphere of sadness that pervades her pages. It was unavoidable. To see only the behavior, as Dickens did, amuses us; to study only the motive at the root of the behavior, as George Eliot does, saddens us. The humor of Mrs. Poyser and the wit of Mrs. Transome only deepen the pathos by relieving it. There is hardly a sarcasm in these books but has its pensive undertone. It is all in the

key of "The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon"; and that would be an appropriate key for a requiem over the grave of George Eliot.

She will write no more, but no more was needed. She might have added to the amount of her achievements, but she could not have added to their excellence or renown. She has left behind writings on the enigma of the human heart that will be read with ever-increasing appreciation and amazement so long as the language which they adorn shall continue to endure.

NATHAN SHEPPARD.

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### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

MY DEAR ———: You remind me of a promise which I have left too long unfulfilled. We had been looking over some of your old family papers, and we had found among them a copy of the once famous Tract 90, scored over with pencil marks and interjections. The rocket which had once flamed across the sky was now a burnt-out case. It was hard to believe that the whole mind of England could have been so agitated by expressions and ideas which had since become so familiar. We were made to feel how times had changed in the last forty years; we had been traveling on a spiritual railroad, and the indifference with which we turned the leaves of the once terrible pamphlet was an evidence how far we had left behind our old traditionary landmarks. Mysteries which had been dismissed as superstitions at the Reformation, and had never since been heard of, were now preached again by half the clergy, and had revolutionized the ritual in our churches. Every county had its Anglican monasteries and convents. Romanism had lifted up its head again. It had its hierarchy and its cardinals; it was a power in Parliament and in the London salons. The fathers confessors were busy in our families, dictating conditions of marriages, dividing wives from husbands and children from parents.

By the side of the revival of Catholicism there was a corresponding phenomenon of an opposite and no less startling kind. Half a century ago any one who openly questioned the truth of Christianity was treated as a public offender, and was excommunicated by society. Now, while one set of men were bringing back mediævalism, science and criticism were assailing with impunity the authority of the Bible; miracles were declared impossible; even Theism itself was treated as an open question, and subjects which in our fathers' time were approached only with the deepest reverence and solemnity were discussed among the present generation with as much freedom as the common problems of natural philosophy or politics.

Both these movements began within a short distance of one another, and were evidently connected. You asked me to write down what I could recollect about their origin, having had, as you supposed, some special opportunities of knowing their history. I hesitated, partly because it is not agreeable to go back over our own past mistakes, partly because I have ceased to feel particular interest in either of them. For myself, I am convinced that they are roads both of them which lead to the wrong place, and that it is better for us to occupy ourselves with realities than fret our minds about illusions. If the Church of Rome recovers power enough to be dangerous it will be shattered upon the same rocks on which it was dashed three centuries ago. The Church of England may play at sacerdotalism and masquerade in medieval garniture; the clergy may flatter one another with notions that they can bind and loose the souls of their fellow-Christians, and transform the substance of the sacramental elements by spells and gestures; but they will not at this time of day persuade intelligent men that the bishops in their ordination gave them really supernatural powers. Their celebrations and processions may amuse for a time by their novelty, but their pretensions deserve essentially no more respect than those of spirit rappers, and the serious forces of the world go on upon their way no more affected than if they were shadows.

As little is it possible to hope much from the school of negative and scientific criticism. For what science can tell us of positive truth in special subject we are infinitely thankful. In matters of religion it can say nothing, for it knows nothing. A surgeon may dissect a living body to discover what life consists in. The body is dead before he can reach the secret, and he can report only that the materials, when he has taken them to pieces and examined them, are merely dead matter. Critical philosophy is equally at a loss with Christianity. It may perhaps discover the doctrines of the creed in previously-existing Eastern theologies. It may pretend to prove that the sacred records were composed as human narratives are composed; that the origin of many of them cannot be traced; that they are defective in authority; that the evidence is insufficient to justify a belief in the events which they relate. So far as philosophy can see, there can be nothing in the materials of Christianity which is necessarily and certainly supernatural. And yet Christianity exists and has existed, and has been the most powerful spiritual force which has ever been felt among mankind.

If I tell the story which you ask of me, therefore I must tell it without sympathy either way in these great movements. I cannot, like "the sow that was washed," return to wallow in repudiated superstition. If I am to be edified, on the other hand, I must know what is true in religion; and I do not care about negations. In this respect I am unfit for the task which you impose on me. It is, perhaps, however, occasionally well to take stock of our mental ex-

perience. The last forty or fifty years will be memorable hereafter in the history of English opinion. The number of those who recollect the beginnings of the Oxford revival is shrinking fast; and such of us as survive may usefully note down their personal reminiscences as a contribution, so far as it goes, to the general narrative. It is pleasant, too, to recall the figures of those who played the chief parts in the drama. If they had not been men of ability they could not have produced the revolution which was brought about by them. Their personal characters were singularly interesting. Two of them were distinctly men of real genius. My own brother was, at starting, the foremost of the party; the flame, therefore, naturally burnt hot in my own immediate environment. The phrases and formulas of Anglo-Catholicism had become household words in our family before I understood coherently what the stir and tumult was about.

We fancy that we are free agents. We are conscious of what we do; we are not conscious of the causes which make us do it; and therefore we imagine that the cause is in ourselves. The Oxford leaders believed that they were fighting against the spirit of the age. They were themselves most completely the creatures of their age. It was of those periods when conservative England had been seized with a passion for reform. Parliament was to be reformed; the municipal institutions were to be reformed; there was to be an end of monopolies and privileges. The constitution was to be cut in pieces and boiled in the Benthamite caldron, from which it was to emerge in immortal youth. In a reformed State there needed a reformed Church. My brother and his friends abhorred Bentham and all his works. The Establishment in its existing state was too weak to do battle with the new enemy. Protestantism was the chrysalis of Liberalism. The Church, therefore, was to be unprotestantized. The Reformation, my brother said, was a bad setting of a broken limb. The limb needed breaking a second time, and then it would be equal to its business.

My brother exaggerated the danger and underestimated the strength which existing institutions and customs possess so long as they are left undisturbed. Before he and his friends undertook the process of reconstruction the Church was perhaps in the healthiest condition which it had ever known. Of all the constituents of human society, an established religion is that which religious men themselves should most desire to be let alone, and which people in general, when they are healthy-minded, are most sensitive about allowing to be touched. It is the sanction of moral obligation. It gives authority to the commandments, creates a fear of doing wrong, and a sense of responsibility for doing it. To raise a doubt about a creed established by general acceptance is a direct injury to the general welfare. Discussion about it is out of place, for only bad men wish to question the rule of life which religion commands; and a creed of ritual is not a series of propositions or a set of out-

ward observances of which the truth or fitness may be properly argued; it grows with the life of a race or nation; it takes shape as a living germ develops into an organic body; and as you do not ask of a tree, is it *true*, but is it *alive*, so with an established Church or system of belief—you look to the work which it is doing; if it is teaching men to be brave and upright, and honest and just, if it is making them noble-minded, careless of their selfish interests, and loving only what is good, the truth of it is proved by evidence better than argument, and idle persons may properly be prohibited from raising unprofitable questions about it. Where there is life, truth is present not as in propositions, but as an active force, and that is all which practical men need desire.

Thus, in stern and serious ages, the religion of every country has been under the charge of the law; and to deny it has been treated as a crime. When the law has become relaxed, public opinion takes its place, and though offenders are no longer punished, society excommunicates them. If religion were matter of speculation, they would be let alone; and when religion becomes matter of speculation they are let alone; but so long as it is a principle of conduct the common sense of mankind refuses to allow it to be trifled with.

Public opinion was in this sense the guardian of Christianity in England sixty years ago. Orthodox dissent was permitted. Doubts about the essentials of the faith were not permitted. In the last century, in certain circles of society, skepticism had for a time been fashionable; but the number of professed unbelievers was never great, and infidelity was always a reproach. The Church administration had been slovenly; but in the masses of the people the convictions which they had inherited were still present, and were blown into flame easily by the Methodist revival. The Establishment followed the example and grew energetic again. The French Revolution had frightened all classes out of advanced ways of thinking, and society in town and country was Tory in politics, and determined to allow no innovations upon the inherited faith. It was orthodox without being theological. Doctrinal problems were little thought of. Religion, as taught in the Church of England, meant moral obedience to the will of God. The speculative part of it was accepted because it was assumed to be true. The creeds were reverentially repeated; but the essential thing was practice. People went to church on Sunday to learn to be good, to hear the commandments repeated to them for the thousandth time, and to see them written in gilt letters over the communion table. About the powers of the keys, the real presence, or the metaphysics of doctrine, no one was anxious, for no one thought about them. It was not worth while to waste time over questions which had no bearing on conduct, and could be satisfactorily disposed of only by sensible indifference.

As the laity were, so were the clergy. They were generally of

superior culture, manners and character. The pastor in the "Excursion" is a favorable but not an exceptional specimen of a large class among them. Others were country gentlemen of the best kind, continually in contact with the people, but associating on equal terms with the squires and the aristocracy. The curate of the last century, who dined in the servants' hall and married the laides' maid, had long ceased to exist. Not a specimen of him could have been found in the island. The average English incumbent of fifty years ago was a man of private fortune, the younger brother of the landlord perhaps, and holding the family living; or it might be the landlord himself, his advowson being part of the estate. His professional duties were his services on Sunday, funerals and weddings on week days, and visits when needed among the sick. In other respects he lived like his neighbors, distinguished from them only by a black coat and white neckcloth and greater watchfulness over his words and actions. He farmed his own glebe; he kept horses; he shot and hunted moderately, and mixed in general society. He was generally a magistrate; he attended public meetings, and his education enabled him to take a leading part in county business. His wife and daughters looked after the poor, taught in Sunday school and managed the penny clubs and clothing clubs. He himself was spoken of in the parish as "the master"—the person who was responsible for keeping order there, and who knew how to keep it. The laborers and the farmers looked up to him. The "family" in the great house could not look down upon him. If he was poor it was still his pride to bring up his sons as gentlemen; and economies were cheerfully submitted to at home to give them a start in life—the university or in the army or navy.

Our own household was a fair representative of the order. My father was rector of the parish. He was archdeacon, he was justice of the peace. He had a moderate fortune of his own, consisting chiefly in land, and he belonged therefore to the "landed interest." Most of the magistrates' work of the neighborhood passed through his hands. If anything was amiss, it was his advice which was most sought after, and I remember his being called upon to lay a troublesome ghost. In his younger days he had been a hard rider across country. His children knew him as a continually busy, useful man of the world, a learned and cultivated antiquary and an accomplished artist. My brothers and I were excellently educated, and were sent to school and college. Our spiritual lessons did not go beyond the Catechism. We were told that our business in life was to work and make an honorable position for ourselves. About doctrine, Evangelical or Catholic, I do not think that in my early boyhood I ever heard a single word, in church or out of it. The institution had drifted into the condition of what I should call moral health. It did not instruct us in mysteries, it did not teach us to make religion a special object of our thoughts; it taught us to

use religion as a light by which to see our way along the road of duty. Without the sun our eyes would be of no use to us; but if we look at the sun we are simply dazzled, and can see neither it nor anything else. It is precisely the same with theological speculations. If the beacon lamp is shining, a man of healthy mind will not discuss the composition of the flame. Enough of it shows him how to steer and keep clear of shoals and breakers. To this conception of the thing we had practically arrived. Doctrinal controversies were sleeping. People went to church because they liked it, because they knew that they ought to go, and because it was the custom. They had received the Creeds from their fathers, and doubts about them had never crossed their minds. Christianity had wrought itself into the constitution of their natures. It was a necessary part of the existing order of the universe, as little to be debated about as the movements of the planets or the changes of the seasons.

Such the Church of England was in the country districts before the Tractarian movement. It was not perfect, but it was doing its work satisfactorily. It is easier to alter than to improve, and the beginning of change, like the beginning of strife, is like the letting out of water. Jupiter, in Lessing's fable, was invited to mend a fault in human nature. The fault was not denied, but Jupiter said that man was a piece of complicated machinery, and if he touched a part he might probably spoil the whole.

But a new era was upon us. The miraculous nineteenth century was coming of age, and all the world was to be remade. Widely as the improvers of their species differed as to the methods to be followed, they agreed in this, that improvement there was to be. The Radicals wanted to make an end of Toryism and antiquated ideas. Young Oxford discovered that if the Radicals were to be fought with successfully the old weapons would not answer, and something was wanted "deeper and truer than satisfied the last century." Our English-speaking forefathers in the last century, it seems, were poor creatures, yet they had contrived to achieve considerable success in most departments of human affairs. They founded empires; they invented steam engines; they produced a Chatham, a Clive, a Warren Hastings, a Washington, a Franklin, a Nelson—a longer list of illustrious names than there is need to mention. Their literature might not equal the Elizabethan, but it was noteworthy in its way. A period which had produced Pope and Swift, Sterne and Fielding, Johnson and Goldsmith, Hume and Gibbon, Butler and Berkeley, was not so entirely shallow. Men had fixed beliefs in those days. Over the pool of uncertainties in which our own generation is floundering there was then a crust of undisturbed conviction on which they could plant their feet and step out like men. Their thoughts, if not deep, were clear and precise; their actions were bold and strong. A good many years, perhaps a good many hundreds of

ears, will have to pass before as sound books will be written again, or deeds done with as much pith and mettle in them. "The something deeper and truer" would be more easily desired than found, but the words well convey the inflation with which the Catholic revivalists were going to their work. Our age perhaps has a mistaken idea of its consequence. All its geese are swans, and every new enemy is a monster never before heard of. The Edinburgh Review and Brougham, and Mackintosh and the Reform Ministry, and Low Church philosophy and the London University were not so very terrible. But as the windmills were giants to the knight of *La Mancha*, so the Whigs of those days were to young Oxford apostles the forerunners of Antichrist. Infidelity was rushing in upon us. Achilles must rise from his tent, and put on his celestial armor. The Church must reassert herself in majesty to smite and drive back the proud aggressive intellect.

The excitement was unnecessary. The sun was not extinguished because a cloud was over its face. Custom, tradition, conservative instinct, and natural reverence for the truth handed down to it would have sufficed more than amply to meet such danger as then existed. In a little while The Edinburgh became the most orthodox of journals, and Brougham an innocent apostle of natural theology. Liberalism let well alone would have subsided into its place. But it was not so to be. Achilles was roused in his wrath; and the foe whom he was to destroy was roused in turn, and has not been destroyed. The two parties were the counterparts one of the other; each was possessed with the same conceit of superiority to their fathers and grandfathers; each in its way supposed that it had a mission to reconstruct society. The Radicals believed in the rights of man, the progress of the species and intellectual emancipation. To them our ancestors were children, and the last-born generation were the ancient sages, for they had inherited the accumulated experience of all past time. Established institutions represented only ignorance. The older they were, the less fitted they were, from the nature of the case, for modern exigencies. In talk of this kind there was one part sense and nine parts nonsense. The Oxford school confronted it with a position equally extravagant. In their opinion truth was to be found only in the earliest fathers of the Church; the nearer that we could reach back to them, the purer we should find the stream. The bottom of the mischief was the modern notion of liberty, the supposed right of men to think for themselves and act for themselves. Their business was to submit to authority, and the seat of authority was the Church. The false idea had made its appearance in England first under the Plantagenet kings, in the Constitutions of Clarendon—the mortmain and prebendary statutes. It had produced the Reformation, it had produced Puritanism and regicide. It now threatened the destruction of all that good men ought to value. The last century had been blind; our



own fathers had been blind; but the terrible reality could no longer be concealed. The arch enemy was at the door. The test act was repealed. Civil disabilities were taken off Dissenters. Brougham had announced that henceforth no man was to suffer for his religious opinions. Irish bishoprics were being suppressed. Lord Gray had warned the bishops in England to set their houses in order, and was said to have declared in private that the Church was a mare's nest. Catholic emancipation was equally monstrous. Romanists, according to the theory as it then stood, might be Churchmen abroad, but they were Dissenters in England and Ireland. War was to be declared at once—war to the knife against the promoters of these enormities. History was reconstructed for us. I had learned, like other Protestant children, that the Pope was Antichrist, and that Gregory VII. had been a special revelation of that being. I was now taught that Gregory VII. was a saint. I had been told to honor the Reformers. The Reformation became the great schism, Cranmer a traitor, and Latimer a vulgar ranter. Milton was a name of horror, and Charles I. was canonized and spoken of as the holy and blessed martyr St. Charles. I asked once whether the Church of England was able properly to create a saint. St. Charles was immediately pointed out to me. Similarly we were to admire the non-jurors, to speak of James VII. instead of the Pretender, to look for Antichrist not in the Pope but in Whigs and revolutionists, and all their works. Henry of Exeter, so famous in those days, announced once in my hearing that the Court of Rome had regretted the emancipation act as a victory of latitudinarianism. I suppose he believed what he was saying.

Under the sad conditions of the modern world the Church of England was the rock of salvation. The Church, needing only to be purged of the elements of Protestantism, which had stolen into her, could then, with her apostolic succession, her bishops, her priests, and her sacraments, rise up, and claim and exercise her lawful authority over all persons in all departments. She would have but to show herself in her proper majesty, as in the great days when she fought with kings and emperors, and now, as then, the powers of darkness would spread their wings and fly away to their own place.

These were the views which we used to hear in our home-circle when the tracts were first beginning. We had been bred, all of us, Tories of the old school. This was Toryism in ecclesiastical costume. My brother was young, gifted, brilliant; and enthusiastic. No man is ever good for much who has not been carried off his feet by enthusiasm between twenty and thirty; but it needs to be bridled and bitted, and my brother did not live to be taught the difference between fact and speculation. Taught it he would have been, if time had been allowed him. No one ever recognized facts more loyally than he when once he saw them. This I am sure of, that

when the intricacies of the situation pressed upon him, when it became clear to him that if his conception of the Church and of its rights and position was true at all, it was not true of the Church of England in which he was born, and that he must renounce his theory as visionary or join another communion, he would not have "minimized" the Roman doctrines that they might be more easy for him to swallow, or have explained away propositions till they meant anything or nothing. Whether he would have swallowed them or not I cannot say; I was not eighteen when he died, and I do not so much as form an opinion about it; but his course, whatever it was, would have been direct and straightforward; he was a man far more than a theologian; and if he had gone, he would have gone with his whole heart and conscience, unassisted by subtleties and nice distinctions. It is, however, at least, equally possible that he would not have gone at all. He might have continued to believe that all authority was derived from God, that God would have His will obeyed in this world, and that the business of princes and ministers was to learn what that will was. But prophets have passed for something as well as priests in making God's will known; and Established Church priesthoods have not been generally on particularly good terms with prophets. The only occasion on which the two orders are said to have been in harmony was when the prophets prophesied lies, and the priests bore rule in their name.

The goal, however, towards which he and his friends were moving had not come in sight in my brother's life-time. He went forward, hesitating at nothing, taking the fences as they came, passing lightly over them all, and sweeping his friends along with him. He had the contempt of an intellectual aristocrat for private judgment and the rights of a man. In common things a person was a fool who preferred his own judgment to that of an expert. Why, he asked, should it be wise to follow private judgment in religion? As to rights, the right of wisdom was to rule, and the right of ignorance was to be ruled; but he belonged himself to the class whose business was to order than to obey. If his own bishop had interfered with him, his theory of episcopal authority would have been found inapplicable in that particular instance.

So the work went on. The Church was not to be witness only to religious truth; it was first to repent of its sins, disown its Protestantism, and expel the Calvinistic poison; then it was to control politics and govern all opinion. Murmurs arose from time to time among the disciples. If the Reformation was to be called an act of schism, were we not on the road back to Rome? Shrewd observers were heard to say that the laity would never allow the Church of England to get on stilts. The Church was grafted on upon the state, and the state would remain master, let Oxford say what it pleased. But the party of the movement were to grow and fulfill their destiny. They were to produce results of incalculable consequence, yet re-

sults exactly opposite to what they designed and anticipated. They were to tear up the fibers of custom by which the Establishment as they found it was maintaining its quiet influence. They were to raise discussions round its doctrines, which degraded accepted truths into debatable opinions. They were to alienate the conservative instincts of the country, fill the clergy once more with the conceits of a priesthood, and convert them into pilot fish for the Roman missionaries. Worst of all, by their attempts to identify Christianity with the Catholic system, they provoked doubts, in those whom they failed to persuade, about Christianity itself. But for the Oxford movement, skepticism might have continued a harmless speculation of a few philosophers. By their perverse alternative, either the Church or nothing, they forced honest men to say, Let it be nothing, then, rather than what we know to be a lie. A vague misgiving now saturates our popular literature, our lecture rooms and pulpits echo with it; and the Established religion, protected no longer from irreverent questions, is driven to battle for its existence among the common subjects of secular investigation.

Truth will prevail in the end, and the trial, perhaps, must have come at one time or other. But it need not have come when it did. There might have been peace in our days, if Achilles had remained in his tent.

You shall have the story of it all in the following letters.—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, in *Good Words*.

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## TAXATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is probably no country in the world in which the people pay their taxes more easily and more cheerfully than they do in the United States. This is as true now as it was before the war. There seems to be a general impression that since this is a free country, in which the people tax themselves, everything must be for the best. Individuals grumble sometimes, and certain cities have acquired a bad reputation, but in general the people give comparatively little attention to the subject. There are men who have made it a study, but they have not yet acquired any great influence in the country. We need a Gladstone here to make it popular. The subject is made difficult and complicated by the fact that separate taxes are assessed by the nation, the state, the county, the town, and sometimes the district. Some of these are direct, others indirect. In some towns the taxes are very small, in others they are enormous. Then again there is no general principle of valuation, and in some places personal property is not taxed at all. The common mind cannot grasp the subject in all its bearings. But few men know how much they do pay, and since the war extravagant expenditure seems to have excited little attention. I can remember when economy in the ad-

ministration of the government was one of the most common party watchwords, but it seems to have gone out of fashion. The nation is proud of the reduction of the national debt, and of the financial administration at Washington. It is proud of the abounding prosperity of the country, which makes it possible to treat the subject of taxation with indifference. It looks with pity upon the over-taxed people of Europe, and fancies that because it does not waste its substance on royalty and standing armies it can afford to be careless of other things. The time is at hand when it will be roused to look the question of taxation in the face; but it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the possibilities of the future, or to instruct Americans as to their true interests. I propose to do nothing more than to give as clear an idea as possible to English readers of the system of taxation and public expenditure in the United States. To avoid confusion, and to bring the article within reasonable limits, I shall confine my statement in regard to state, county, and town taxation to the single state of Massachusetts.

As this is a popular rather than a scientific review of this subject, I may be excused for calling attention at the outset to some elementary principles. A comparison is often made of the taxation in different countries by dividing the total revenue of each country by the number of its inhabitants. In this way Fuad Pacha, in the first Budget of the Turkish Empire, issued under the patronage of Sir Henry Bulwer, represented the taxation as very light and capable of indefinite increase, as it amounted to only six shillings a head, while in fact it was far more difficult for the people to pay this sum than it was for the English nation to pay fifty shillings. The power of a people to pay taxes depends not upon number but upon wealth and income. Turkey has been ruined by its system of taxation, notwithstanding the small amount per head reported by Fuad Pacha. The great principle of the right of the people to tax themselves is too well understood to need illustration, but in writing of taxation in America we cannot avoid recalling the fact that it was the attempt to tax the Colonies without their consent which led to the rebellion against George III. and the independence of the United States. "No taxation without representation" was the first war-cry of America.

The right of a state to tax its citizens rests upon its sovereign power to control, within constitutional limits, all persons and things within its territory. This right must be exercised for the common good, and nothing more be taken from the people than their good demands. Frugality is as essential for a state as for an individual, and extravagant public expenditure is sure to demoralize the people, discourage industry, and diminish the wealth of the country. On the other hand, so far as public expenditure tends to encourage the industry, promote the wealth, and develop the intelligence of the people, it is a blessing, and taxation to this extent a necessity.

The system of taxation may be unjust and even ruinous when the amount is not excessive. In regard to this, the most important part of the subject, Americans seem to be both careless and ignorant. I looked through a large public library in the city of Boston to-day without finding a single book by an American author devoted to this subject. Yet here is the true field of social science and genuine statesmanship. I venture to specify a few important principles under this head.

The system should be permanent. Constant changes are fatal to prosperity. This has long been one of the most serious difficulties in the United States, especially in regard to indirect taxation. No one can tell what absurdities a new Congress may bring forth, and our House of Representatives is renewed every two years. Business is constantly disturbed by the fear of new interpretations of existing laws.

Another fundamental principle is equality in the distribution of taxation. It should reach all classes of people and all kinds of property alike, without unjust discrimination in favor of any. The application of this principle involves many of the most difficult of social problems. We may even question as to what equality means. For example, it may be said that it is easier for a man with an income of a thousand pounds to pay a tax of ten per cent than for a man with an income of a hundred pounds to pay a tax of 5 per cent; that equality demands this difference. On the other hand, if this idea were accepted we might go still farther, and exempt all except the rich from taxation. The same question comes up in regard to revenue derived from import duties. Shall we tax only those articles used by the rich? The application of the principle of equality is difficult, but the neglect of it is subversive of civil liberty. Unequal taxation has always been characteristic of despotic and barbarous governments. It is the curse of the East, where the burden of taxation is borne chiefly by the agriculturist, and where the rich generally escape. In the United States the tendency is in the other direction—to favor the poor at the expense of the rich. Certain kinds of property are also exempted from all taxation. In some places all personal property is exempt. All property in government bonds is exempt. Generally churches, schools, and benevolent institutions are not taxed. On the other hand, excessive taxes are levied on banks and corporations generally.

Another fundamental principle is publicity. This is the greatest safeguard against inequality and injustice. Too great publicity cannot be given to the amount of tax assessed upon each individual in the community. In this respect there is nothing more to be desired in the United States, and this is the one thing which has compensated to a considerable extent for the general ignorance of other important principles. Everything in regard to the taxes is made

public. Every man can compare his own position with that of his neighbor, and if he can show any inequality he has public opinion on his side in demanding redress. The same publicity is given to every item of public expenditure, so that if there is extravagance it is the fault of the people themselves.

Still another principle is that the taxes should be assessed in such a way as to interfere as little as possible with the industry of the country. Labor is the only source of wealth, and of course labor must in some form or other pay all the taxes. It is also true, within certain limits, that taxes, however they may be levied, tend to diffuse themselves; but notwithstanding these facts, it is a matter of experience that some forms of taxation are ruinous. Some distress and demoralize the people, while others turn industry from its natural course. We have here the question of direct or indirect taxes — of taxing labor or capital, and of taxing the luxuries or the necessities of life. The question of free trade or protection may also come under this head. The national taxes in the United States are either indirect or upon luxuries, and are based upon the theory of protection to home industry. The other taxes are generally direct and upon capital, although there is a small poll-tax in most of the states.

One more important principle should be mentioned: Economy in collection. Under the old system of "farming the taxes," which still prevails in the East, the cost of collection was enormous. It is estimated that in Turkey, at the present time, not more than fifty per cent of the taxes paid by the people reaches the imperial treasury. During the war taxes were imposed in the United States which could only be collected at a cost of more than fifty per cent; and there are many such taxes in Europe. There are also certain forms of taxation which encourage fraud and oppression on the part of the collectors, and subject the people to serious loss. It is said, for example, that at least half the last harvest in Bulgaria was lost by the delay of tithe-collectors to examine and estimate the value of the crops. This often happens in Turkey, and is a source of universal plunder. The peasant must bribe the officer heavily before he will visit his fields, and then bribe him again to make a fair estimate of the value of the tithe. Such a system is ruinous, and under any system the cost of collection is a dead loss to the country whenever it exceeds a possible minimum. The cost of assessing and collecting the state, county, and town taxes in Massachusetts is estimated at only two and a half per cent. Loss by fraud or defalcation is extremely rare.

In regard to public expenditure, it is generally said that it should be as small as possible, but this cannot be accepted as a true principle. It may be very large, and still be for the advantage of the people. Frugality, whether in an individual or state, does not necessarily imply small expenditure. It is opposed to useless and un-

productive expenditure. The expenses of a state should be within the means of the people, so as not to interfere with the accumulation of capital by individuals. The expenditure should be in itself productive and for the general good. The application of these principles involves many practical questions, and affords scope for the highest statesmanship. Considering how little serious attention has been given to this subject by American statesmen, we no doubt have reason to congratulate ourselves that we have so little to complain of in regard to either taxation or expenditure; but it will be seen in the course of this article that we are somewhat in the condition of a spendthrift who has fallen heir to a rich estate and fancies that it will last forever. He leaves everything to his agents, and does not trouble himself to inquire into the wisdom of their administration so long as they furnish him with money. The commercial distress of the last few years has done more to call attention to this subject than all our writers on political economy. It will no doubt soon take a prominent place in our party politics. There are many who fear that as it becomes prominent the inclination of the non-property-holding majority to vote away the money of the rich will be still more developed—that party leaders will be more inclined to win favor with the masses by encouraging extravagant expenditure than by teaching them the principles of political economy. The principle of Universal Suffrage is certainly on its trial. It cannot be denied that there is danger in the direction indicated. The experience of the city of New York is too startling to be forgotten by any one in the country, and there are other cities which have suffered almost as much. There is a city in New Jersey whose public debt is greater than the total valuation of property within its limits. Even in the state of Massachusetts about one-fourth of the voters pay nothing but a poll-tax, and it is not difficult to pack a town meeting with these men, who always favor high taxes and large debts. So far as property-holders are concerned, taxation by universal suffrage may be taxation without representation, as much as taxation by a single despotic sovereign. It remains to be seen how far it can be controlled by general education, and by a diffusion of knowledge in regard to the special principles which relate to this subject. It would be a great triumph for the advocates of free education if it should be found that the people can be convinced that the interests of the poor and the rich are identical in the matter of taxation and public expenditure. They hope for this result.

But I have already dwelt too long on these preliminary matters. I do not propose to discuss the subject of taxation in this article, but simply to state the facts in regard to taxation in the United States, confining myself, as I have already said, to the state, county, and town taxes in Massachusetts. These facts cannot be understood without a full explanation of the separate taxes and the system as a whole.

This system was examined and reported upon by a committee appointed by the Legislature in 1875, and their report, which is now out of print, and which the Government has refused to have reprinted, is the only serious discussion of the subject that I am acquainted with. Similar reports, however, have been made in other states. This committee base the right to tax upon the following grounds:

"The individual person has no inalienable rights except that to his own righteousness. His property, his labor, his liberty, his life are not inalienably his. He may forfeit them by his own act or the state may require them for its own needs, in which cases the individual yields them justly to the state. The state may demand everything which belongs to a man, except his manhood and his moral integrity, which he has no right ever to surrender." The theory of "social contract" is then expressly repudiated. "From this it follows that proportional and reasonable assessments should be imposed and levied upon all the inhabitants of, and persons resident and estates lying within the commonwealth."

The report then goes on to discuss the different forms of taxation and to recommend certain changes. Some of these have since been adopted. The taxes now assessed by the state are the following:

1. A direct tax, which varies in amount from year to year. This is assessed on polls up to a maximum of one dollar a head. Any balance is assessed on property. The state also assesses a tax for county expenses, which is assessed on polls also to the same amount.

2. A tax of three-quarters of one per cent on all deposits in savings banks, assessed on the banks.

3. A tax on all premiums collected by insurance companies (except life companies), varying from one to four per cent, and discriminating in favor of companies incorporated in the state against foreign companies doing business here.

4. A tax of one-half of one per cent on the net present value of all policies held by residents in life assurance companies, assessed on the companies.

5. A tax on the shares in the national banks at the rate of taxation in the towns where they are situated, assessed on the banks. The proceeds of this tax are distributed to the towns where the shareholders reside, and the balance, derived from shares held by persons not residing in the state, goes into the state treasury. About twenty-five per cent of the shares are held by non-residents.

6. A tax on the shares of all joint-stock companies of the average rate of taxation on property in the whole state. The proceeds are distributed as in the case of the bank tax. This tax is assessed on the corporations. It does not include the value of real estate and machinery, which is taxed separately by the towns.

7. A small sum is collected by the state for licenses to peddlers and liquor-dealers, and also for fees in different departments.



The amount realized by the state from these taxes in 1879 was as follows:

Direct tax.....	\$500,000
Savings banks.....	1,509,851
Insurance taxes.....	251,592
National banks—deducting amount paid to towns....	150,249
Corporations—deducting amount paid to towns.....	279,434
Licenses and fees.....(about)...	175,000

In addition to those taxes assessed by the state, the towns and cities assess a tax on all real estate within their limits, except churches, educational, literary, and benevolent institutions; on all personal property, except that mentioned above as taxed by the state and United States bonds; on all incomes exceeding two thousand dollars per annum. The rate of taxation on property and income is the same, and it varies in different towns from less than one-half of one per cent to three and a half per cent. These taxes are assessed and collected by persons chosen for that purpose every year by the people of the town at the annual town meeting.

The total taxation of the state, including everything but national taxes, for 1879, was \$24,755,927, for a population of 1,651,652, and a total valuation of property of \$1,584,756,802. Deducting the poll-tax of \$898,503, we have a balance of tax on property of \$23,857,424. The valuation of property varies in different towns from 50 to 120 per cent. of a fair cash value, but it is believed that, taking the state as a whole, the valuation is not far from correct. This gives an average tax on property of about one and a half per cent., and an average tax per head for each individual of about \$15, more than three pounds sterling. The taxation of the National Government is to be added to this.

The debts of the State and of the towns amount in all to about \$90,000,000.

There are some things in the system of taxation in Massachusetts which merit special notice. The first is the fact that, under the law taxing banks and corporations, the state taxes non-residents who pay another tax on the same property in the states where they reside. The injustice of this double taxation is apparent. The second is that depositors in savings banks pay only half as much as the average tax of the state, and still another advantage is secured to them by a provision that national bank stock held by savings banks is exempt from taxation. The importance of this will be seen in the fact that deposits in savings banks amount to about fourteen per cent of the total valuation of the state. Another important fact has already been noticed. The poll-tax is limited by a state law, while the amount of the tax on property in the towns is determined by popular vote. There are towns, including Boston, where those paying only a poll-tax are in the majority, and they can vote to raise the taxes to any extent without increasing their own taxes at all. I see

no reason why they might not vote a tax of a hundred per cent, and thus confiscate all the property. How would such a law work in Ireland? The income tax is another source of complaint. The amount exempted is too large, and the whole method of assessment is a discrimination against the rich. There is no uniformity in its construction or enforcement, and in many towns it is ignored altogether. It is everywhere unpopular. Assessed as it is on the income of the preceding year, it is a tax on money already expended, and in many cases is nothing more than a double tax on property. There is also much complaint in regard to the taxation of mortgages, bonds, and other certificates of indebtedness. Some of the best men in the state insist on the principle of taxing nothing but *tangible* things, exempting all personal property, but there is no probability of any such change being made at present. The propriety of exempting church property from taxation is fully discussed in the report to which I have referred. The majority favor the present law, and the minority oppose all exemption, whether of church or other property. The amount of church property exempted is more than \$30,000,000, and of schools and other institutions at least an equal amount. I think the tendency of public opinion in the state is towards the views of the minority report, although there is probably no immediate change in the laws to be expected. Other things of interest might be mentioned, such as the additional taxes, which are often assessed under the name of "betterments," in country towns as well as in cities, and certain district taxes which are sometimes very heavy, but are irregular. They amount sometimes to half of one per cent on the property of the district.

To ascertain the total taxation we must add to the taxes already enumerated the taxation by the national government. This is collected directly by the officers of the general government, and is in every way entirely distinct from state and town taxation. These taxes are fixed by Congress, and are all expended for national purposes.

The revenue of the government for the year ending June 30, 1880, was, from:

Customs.....	\$186,522,064
Internal revenue.....	124,009,373
Other sources.....	22,995,173

Total.....	\$333,526,610
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The amount received for *customs* results from an average duty of 45 per cent on the value of nearly two-thirds of all the foreign goods imported into the country. Something more than one-third of the imports are admitted free of duty. This sum therefore constitutes an indirect tax on consumers of dutiable imports. The cost of collecting this tax is about four per cent.

The *internal revenue* is derived from several different sources: I have not been able to obtain the items for 1880, but for 1879 they were:

From spirits (90 cents a gal.).....	\$52,570,284
From tobacco.....	40,135,002
From fermented liquors (\$1 a barrel).....	10,729,320
From banks and bankers (not national banks).. <td>3,198,883</td>	3,198,883
From penalties.....	279,497
From stamps... ..	6,706,384
From arrears.....	299,096

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\$113,918,466

The cost of collecting these taxes is less than four per cent.

The revenue from *other sources* includes:

The tax on the national banks.....say..	\$7,000,000
Customs, fees, penalties, etc.....say..	1,000,000
Sale of public lands.....say..	1,000,000
Fees—consular letter-patents, etc.....say..	2,000,000
Revenues of District of Columbia.....say..	1,750,000
Profits on coinage, etc.....say..	3,000,000
Miscellaneous (not taxes).....say..	7,250,000

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\$23,000,000

It is not easy to estimate the distribution of this taxation between the different states, but the amount paid by the state of Massachusetts must be much greater than her numerical proportion on the basis of population. This would be about \$13,000,000. The Southern and Western States pay more than their proportion of the tax on spirits, liquors, and tobacco, but they consume comparatively few dutiable imports, and have but a small banking capital. The consumption of imported goods is chiefly in the cities, and Massachusetts is a state of cities. One of the principal importers in Boston estimates the amount paid in the state at \$25,000,000, an amount equal to the whole direct taxation of the state, but divided among the people in a very different way. This would make the total taxation of this state about \$50,000,000. The population and valuation have been given above.

We may now form a fair estimate of the amount paid in taxes by different classes, although the indirect taxation can only be stated approximately. We commence with the laboring man who has no taxable property. He pays two dollars a year for state and town taxes, and, if he neither drinks nor smokes, he pays nothing more except the duty on the imported goods which he consumes. I do not find any authority as to the amount of this, but I have made careful inquiries and brought together such facts as I could find. The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor in 1878 made very

careful investigations in regard to the wages and expenses of working men. They published the following table:

*Percentages of Expenditure as Regards Income.*

ITEMS OF EXPENSE.	The family of a working man with an income of				
	\$300 to \$450. Per cent.	\$450 to \$600. Per cent.	\$600 to \$750. Per cent.	\$750 to \$1,200. Per cent.	Above \$1,200. Per cent.
Subsistence.....	64	63	60	56	51
Clothing.....	7	10.5	14	15	19
Rent.....	20	15.5	14	17	15
Fuel.....	6	6	6	6	5
Sundry expenses..	3	5	6	6	10
Total.....	100	100	100	100	100

It will be seen at once from this table that the working classes consume very few manufactured goods. These are almost all of American make. Provisions are all American. Groceries are partially imported, but some of the most important, as tea and coffee, are free. Others pay a small duty. It is not probable that a laboring man, without property, pays an indirect tax of more than ten dollars a year. Nor can it be shown that his expenses are much increased by the indirect results of protective tariff. Most of the things which he consumes are not affected directly or indirectly by protection of American manufactures. He probably gains by the increased demand for labor and by the taxes paid by manufacturing companies more than he loses. His total tax amounts to only twelve dollars, which the lowest class of laborers can pay by ten days' work, the average wages of this class in this state being \$1.25 a day. The cost of living is such that we constantly see men of this class laying up money enough in a few years to buy land and build a house. In these cases, however, the wife generally works also in a mill or as a charwoman. This class is certainly not oppressed by taxation.

Let us now go a step higher and take a man who has property to the amount of \$5,000, and an income from labor of \$1,200 a year. He pays a poll-tax of two dollars, a property tax of \$75, and an indirect tax to the national government which may be estimated at \$75. Total, \$152. This represents about thirty-eight days' labor. This estimate is based on the same principle as the last, but in view of the fact that a man with an income of \$1,200 not only buys more imported goods, but a much larger proportion of what he uses is imported, it is evident that he is taxed much more heavily than the common laborer. His income from labor and property is about \$1,400. This tax is nearly 11 per cent of his income, while the other man pays only 4 per cent.

Let us now take the case of a man with real and personal property worth \$100,000, who lives upon his income from this—say \$4,000 a year. He pays a poll-tax of \$2, a property and income tax of \$1,530, and an indirect tax to the national government which we may estimate at \$200. Total, \$1,732. This is 43 per cent of his income. There are many holders of real estate whose whole income is not sufficient to pay their taxes, and in the cases I have mentioned I have made no allowance for extra taxes for betterments, district expenses, and others which are only too common. Whatever may be said in favor of this system, it certainly does not illustrate the principle of *equality*.

The national taxation is much more equally divided than that of the state. The laborer with \$300 income pays 3½ per cent; with an income of \$1,400, 5½ per cent, and the capitalist with an income of \$4,000 pays 5 per cent on this to the national government. It is also true, contrary to what is often said, that the taxation resulting from a protection tariff falls chiefly on those who are benefited by it. Imported goods, and those American manufactures whose price is raised by the tariff, are consumed chiefly in the manufacturing states. Any other form of taxation would fall much more heavily upon the West and South. It is true that there are certain indirect results of protection, such as the increased cost of railways, through the duty on iron, which need to be taken into consideration; but the railways of the country have generally been constructed by Eastern capital, and the charges for the transportation of passengers and freight are less than in any country in the world. The present tariff is undoubtedly a bad one. It needs revision in many particulars, and it will be revised by the next Congress. It is to be hoped that the changes made will be the result of the wise application of general principles, and not the result of what we call "log-rolling," or a combination of interests based upon the agreement, "You support my interest and I will support yours." It will be, and it ought to be, a protective tariff as well as a source of revenue or a form of taxation, but there is unwise and destructive as well as wise and productive protection. We have had too much of the former, and unless we can get the latter there will be a reaction in favor of free trade. As to the principle of indirect taxation involved in the tariff question, it is generally criticised on the ground that in a free country the people should know exactly what taxes they pay, as they do not in case of indirect taxes; but we have seen that these taxes are more equally distributed than the direct taxes, and it is a singular fact that the greatest extravagance in public expenditure is not at Washington, where it is removed from the eyes of the people and is the result of indirect taxation, but it is in the towns where direct taxes are imposed upon property by the popular vote, or in the cities where they are voted by the direct representatives of the non-tax-paying voters. Here taxation sometimes becomes confiscation,

Having examined the system of taxation in the United States as it is seen in the state of Massachusetts, we naturally inquire whether the amount collected is unreasonably large. Can the people afford to pay such taxes? Is the expenditure of the government productive and essential to the welfare of the state? It is with the state as with the individual. It may be a good thing for a man to reclaim the waste land on his farm, and put up new buildings; but he may do these things in such a way as to ruin himself. He has to wait until he can spare the money for these improvements. So public expenditure may be for things in themselves good, but if it consumes the working capital of the people it is ruinous. A town may be ruined by its public improvements. It is claimed that as the valuation of the state of Massachusetts has doubled within twenty years, the taxes cannot be considered as beyond the means of the people; but this increase has been principally in the cities, and arises to a considerable extent from the increased value of the land and the increase of population. It is said again that the taxes are paid easily and without complaint. There is truth in this; but it is a question whether this is not a result of ignorance and carelessness—whether the people ought not to complain. It is said that wages are high and profits large; but the interest on capital is not more than four per cent at the present time. The taxes tend to increase rather than diminish. The valuation in this state has increased 100 per cent in twenty years, but in the same time the taxes have increased 350 per cent, not including the national taxes, which have increased still more. The valuation is less now than it was eight years ago, but the taxes have increased 10 per cent in this time. On the whole, it can hardly be denied that the taxes are greater than the people can afford to pay. It is not a wise and economical disposition of the wealth of the country to expend so much for public purposes.

But aside from this question, we have to inquire whether the money raised by taxation is expended economically and for the public good. The most important item of expenditure in this state is for public schools. The amount expended in 1879 under this general head was \$5,182,487. In 1860 the total taxation of the state was only \$7,600,000. It is now a generally accepted principle that schools should be maintained by the state; but it is a fair question whether the enormously-increased expense of education in this state is justified by a corresponding improvement in the education given, and also whether the state has a right to assess taxes to support free high schools. As to the first question, there has been a great change in what we may call the machinery of education. Great sums have been expended on school buildings, and this expense is still going on at the rate of about \$600,000 a year; and more money than formerly is expended upon furniture and apparatus. There is more talk about system and scientific methods, and more is expended

upon superintendence. More attention is given to the grading of the schools, and the teachers are better paid and changed less frequently; but on the whole there has been no great advance in the character of the education given in the schools. Perhaps the best thing that can be said is, that there is a fuller appreciation of the essential deficiencies in our system. There is a feeling prevalent in the United States, as well as in England, that money will buy anything, and it has been taken for granted that the schools must be twice as good if they cost twice as much money. This is the general feeling now, and it seems to be carefully fostered by the Board of Education. It publishes tables every year to show the amount of money expended by each town, and the "banner town" of the state is not that which has the best schools, but the one that taxes property most heavily for school purposes. This is the simple explanation of the increased expenditure in the state. But there are men, and their number is increasing, who realize the necessity of a radical change of system. The defects of the system are now a subject of public discussion. They are such as these: Want of enlightened superintendence, lack of uniformity in the schools, neglect of elementary branches, unscientific methods of instruction, failure to educate and develop the thinking powers of the children, lack of interest on the part of parents, the unpractical character of much of the instruction given, too great use of text-books to the exclusion of oral instruction, and failure to teach good behavior. All of these are mentioned in a single report of the secretary of the Board of Education. The same report illustrates the condition of the schools, by giving the result of an examination of the primary and grammar schools in Norfolk county. In the primary schools the average age was 9.8 years; the examinations were marked on a scale of 100. The average of the county in arithmetic was 73; in penmanship, 49; in spelling, 58; in reading, 62; in letter-writing, 52. In the grammar schools the average age was 13.1 years, the average marks were: In arithmetic, 48; in penmanship, 52; in spelling, 62; in reading, 70; in narrative writing, 56. The word "whose" was spelled in written exercises in 108 different ways, "which" in 58 ways; and "scholar" in 231 ways! The schools in Norfolk county are probably equal to any in the state.

The same report discusses at some length the second question which we have suggested, and claims that it is the right and duty of the state to give a free secondary education. There are 216 of these high schools in the state, with 600 teachers and 20,000 scholars. The establishment of these schools is the only important change which has been made in our system since 1860. There is a growing difference of opinion as to the right of the state to maintain such schools at the public expense. Those opposed to these schools claim that the principle on which they are founded is false, and that the education given is superficial, and adapted to raise up a multi-

tude of conceited, half-educated demagogues too proud to work, and feeling that the community which has educated them is bound to find places for them. The Board of Education takes the extreme view that it is the duty of the state to furnish as much education as is needed for the preparation of the community for all the duties and occupations of life. It appeals again and again to the popular favor on the ground that these schools have a leveling influence, and tend to break down all social distinctions. It claims that they are essential to the maintenance of republican institutions. The opponents of the system do not deny that education is a good thing, nor that it is essential to the maintenance of free government, especially to one resting upon universal suffrage. But they claim that free education should be limited to the common schools; that the state has no right to tax property to give a higher education to the poor; that the "general good" does not demand any such expenditure. They claim that, on the contrary, the history of this country furnishes abundant evidence that under the old system those who were capable of appreciating a higher education had no difficulty in securing it; that the very struggle which was necessary to attain it was itself the highest education. They claim that the principle that the poor have a right to live on the rich, the lazy and improvident upon the industrious and frugal, is more dangerous to republican institutions than any other. It is a curious fact, that within these twenty years, marked by the establishment of free high schools, the cost of university or collegiate education has doubled. A complete professional education costs far more now than it did before 1860. If the principle laid down by the Board of Education is correct, this also ought to be made free, and it is difficult to see where the expenditure of the state should stop. One step seems to follow the other logically until we reach pure Communism. The question is no doubt a difficult one, and wise men differ in regard to it. Perhaps the present system may be regarded as a compromise between extreme opinions. A very ably-conducted review has just been founded in Boston for the discussion of educational questions.

The next important item of expenditure is for charitable institutions, the support of the poor, and pensions and aid to soldiers of the civil war, and their families. The same extravagance and the same want of system is seen here. The most costly buildings in the State, outside of Boston, are the charitable institutions erected and maintained at the public expense. The state government expended \$455,261 in 1879 for the maintenance of these institutions and for alien paupers. But the expenditure of the towns for their poor is still more open to criticism. There is no rule nor system about it. Each town is practically a law to itself. The helpless poor are generally supported in almshouses, and outside aid is given very freely and often to persons who have no proper claim upon the public money.

Another important expenditure is for the highways. I have not



the statistics for the state, but in the town to which I have referred, twenty per cent of the taxes of the town were expended on the roads in 1879. At this rate about \$5,000,000 would be expended in the State annually for this purpose. Much of it is practically thrown away. I know of no civilized country where the roads are so bad. There are roads everywhere, but they are very much what nature has made them.

The other expenses of the towns of the state are very much larger than they were twenty years ago, and some of these are open to severe criticism, but on the whole they cannot be considered as very extravagant. The most important is the interest on the debt, which must amount to more than \$5,000,000 a year. The administrative, legislative, and judicial expenses did not amount in 1879 to more than \$640,000 for the state government. The country towns expend about seven per cent. of their revenue for these expenses; the cities considerably more. We may roughly estimate the expenses of the state as follows:

Interest.....	\$5,000,000
Education.....	5,000,000
Charitable institutions, pensions, and the poor..	3,000,000
Highways.....	5,000,000
Administrative, legislative and judicial.....	3,000,000
All other expenses, including payments on debt..	4,000,000

Total.....\$25,000,000

The national expenditure is to be added to this. For the year ending June 30, 1880, it was as follows, not including any payment to reduce the national debt:

Civil and miscellaneous.....	\$54,713,529
War Department.....	38,116,916
Navy.....	13,536,984
Indians.....	5,945,457
Pensions.....	56,777,174
Interest on public debt.....	95,757,575
Premium on bonds bought.....	2,795,322

Total.....\$267,642,957

The national debt, nearly all of which was caused by the war, is now about \$1,900,000,000, or about £400,000,000 sterling.

The expenditure of the national government in the year 1860 was only \$63,130,598. The increase is due chiefly to the war, and the expenses of the government have been steadily decreasing since 1865. The present expenditure is perhaps open to criticism in some particulars, but it cannot be denied that on the whole the government is administered with great economy. The expenditure in the war and navy departments is undoubtedly much less than it ought to be. In our desire to avoid the error which is eating up the wealth

of Europe, in our horror of great standing armies, we have gone to the other extreme, and deprived ourselves of the necessary means of self-defense.

There has been some question in Europe as to the expenditure for the payment of the national debt, which has been reduced by about \$840,000,000 in fifteen years, but in America the wisdom of reducing our debt as rapidly as possible is not questioned. The advantage of what has been done is seen in the fact that the annual interest charge has been reduced from \$150,977,697 in 1865 to \$79,633,981, which is the present rate. This reduction is due in part to the reduction of the principal and in part to the reduction of the rate of interest, which has been made possible by the manifest intention of the government to pay its debts. In 1865 the annual interest, divided per capita, was \$4.29 for each individual; in 1880 it was \$1.56. In 1860 the government could not borrow ten millions on its own credit at any price; now its 4 per cent bonds are selling at 12 per cent premium. We have made no mistake in paying our debts.

The expenditure on account of the Indians is really much greater than appears in the above statement, for the army is chiefly employed in fighting or watching the Indians. The whole Indian policy of the government is not only very costly but an utter failure. It has sometimes been attacked as unchristian and even inhuman, but for many years it has been good in intention if not in its results. The problem is a very difficult one, and it is now receiving more attention than ever before. It may be said to be now practically in the hands of philanthropists, and this large item of expenditure will probably in a few years be much reduced, and finally disappear. The amount paid for pensions is unreasonably large, and is in danger of growing larger. There is always a strong temptation for any party to purchase votes by appropriating the public money to pension soldiers and their families, and the opportunities for fraudulent claims are without number.

There are many points in regard to our taxation and expenditure, which I have touched but lightly, which merit a full discussion; many others I have not mentioned at all; but my purpose has been simply to state facts, with such explanations as seemed necessary to make them understood. I was talking of this subject the other day with a Massachusetts judge, and he remarked that the people were not interested in the subject of taxation because their taxes were so light. I think this is a very general impression here, but I doubt whether an average per capita tax of more than six pounds sterling a year will seem small in England, even for a wealthy and prosperous state. The great advantage which we have over the European states is in the fact that we do not have a large standing army, we do not take our producers from their work during the best years of their lives to make soldiers of them, and we do not expend our taxes

on gunpowder. We are careless and often extravagant, but we *intend* to spend our public money in such a way as to make it productive for the general good. There are difficult questions to be studied and answered; there are dangers, serious dangers perhaps, in the future, in directions which I have pointed out; but there is nothing which may not be settled or avoided by wise statesmanship and the good-will of the people. The difficulties and dangers are not more, nor essentially different in their essence, from those which beset European governments in regard to the relations of labor and capital and the distribution of taxation. It is, in the nature of the case, far easier to settle such questions in a new country, abounding in wealth and with a population which is generally prosperous, contented and free. There is more elasticity in the framework of this nation than is possible in an old country. Whatever may be the dangers of universal suffrage, the principles of civil and religious liberty, which we hold in common with England, are the surest safeguards against popular discontent. With full independent liberty and food enough to eat, men are generally willing to wait, to excuse mistakes, and to learn wisdom from experience. This has been the history of the United States in the past, and we hope that it will be so in the future.

A personal explanation may be made to the readers of a previous article in the *Contemporary*. The editor took upon himself the responsibility of attaching to that article—which I left unsigned—the undernoted designation; but as I am not, and never have been, an office-holder, it is only as every educated American is supposed to be more or less skilled in the science of government and in some sense a statesman, that I can properly be called

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN, in *The Contemporary Review*.

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## THE PROPHETIC POWER OF POETRY.

HAZLITT has somewhere said that "genius is some strong quality in the mind, aiming at and bringing out some new and striking quality in nature." The same thought seems to have possessed Coleridge when, in the third volume of "*The Friend*," he labors to reconcile Bacon's insistence on observation and experiment as the tests of truth with Plato's equal insistence on the truth of ideas independent of experience. In the "*prudens quæstio*," says Coleridge, which the discoverer puts to nature, he is unconsciously feeling after and anticipating some hidden law of nature; and that he does so feel after it till he finds it is in virtue of some mysterious kinship between the guess of the discoverer's mind and the operations of nature.

In the physical world we observe that those guesses of genius which are the parents of discovery arise in some gifted minds, here or there, just when some new invention or discovery is required to carry on the course of human affairs. The mariner's compass, whoever may have been its discoverer, was introduced into Europe the century before Vasco de Gama and Columbus undertook their voyages, and, as it would seem, to enable them to do so. Newton wrought out his system of fluxions, and published his "*Principia*," with its announcement of the law of gravitation, at a time when physical inquiry must have remained at a standstill had these discoveries been withheld. In the last generation James Watt's great invention and, within living memory, Robert Stephenson's, appeared just at the time when society was ready to assume a new phase, but could not have assumed it till these discoveries were perfected.

But there are other social changes, more impalpable, but not less real, more subtle, but piercing deeper than the physical ones. These last, wrought on the world's surface, are visible and tangible, and all can appreciate them. But the invisible changes wrought in men's minds, the revolutions in sentiment which distinguish one age from another, are so silent and so subtle that the mere practical man entirely ignores or despises them. Mere sentiment, forsooth! who cares for sentiment? But let the practical man know, those sentiments he despises are in human affairs more potent than all the physical inventions he so much venerates.

How these changes of feeling arise, from what hidden springs they come, who shall say? But that they do come forth and make themselves widely felt, and in the end change the whole face of society, none can doubt. They come, as changes in the weather come, as the sky changes from bright to dark and from dark to bright, from causes which we cannot penetrate, but with effects which all must feel.

"The thoughts they had were the parents of the deeds they did; their feelings were the parents of their thoughts." So it always has been and shall be. In the movements of man's being, the first and deepest thing is the sentiment which possesses him, the emotional and moral atmosphere which he breathes. The causes which ultimately determine what this atmosphere shall be are too hidden, too manifold and complex, for us to grasp, but among the human agents which produce them none are more powerful than great poets. Poets are the rulers of men's spirits more than the philosophers, whether mental or physical. For the reasoned thought of the philosopher appeals only to the intellect, and does not flood the spirit; the great poet touches a deeper part of us than the mere philosopher ever reaches, for he is a philosopher and something more—a master of thought, but it is inspired thought, thought filled and made alive

with emotion. He makes his appeal, not to intellect alone, but to all that part of man's being in which lie the springs of life.

If it be true that—

We live by admiration, hope, and love—

that it is the objects which we admire, love, hope for, that determine our character, make us what we are—then it is the poet, more than any other, who holds the key of our most secret being. For it is he who, by virtue of inspired insight, places before us in the most true and attractive light the highest things which we can admire, hope for, love; and this he does mainly by unveiling some new truth to men, or, which is the same thing, by so quickening and vivifying old and neglected truths that he makes them live anew. To do this last requires quite as much of prophetic insight as to see new truths for the first time.

This is the poet's highest office—to be a prophet of new truth, or at least an unveiler of truths forgotten or hidden from common eyes. There is another function which poets fulfill—that of setting forth in beautiful form the beauty which all see, or giving to thoughts and sentiments in which all share beautiful and attractive expression. This last is the poet's artistic function, and that which some would assign to him as his only one.

These two aspects of the poet, the prophetic and the artistic, co-exist in different proportions in all great poets; in one the prophetic insight predominates, in another the artistic gift. In the case of any single poet it may be an interesting question to determine in what proportions he possesses each of these two qualities. But without attempting this I shall now only try to show by examples of some of the greatest poets, ancient and modern, that to each has been granted some domain, of which he is the supreme master; that to each has been vouchsafed a special insight into some aspect of truth, a knowledge and a love of some side of life or of nature not equally revealed to any other; that he has taken this home to his heart and made it his own peculiar possession, and then uttered it to the world in a form more vivid and more attractive than had ever been done before.

To begin with Homer. It was no merely artistic power, but a true and deep insight into human nature, which enabled him to be the first of his race, as far as we know, who saw clearly, and drew with firm hand, those great types of heroic character which have stamped themselves indelibly on the world's imagination. Achilles, Ulysses, Nestor, Ajax, Hector, Andromache, Priam—these, while they are ideal portraits, are at the same time permanent outstanding forms of what human nature is. The Homeric vision of Olympus and its immortals, splendid though it be, was still but transient. It had no root in the deepest seats of human nature. For even in his

own land a time came when, in the interest of purer morality, Plato wished to detrone Homer's god. But his delineation of heroes and heroines remains true to human feeling as it exists to-day. Even Shakespeare, when, in his "Troilus and Cressida," he took up those world-old characters and touched them anew, was still constrained to preserve the main outlines as Homer had left them. It is this permanent truthfulness and consistency in the human characters of the "Iliad" which makes one believe, in spite of all the critics, that one master hand was at the center of the work, and that it performed that which no agglomeration of bards could ever have achieved.

Again, Æschylus and Sophocles were, each in their day, revealers of new and deeper truth to their generation. The Greek world, as it became self-conscious and reflective, had no doubt grown much in moral light since the time of Homer, and that light, which their age inherited, these two poets gathered up and uttered in the best form. But, besides this, they added to it something of their own. In the religion of their poems, though the mythologic and polytheistic conceptions of their country are still present, you can perceive the poet's own inner thought disengaging itself from these entanglements, and rising to the purer and higher idea of the Unity of Zeus, the one all-powerful and all-wise Ruler of heaven and earth; till in Sophocles he stands forth as the "center and source" of all truth and righteousness.

Then, as to the life of man, we see in Æschylus and Sophocles the Greek mind for the first time at work upon those great moral problems which at an earlier date had engaged the Hebrew mind in the Book of Job. The mystery of suffering, especially the suffering of the guiltless, is ever present to them. The popular conception held that such innocent suffering was the mere decree of a dark and unmoral destiny. Æschylus was not content with this, but taught that when the innocent man or woman suffers it is because there has been wrong-doing somewhere. He sought to give a moral meaning to the suffering, by tracing it back to sin, if not in the sufferer himself, at least in some one of his ancestors. The father has sinned, the son must suffer. "*Ῥβρις* there has been in some progenitor, *αἰν* and ruin fall on his descendants.

Sophocles looks on the same spectacle of innocent suffering, but carries his interpretation of it a step farther, and makes it more moral. Prosperity, he shows, is to the individual not always truly gain, but often proves itself an evil by the effects it produces on his character. Neither is adversity entirely an evil, for sometimes, though not always, it acts as a refining fire, purifying and elevating the nature of the sufferer. Its effects, at least in noble natures, are self-control, prudence, contentment, peace of soul. Philoctetes, after being ennobled by the things he had suffered, has his reward even here in being made the means of destroying Troy and then

returning home healed and triumphant. *Cædipus*, in his calm and holy death within the shrine of the *Eumenides*, and in the honor reserved for his memory, finds a recompense for his monstrous sufferings and his noble endurance. *Antigone*, though she has no earthly reward for her self-sacrifice, yet passes hence with sure hope—the hope that in the life beyond she will find love waiting her, with all the loved ones gone before.

These few remarks may recall to some who read them some suggestive thoughts which fell from Professor *Jebb* in his two concluding lectures on *Sophocles*, given last summer in the hall of New College, Oxford. And all who desire to follow out this subject I gladly refer to the admirable essay on "*The Theology and Ethics of Sophocles*," which Mr. *Abbott*, of Balliol, has recently contributed to the book entitled "*Hellenica*."

We would not naturally turn to Roman literature to find the prophetic element. Speculation and imaginative dreaming, whence new thoughts are born, were alien to the genius of that practical race. But there is at least one of Rome's poets who is filled with something like true prophetic fire. On the mind of *Lucretius* there had dawned two truths, one learned from his own experience, the other from Greek philosophy; and both of these inspired him with a deep fervor, quite unlike anything else to be met with in his country's literature. One truth was the misery and hopelessness of human life around him, as it still clung to the decaying phantoms of an outworn mythology and groped its way through darkness with no better guides than these. The other truth, gained from the teaching of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*, was the vision of the fixed order of the universe, the infinite sweep, the steadfastness, the immutability of its laws. As he contemplated the stately march of these vast, all-embracing uniformities, he felt as though he were a man inspired to utter to the world a new revelation. And the words in which he does utter it often rise to the earnestness and the glow of a prophet. He was, as far as I know, the earliest and most earnest expounder in ancient times of that truth which has taken so firm hold of the modern mind. In the full recognition by men of the new truth which he preached, he seemed to himself to see the sole remedy for all the ills which crush human life.

Again, *Virgil*, though with him the love of beauty, as all know, and the artistic power of rendering it, are paramount, yet laid hold of some new truth which none before him had felt so deeply. No one had till then conceived so grandly of the growth of Rome's greatness, and the high mission with which heaven had entrusted her. And who else among ancient poets has felt so deeply and expressed so tenderly the pathos of human life, or so gathered up and uttered the highest sentiment towards which the world's whole history had been tending—sentiment which was the best flower of the travail of the old world, and which Christianity took up and carried on into

the new? In these two directions Virgil made his own contribution to human progress.

If any other poet deserves the name of prophet, it is he whose voice was heard the earliest in the dawn of modern poetry. In the "Divine Comedy," Dante gave voice to "all the thoughts and speculations, as well as to the action, of the stirring thirteenth century." I suppose that no age has ever been summed up so fully and melodiously by any singer. On Dante's work I cannot do better than quote the words in which one of the most accomplished of its interpreters has expressed his feeling regarding it. Dean Church, in his well-known essay on Dante, has said:

"Those who have studied that wonderful poem know its austere yet subduing beauty; they know what force there is in its free and earnest yet solemn verse, to strengthen, to tranquilize, to console. It is a small thing that it has the secret of nature and man; that a few keen words have opened their eyes to new sights in earth and sea and sky; have taught them new mysteries of sound; have made them recognize, in distinct image and thought, fugitive feelings, or their unheeded expression by look or gesture or motion; that it has enriched the public and collective memory of society with new instances, never to be lost, of human feelings and fortune; has charmed ear and mind by the music of its stately march, and the variety and completeness of its plan. But, besides this, they know how often, its seriousness has put to shame their trifling, its magnanimity their faint-heartedness, its living energy their indolence, its stern and sad grandeur rebuked low thoughts, its thrilling tenderness overcome sullenness and assuaged distress, its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity, its vast grasp imparted harmony to the view of clashing truths."

To review the great poets of our own country, and consider what new elements of thought and sentiment each in his turn imported into the minds of his countrymen, would be an interesting study, but one not to be overtaken in a single essay, if it could be in many. I shall therefore pass at once to that great outburst of song which ushered in the dawn of the present century in England, and try to show, somewhat more in detail, some of the original and creative impulses which the poets of that time let loose upon society. This I shall do by taking the examples of two poets of that generation. Other poets, their contemporaries, were not without some touch of the prophetic gift; but the two I shall name have exerted an influence, the one wider, the other more deep, and both more distinctly healthful, than any of their brethren.

It was nothing short of a new revelation when Scott turned back men's eyes on their own past history and national life, and showed them there a field of human interest and poetic creation that had long lain neglected. Since the days of Shakespeare a veil had been upon it, and Scott removed the veil. Quinet has spoken of the



impassable gulf which the age of Louis Quatorze has placed between mediæval France and the modern time. It has parted the literature of France, he says, into two distinct periods, between which no communion is possible. Bossuet, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Voltaire, owe nothing to the earlier thought of France, draw nothing from it. Because of this separation Quinet thinks that all modern French literature, both prose and poetry, is more real and more fitted to interpret the modern spirit than if it had grown continuously. We may well doubt this, especially whether it has not been the death of French poetry—the cause why modern France possesses so little that seems to us poetry at all. It would seem as if at one time a like calamity threatened English literature. In the earlier part of last century, under the influence of Pope and Bolingbroke, a false cosmopolitanism seemed creeping over it, which might have done for our literature what the French wits of the Louis Quatorze age did for theirs. But from this we were saved by that continuity of feeling and of purpose which happily governs our literary not less than our political life. All through last century the ancient spirit was never wholly dead in England, and it would have revived. That immense sentiment, that turning back of affection upon the past, was coming—no doubt it would have come—even if Scott had never been born. But he was the chosen vessel to gather up and concentrate within himself the whole force of this retrospective tendency, and to pour it in full flood upon the heart of European society. More profoundly than any other man or poet he felt the significance of the past, brooded over it, was haunted by it, and in his poems and romances expressed it so broadly, so felicitously, with such genial human interest, that even in his own lifetime he won the world to feel as he did. One among many results of Scott's work was to turn the tide against the Illumination, of which Voltaire, Diderot, and the whole host of Encyclopædists were the high priests. Another result was that he changed men's whole view of history, and of the way in which it should be written; recalled it from pale abstractions to living personalities, and peopled the past no longer with mere phantoms or doctrinaire notions, but with men and women in whom the life-blood is warm. If you wish to estimate the change he wrought in this way, compare the historic characters of Hume and Robertson with the life-like portraits of Carlyle and Macaulay. Though these two last have said nasty things of Scott, it little became them to do so; for from him alone they learned that art which gives to their descriptions of men and scenes and events their peculiar charm. If we now look back on many characters of past ages with an intimate acquaintance and a personal affection unknown to our grandfathers, it was Scott who taught us this.

These may be said to be intellectual results of Scott's ascendancy; but there are also great social changes wrought by his influence, which are patent to every eye. Look at modern architecture. The whole

mediaeval revival, whether we admire it or not, must be credited to Scott. Likely enough Scott was not deeply versed in the secrets of Gothic architecture and its inner proprieties—as, I believe, his own attempts at Abbotsford, as well as his descriptions of castles and churches prove. But it was he who turned men's eyes and thoughts that way, and touched those inner springs of interest from which, in due time, the whole movement came.

Another social result is, that he not only changed the whole sentiment with which Scotchmen regard their country, but he awakened in other nations an interest in it which was till his time unknown. When Scott was born, Scotland had not yet recovered from the long decadence and despondency into which she had fallen after she had lost her Kings and her Parliament. Throughout last century a sense of something like degradation lay on the hearts of those who still loved their country, and could not be content with the cold cosmopolitanism affected by the Edinburgh wits. Burns felt this deeply, as his poems show, and did something in his way to redress it. But still the prevailing feeling entertained by Englishmen towards Scots and Scotland was that which is so well represented in the "Fortunes of Nigel." Till the end of the last century the attitude of Dr. Johnson was still shared by most of his countrymen. If all this has entirely changed—if Scots are now proud of their country instead of being ashamed of it—if other nations look at the land with feelings of romance, and on the people themselves with respect if not with interest, this we owe to Scott more than to any other human agency. And not the past only, with its heroic figures, but the lowly peasant life of his own time he first revealed to the world in its worth and beauty. Jennie Deans, Edie Ochiltree, Caleb Balderstone, Dandie Dinmont, these and many more are characters which his eye first discerned in their quiet, commonplace obscurity, read the inner movements of their hearts, and gave them to the world, a possession for all time. And this he did by his own wonderful human-heartedness—so broad, so clear, so genial, so humorous, more than any man since Shakespeare. He had in him that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and he so imparted it to his own creations that they won men's sympathies to himself not less than to his country and his people. Wordsworth has well called Scott "the whole world's darling." If strangers and foreigners now look upon Scotland and its people with other eyes and another heart it is because they see them through the personality of Scott and through the creations with which he peopled the land; not through those modern democratic aspects which, since Scott's day, have obliterated so much that he most loved in the character of his countrymen.

I have spoken of how Scott has been a power of social and beneficent influence by the flood of fresh sentiment which he let in on men's minds. But I am aware that to your "practical" man, romance is moonshine and sentiment a delusion. Such an one may, how-

ever, be led to esteem them more highly when he is made aware how much sentiment and romance are worth in the market. The tourists, who from all lands crowd to Scotland every summer, and enrich the natives even in remotest districts—what was it brought them thither? What but the spell of Walter Scott? And, as the late Sir William Maxwell well expressed it at the Scott Centenary, the fact that Scott has in any of his creations named a farm, or a hill, or a stream, that is to their possessor as good as a new title-deed, and will be sure to enhance the marketable value of the spot. This, I think, will prove, even to the most sordid, that poetry is a real power in the affairs of this working world.

I have been speaking of the power poetry has, by bringing in on men's minds new tides of feeling, to effect great and visible social changes.

I shall now turn to another poet, a contemporary and a friend of Scott's, whose influence has affected a much narrower area, but who within that area has probably worked more intensely. Wordsworth is nothing if he is not a revealer of new truth. That this was the view he himself took of his office may be gathered from many words of his own. In the "Prelude" he speaks of—

--the animating faith,  
That poets, even as prophets,  
Have each his own peculiar faculty,  
Heaven's gift, a sense that fits them to perceive  
Objects unseen before.

And then goes on to express his conviction that to him also had been vouchsafed—

An insight that in some sense he possesses  
A privilege, whereby a work of his,  
Proceeding from a source of untaught things,  
Creative and enduring, may become  
A power like one of Nature's.

If Wordsworth was a revealer, what did he reveal?

The subjects of his own poetry, he tells us, are Man, and Nature, and Human Life. What did he teach? what new light did he shed on each of these? He had a gift of soul and eye with regard to nature which enabled him in her presence to feel a vivid and sensitive delight which it has been given to few to feel. The outward world lay before him with the dew still fresh upon it, the splendor of morning still undulled by custom or routine. The earliest poets of every nation, Homer and Chaucer, had no doubt delighted in rural sights and sounds in their own simple, unconscious way. It

was Wordsworth's special merit that, coming late in time, when the thick veil of custom and centuries of artificial civilization had come between us and this natural delight, and made the familiar things of earth seem trivial and commonplace, he saw nature anew, with a freshness as of the morning, with a sensibility of soul that was like a new inspiration; and not only saw, but so expressed it, as to remove the scales from the eyes of others, and make them see something of the fresh beauty which nature wore for himself—feel some occasional touch of that rapture in her presence with which he himself was visited. This power especially resides in his "Lyrical Ballads," composed between 1798 and 1808. Such a heap of stuff has recently been written about Wordsworth's way of dealing with nature—and I have made my own contribution to that heap—that I should be ashamed to increase it now; the more that in this, as in other good things, our attempts to analyze the gift spoil our enjoyment of it. Two remarks only I shall make and pass on. First, he did not attempt to describe rural objects as they are in themselves, but rather as they affect human hearts. As it has been well expressed, he stood at the meeting-point where nature's inflowing and the soul touch each other, showed how they fit in each to each, and what exquisite joy comes from the contact. Secondly, he did not hold with Coleridge that from nature we "receive but what we give," but rather that we receive much we do not give. He held that nature is a "living presence," which exerts on us active powers of her own—a bodily image through which the sovereign mind holds intercourse with man.

When face to face with nature Wordsworth would sometimes seem too much of an optimist. At such times it was that he exclaimed:

—naught  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings.

Nature had done so much to restore himself from his deepest mental dejection, that he sometimes spoke as if she was able to do as much for all men. But when he so spoke he forgot how many people there are whom, either from inward disposition or from outward circumstances, nature never reaches.

But in the poems which deal with human life and character there is none of this optimistic tendency. It has been recently said that "no poet of any day has sunk a sounding-line deeper than Wordsworth into the fathomless secret of suffering that is in no sense retributive." His mind seemed fascinated by the thought of the sorrow that is in the world, and brooded o'er it as something infinite unfathomable.

His deepest convictions on this are expressed in these lines:

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,  
 The motion of a muscle—this way or that—  
 'Tis done; and in the after vacancy of thought  
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed;  
 Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
 And hath the nature of infinity.  
 Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seems  
 And unremovable), gracious openings lie,  
 By which the soul—with patient steps of thought,  
 Now tolling, wafted now on wings of prayer—  
 May pass in hope, and though from mortal bonds  
 Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent  
 Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.

This is the keynote of his deepest human poetry. In theory and practice alike he held that it is not exciting adventure, romantic incident, strange and unusual mental experience, in which the depth of human nature is most seen, or its dignity. Along the common high road of life, in the elementary feelings of men and women, in the primary affections, in the ordinary joys and sorrows, there lay for him truest, most permanent sources of interest. His eye saw beneath the outward surface that which common eyes do not see, but which he was empowered to make them see. The secret pathos, the real dignity which lie hidden often under the most unpromising exteriors, he has brought out in many of those narrative poems in which he has described men and women, and expressed his views about life in the concrete, more vividly than in his poems that are purely reflective and philosophical. Take, for instance, "Ruth," "The Female Vagrant," the "Affliction of Margaret," the "Story of Margaret" in the "Excursion," the "Story of Ellen" and others in the "Churchyard Among the Mountains," "The Brothers," "Michael"—above all, "The White Doe of Rylston." It is noticeable how predominating in these is the note of suffering, not of action, and in most of them how it is women rather than men whom the poet takes for his subject. This is perhaps because endurance seems to be especially the lot of women, and patience among them has its most perfect work. Human affection sorely tried, love that has lost its earthly object, yet lives on, with nothing to support it:

Solitary anguish!  
 Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight  
 To think of, for the glory that redounds  
 Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.

These are the subjects over which his spirit broods, as with a strange fascination. This might be well illustrated could I have dwelt in detail on the "Story of Margaret" in the first book of the "Excursion." Those, however, who are interested in the subject should study that affecting tale, as it is one in which is specially seen Wordsworth's characteristic way of sympathizing with, yet meditating upon, human suffering.

The reflection which closes the narrative is peculiarly Wordsworthian. The "Wanderer," seeing the poet deeply moved by the tale, says:

My friend! enough to sorrow you have given  
The purposes of wisdom ask no more;  
Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read  
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.  
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.  
I well remember that those very plumes,  
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on the wall,  
By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,  
As once I passed, did to my heart convey  
So still an image of tranquillity,  
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful,  
Amid the uneasy thoughts that filled my mind,  
That what we feel of sorrow and despair,  
From ruin and from change, and all the grief,  
The passing shows of being leave behind,  
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live  
Where meditation was. I turned away,  
And walked along my road in happiness.

No poet but Wordsworth would have concluded such a tale with these words. In this "meditative rapture," which could so absorb into itself the most desolating sorrow, there is, it must be owned, something too high, too isolated, too remote from ordinary human sympathy. Few minds are competent to such philosophic hardness. Even Wordsworth himself, as he grew older, and experienced home sorrows, came down from this solitary height, and changed the passage into a humbler tone of Christian sentiment.

I have taken this one story as a good sample of Wordsworth's general attitude, as seen in all his estimate of men. It is specially to be noted that their trappings and appendages and outward circumstances were nothing to him; the inner man of the heart was everything. What was a man's ancestry, what his social position, what were even his intellectual attainments?—to these things he was almost as indifferent as the writers of the Holy Scriptures are. There was a quite biblical severity and inwardness about his estimate of things. It was the intrinsic man, the man within the man, the permanent affections, the will, the purpose of the life, on which alone his eye rested. He looked solely on men as they are men within themselves. He cared, too, I gather, but little for that culture, literary, æsthetic, and scientific, of which we now hear so much, as though the possession or the want of it made all possible difference between man and man. This kind of culture, I fancy, he lightly esteemed, for he had found something worthier than all class culture, often among the lowliest and most despised. He tells us that he was—

Convinced at heart  
How little those formalities, to which,  
With overweening trust, alone we give  
The name of education, have to do  
With real feeling and just sense; how vain  
A correspondence with the talking world  
Proves to the most.

It has sometimes been said that Wordsworth's estimate of men was essentially democratic. Inasmuch as it looked only at intrinsic worthiness, and made nothing of distinctions of rank, or of polished manners, or even of intellectual or æsthetic culture, it may be said to have been democratic. Inasmuch, however, as he valued only that which is intrinsic and essentially the best in men, he may be said to have upheld a moral and spiritual aristocracy, but it is an aristocracy which knows no exclusiveness, and freely welcomes all who will to enter it. No one, indeed, could be farther from flattering the average man by preaching to him equality, and telling him that he was as good as any other man. Rather he taught him that there are moral heights far above him, to which some had attained, to which he too may attain, but that only by thinking lowly of himself, and by thinking highly of the things above him—only by upward looking and by reverence may he rise higher.

One thing is noticeable. The ideas and sentiment which fill Wordsworth's mind and color all his delineations of men and of nature are not those which pass current in society. You feel intuitively that they would sound strange and out of place there. They are too unworldly to breathe in that atmosphere. Hence you will never find your man of the world, who takes his tone from society, really care for Wordsworth's poetry. The aspect of things he has to reveal does not interest such men. But others there are, who are anything but worldly-minded, whom nevertheless Wordsworth's poetry fails to reach; and this not from their fault, but from his limitations. His sympathies were deep rather than keen or broad. There is a large part of human life which lies outside of his interest. He was, as all know, entirely destitute of humor—a great want, but one which he shared with Milton. This want, often seen in very earnest natures, shut him out from much of the play and movement that make up life. Again, he was not at home in the stormy regions of the soul; he stands aloof alike from the Titanic passions and also from the more tender and palpitating emotions. If he contemplates these at all, whether in others or as felt by himself, it is from a distance, viewing the stormy spectacle from a place of meditative calm. This agrees with his saying, that poetry arises from emotion remembered in tranquillity. If his heart ever was hot, it was not then that he spoke, but when it had time to cool by after reflection. To many sensitive and even imaginative natures this attitude is provoking and repellent. Those things about Lucy, they say—are these all he

had to give the tenderest affection he ever knew? And they turn from them impatiently away to such poems as Byron's on Thyrsa, or to his—

When we two parted  
In silence, in tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
'Tis sever for years—

or to the passion of Shakespeare, or to the proud pathos of Mrs. Barrett-Browning's sonnets—tingling through every syllable with emotion. Compared with these, Wordsworth's most feeling poems seem to them cold and impassive, not to say soporific. But this is hardly the true account of them. Byron, and such poets as he, when they express emotion, are wholly absorbed in it—lose themselves entirely in the feeling of the moment. For the time it is the whole world to them. Wordsworth, and such as he, however deeply they sympathize with any suffering, never wholly lose themselves in it, never forget that the quick and throbbing emotions are but "moments in the being of the eternal silence." They make you feel that you are, after all, encompassed by an everlasting calm. The passionate kind of lyric is sure to be the most universally popular. The meditative lyric is likely to commend itself to those natures which, without being cold, try to balance feeling with reflection. Which of them is the higher style of poetry I shall not seek to determine. In one mood of mind we relish the one; in another mood we turn to the other. Let us keep our hearts open to both.

In a word, Wordsworth is the prophet of the spiritual aspects of the external world, the prophet, too, of the moral depths of the soul. The intrinsic and permanent affections he contemplated till he saw "joy that springs out of human sufferings," a light beyond the deepest darkness. In the clearness and strength with which he saw these things there is something almost superhuman.

It is a large subject on which I have been dwelling, and yet I feel that I have only touched the surface of it. Fully to illustrate what contributions of new thought and sentiment Scott and Wordsworth made to their age would require at least a separate treatise for each. But, besides these, there were poets among their contemporaries who had something of the prophetic light in them, though it was a more lurid light; pre-eminently the two poets of revolt, Byron and Shelley. It was with something of quite prophetic fervor that each of these, in his own way, tore off the mask from the social compromises and hollownesses which they believed they saw around them, and denounced the hypocrisies. Neither of them perhaps had much positive truth with which to replace the things they would destroy. Byron did not pretend to have. Yet in the far and fierce delight of his sympathy with the tempests and the austere grandeurs of nature, and in the strength with which he portrayed the turbid and Titanic movements of the soul, there was an element of power hitherto unknown in English poetry.



Shelley, on the other hand, had this quite unique gift: He has caught and fixed forever movements and hues both in nature and in the mind of man which were too subtle, too delicate, too evanescent for any eye but his. He may be said to be the prophet of many shades of emotion which before him had no language; the poet, as he has been called, of unsatisfied desire, of insatiable longing. An antidote for all human ills he fancied that he had found in that universal love which he preached in such variety of tones. But one may doubt if the love that he dreamt of was substantial, or moral, or self-sacrificing enough to bring any healing.

I do not wish to discuss now poets who are still living. Else one might have tried to show how the Laureate in some of his works, specially in "In Memoriam," if he has not exactly imported new truths into his age, has yet so expressed much of the highest truth that was dawning on men's consciousness, that he has become in some sort the first unweaver of it; also how great inroads he has made into the domains of science, bringing thence truths, hitherto unsung, and wedding them to his own exquisite music.

One might have shown, too, how Mr. Browning, disdaining the great highway of the universal emotions, has, from the most hidden nooks of consciousness, fetched novel situations and hard problems of thought, and in his own peculiar style uttered

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

In the younger poets of the day, as far as I know them, I have not yet perceived much of that original prophetic power which has been so distinctive of many of "the dead kings of melody." If it exists, and I have failed to discern it, no one will welcome it more gladly than I. But what seems to me most to distinguish the poetry of the time is, elaborately ornate diction and luscious music expended on themes not weighty in themselves. Prophet souls, burning with great and new truth, can afford to be severe, plain, even bare in diction. Charged with the utterance of large substantive thoughts, they can seldom give their strength to studied ornamentation. We wait for the day of more substance in our poetry. Shall we have to wait till the plowshare of revolution has been again driven through the field of European society, and has brought to the surface some subsoil of original and substantive truth which lies as yet undiscovered?—J. C. SHAIRP, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

## A NEW DEPARTURE IN TEMPERANCE.

OUR ears are saluted by a voice from Boston announcing a new departure in temperance. The idea is not strictly original; if my memory does not mislead me the thing has been attempted before. It seems, indeed, that this business of temperance is much addicted to new departures; the reform takes a fresh start about as often as a toper adopts a new resolution. The real question is not of departing, but of arriving. It is easy enough to set out; the problem is to keep on, and to get somewhere. And, so far as the professional temperance workers are concerned, it must be said that they have not succeeded very well in solving this problem. Most of their new departures come out like many promising roads that lead us into woods ending in a squirrel track and running up a tree. Numberless societies, open and secret, start fairly, run well for a season, then flourish feebly, and finally become subject to a disorder much like blind-staggers, in which they become extremely violent and dangerous to all within their reach. From this or other like causes many of them have ceased to exist; but it must be owned that several of those that are dead are not yet sensible of it.

The feebleness and inefficiency of the temperance organizations must not, however, be regarded as any proof that temperance is losing ground. We often hear it said that drunkenness is "a great and growing evil," but the statement is conspicuously unhistorical. It is easy to prove that the foreigners who have made their home in our country are not any more intemperate than their ancestors were in Europe; and the native-born Americans are much less addicted to drink than their forefathers were. Thirty or forty years ago it was the custom in all the farming districts to furnish strong drink to haymakers and harvesters, and no building could be raised without rum. We do not need to go much further back than that to find on most of the church-books heavy bills for liquors to supply the ministers assembled in councils and other ecclesiastical meetings. The use of intoxicating liquors was almost universal half a century ago. It is probable that a larger proportion of our native Americans are wholly free from the drinking habit now than at any previous time in our history.

"From September, 1791, to the same month, 1792, there were consumed (in the United States) 11,008,447 gallons of wines and distilled spirits, which would be two and a half gallons for every human being in the young republic."\* If we push our inquiries still further back into the habits of our English ancestors we meet with startling facts and figures. In 1688, the year of the English Revolution, the people of England, then numbering a little over

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\* "First Century of Our Republic," p. 478.

five millions, drank 12,400,000 barrels of ale. Fifty years later, spirituous liquors had supplanted the national beverage, with great damage; for it is certain that the eleven million gallons of gin annually consumed by Englishmen, about the middle of the eighteenth century, hurt them far more than the twelve million barrels of beer that they drank every year when William of Orange was king. The brutal and frightful character of the drunkenness of that period is vividly described by Mr. Lecky :

"Retailers of gin were accustomed to hang out painted boards, announcing that their customers could be made drunk for a penny and dead drunk for twopence, and should have stow for nothing; and cellars strewn with straw were accordingly provided, into which those who had become insensible were dragged, and where they remained till they were sufficiently recovered to renew their orgies."\*

Bishop Benson, in a letter written from London about this time, testified: "There is not only no safety of living in this town, but scarcely any in the country now, robbery and murder are grown so frequent. Our people are now become what they never before were, cruel and inhuman. These accursed spirituous liquors, which, to the shame of our government, are so easy to be had, and in such quantities drunk, have changed the very nature of the people, and they will, if continued to be drunk, destroy the very race of people themselves."

These glimpses of the past show us that drunkenness is not a growing evil--that, in this respect at least, the times are far less bad than once they were.

It is not, however, necessary to ascribe the largest share of this improvement to the professional temperance reformers. Very few of the great reforms that have been wrought are chiefly due to the men whose names have been most famous in connection with them. The Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century produced Luther, not Luther the Reformation. And, while it was not true of Luther, is often true, that the people who are noisiest in the front of any great movement really obstruct it more than they help it on. They lead it in the same sense that the winrow of crashing rubbish and debris pushed on by the Williamsburg flood may be said to have led the flood. The fable of the fly on the cartwheel is one that many of these zealous souls should study well.

The agencies by which temperance is best promoted in these times are not those which are specially devoted to the work. It is in ways altogether indirect that the best part of this work is done. The improved machinery of poor-relief, by which beggary is discouraged and lazy people are forced to work for their livelihood, is a mighty aid to temperance. Children who beg almost invariably

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\* "History of the Eighteenth Century," p. 518.

have drunken parents; and so long as the children are suffered to beg the parents will continue to drink. The suppression of beggary helps to diminish drunkenness.

Improvement in tenement houses is a great aid in restraining intemperance. The squalor and the filth and the foul air of the places where drunkards live are causes quite as much as they are effects of drunkenness. It is among the very poor that intemperance is most prevalent, and most fatal; and the drinking habit among this class is often the consequence of wretched external conditions. Everything that is done to make the houses of the poorest people more healthful and cheerful is a great aid to temperance.

The growth of the new charity, that seeks to bring the well-to-do classes into personal contact with the needy and the destitute; that sends the visitor as a friend to the homes of the poor, to enter into their life by sympathy, and help them, not by doles, but by judicious counsel and practical assistance, toward a better manner of living, has already done much, and is certain to do a great deal more, for the suppression of intemperance.

Above all, the constant service of the Christian church, in witnessing against the minding of the flesh, and in exalting the spiritual nature of man, has been the great agency in promoting temperance reform. Nothing is more common than to hear from the lips of professional temperance "workers" denunciations of the churches. I have rarely attended a temperance meeting in which it has not been declared or intimated that the churches are the great foes of the temperance reform. The reason of this is obvious. The temperance reform is identified in the mind of the temperance "worker" with some special methods or cries; and if the churches do not join him in these he infers that they are hostile to temperance. If he goes to church and does not hear the minister mention the pledge, or total abstinence, or the prohibitory law, he thinks that the minister is not a friend of temperance. The temperance "worker," if he were a physician, would cure neuralgia or boils solely by local applications; he would denounce the practice which undertook to deal with such disorders constitutionally. He thinks that the only remedy for intemperance is a direct attack upon the drinking habit, and the prescription of some of his legal or volitional specifics. It is needless to say that many of the wisest of the clergy differ from him in their diagnosis, and in their method of treatment. It seems to them that the difficulty lies deeper than any imperfection in the statutes or any social usage; and that the cure must be much more radical than that contemplated by the temperance "workers." They suppose themselves, therefore, to be promoting temperance in the most effective way when they show men the tyranny of the lower appetites, the strength of evil habit, the peril arising from the subjection of the spirit to the flesh, and the need of supernatural aid in escaping from this bondage. By all that they can do to arouse the

nobler sentiments, to show men how weak wills can be strengthened, and to set before men the alluring hopes and ideals of the gospel, they believe that they are helping to save men from the curse of intemperance. Filling the soil with good seed they have sometimes found the most effective method of preventing the growth of noxious weeds. Moreover, in their study of human nature, they have been led to believe that the will is often more easily moved when it is indirectly addressed; and that a steady hammering at any one fault is very apt to deaden the conscience of the hearer. It is because of his recognition of these principles that the intelligent and faithful minister of the gospel is sometimes less pliant to the exactions of temperance "organizers" and "workers" than they desire. It is because the remedy which he seeks to apply is constitutional rather than local, that he earns the distrust of those who esteem themselves the only reliable friends of temperance. Nevertheless this quieter, broader and more radical work that is done by the churches is the foundation of all temperance reform. No other agency can accomplish a tithe of what the Christian church is now accomplishing in the restraint of drunkenness. And the most effectual way, if the temperance "workers" knew it, of promoting the cause dear to them, is to help the churches in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is not, therefore, by organizations exclusively devoted to the work that temperance has been most effectively promoted in the past, or will be most effectively promoted in the future. Nevertheless, such organizations will continue to exist, and may be very useful. The appearance of a new one, under the patronage of many well-known names, challenges our attention. Many other societies have soon outlived their usefulness; this one may have a better career before it. It claims to be a new departure, and this, for several reasons, is an encouraging assurance.

There are quite a number of things which a new temperance society may well depart from. One of them is the habit of misrepresentation and abuse into which the majority of temperance "workers" have fallen. As a class, these people are more intolerant and uncharitable in their speech than any other class of respectable people that I have known. There are notable exceptions, but this is the general rule. If the new society will depart from censoriousness, many will cry God-speed to it.

Another thing from which the new society ought to separate itself is a certain slovenliness of statement. Let its lecturers be exhorted to study history, and not to despise logic. It is frequently stated, for example, in the temperance meetings, that all these vast evils of drunkenness are due to the licensing system. That is not true. Worse evils, of the same nature, existed before any licensing system was ever known, and the same class of evils even now exist, to a considerable extent, when licenses are not granted. Drunkenness

is not produced by statute, and no statute can cure it. Some laws may be better than others; the question which is most effective is a question that must be settled by experience, and not by intuition. Neither is the familiar statement true that "the liquor traffic" is to blame for all these evils. Such evils exist when there is no liquor traffic, and would exist if the liquor traffic were wholly suppressed. Ponder these words of Jean Ingelow: "Do you think that if every drop of whisky, gin, and ale could be sunk into the sea, and the trade in liquor stopped, it would make people sober? No. It might, with every other aid that could be thought of, put an end to half the drunkenness; but it is a natural instinct in man to long for stimulus when he is overworked or weary or sad, and *the other half would all turn brewers or distillers on their own account.* You cannot undo the evil work of many generations with a few rough-and-ready schemes; you must be patient and painstaking, and you must not, above all, try to shove off the blame on other men's shoulders." Let the orators of the new departure try to grasp some of these larger truths, and to state with a little more precision the real nature of the work before us.

A third practice of temperance advocates from which it would be well for the new departure to get away as fast and as far as possible is the practice of representing the environment as almost everything, and the individual as almost nothing. This is partly involved in what I have said, but I wish to draw closer attention to it. The well-nigh uniform representation of temperance talkers is that men are practically helpless in the presence of temptation. They do not often say this in so many words, but the impression which they convey by what they say to the minds of those who listen is precisely this. They have fallen into the habit of putting so much stress upon the sin of placing temptation before men, and upon the dangers to which men are exposed through such temptations, that they either ignore or greatly belittle the responsibility and the power of men to resist temptation. I think that any man on whom the drinking habit was beginning to fasten, who should regularly attend the average temperance meeting, would get the impression, as he listened, that the resistance of temptation was hardly expected of him; that if, on going out from the meeting he should find the door of a dram-shop open he would be expected to walk in. This habit of regarding every drinking man as the victim of his environment is part of the logic of prohibition; and the effect of it in weakening the moral sense of men has been baneful in the extreme. Of course, we are bound to do what we can to remove temptation from the ways of the weak and the unwary; but this can never be completely done; temptation will remain after we have done our best, and it is more important and more practical to brace a man for the resisting of evil than to spend all our strength in trying to take away all the evil from his environment. Professional temperance "workers," as a class, put the

emphasis of their teachings on that which is least feasible and least important, and by so doing they not only fail of their end, but give to men an utterly distorted view of the whole subject. The gospel of imbecility that they have so diligently preached has been a savor of death unto death to many.

If the new Boston society will steadfastly depart from these three bad methods, to which so many of its predecessors have been addicted, it will give to sensible men everywhere a chance to say a good word for it. This, if we may trust its promises, it will endeavor to do.

It gives us other and more positive assurances. It will attempt to secure "the *co-operation* of temperance men and women in promoting temperance and suppressing intemperance." That *would* be a new departure indeed. The more common method is to make a platform so narrow, and to adopt a line of operations so impracticable, that those who have no breath to spend in barking at the moon cannot co-operate.

One of the methods of suppressing intemperance to which this society proposes to resort is "the enforcement of the laws." That, too, is a line of work to which professional temperance "workers," outside of Maine, have not given much energy. Indeed, it is often the avowed wish, as it is more frequently the outspoken desire of persons of this class, that no laws that are not wholly prohibitory should be thoroughly enforced. The less stringently they are executed, the more grievously drunkenness flourishes under them, the sooner they will be superseded by a prohibitory law. This is the logic. Accordingly, when efforts are made to secure a more stringent execution of existing laws, we often find those who esteem themselves the only reliable temperance men doing what they can to divide the sentiment of decent people, and thus to hinder the undertaking. A petition is presented to the municipal government asking that no tipping places be licensed. In favor of this petition a strong array of respectable signatures—even of those who are neither total abstainers nor prohibitionists—can be marshaled. It would seem that this end was worth uniting to gain—even though something better might be desired. And, under existing laws in several States, this end can be gained with no difficulty. All that is needed is a combination of orderly and decent people to secure it. But when this is attempted, the temperance "workers" are often found circulating other petitions, asking that no licenses at all be granted. They have the best reasons for knowing that this request will not be heeded; the only apparent object of their movement is to prevent a solid and influential expression of public opinion. Such tactics have been successful more than once in defeating moderate and practicable measures for the suppression of drunkenness.

Now, there can be no question but that a vigorous enforcement of existing laws in most of the communities would do a great deal of

good. Here in Massachusetts, for example, it would shut up all the tippling places. Our law does not contemplate the licensing of any open bar, or of any grog shop in which the selling of liquor is the only real business. The licensing of every such place is a violation of law. If our law were enforced, no liquor would be sold to minors, nor to intoxicated persons, nor to habitual drunkards; and none could be sold on Sundays, nor between twelve o'clock at night and six in the morning. So far as these clauses are concerned the law is prohibitory. If these prohibitory clauses of the law were vigorously enforced, and if the meaning of the law with respect to the licensing of tippling places were also insisted on, a very large share of the mischief done by the sale of liquors would be prevented. The law could be enforced if decent people would half try, and if "leading" temperance folks would not hinder. The prohibitory clauses could not be perfectly executed, of course; no law is perfectly executed; but they could be made a great deal more stringent in operation than they now are. It could be made so dangerous to sell liquor to boys, and to intoxicated persons, and on Sundays, that few men would venture to do it. This would be an immense gain, and if our friends of the new departure secure the co-operation of temperance men and women in enforcing these express provisions of the laws, they will deserve well of the Commonwealth. They will not, by such measures, bring the millennium; that will not be produced by statute or proclamation; but they will do something toward clearing the way for it.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

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### GLASTONBURY BRITISH AND ENGLISH.\*

In taking the chair of this society for the second time, and in taking it in such a place as that where we are now met, I find the course of the opening address which you look for from the mouth of your President chalked out for me by the nature of the place itself. We have sometimes met in places of less historical renown, whose local story would hardly supply materials for an address of this kind. In such places we are driven to say less of the particular spot where we were met, and more of the general subjects of our studies. It is otherwise in the place where we are come together to-day. Here, at Glastonbury, we have assuredly no lack of work before us, even if we keep ourselves to the history of Glastonbury only. It is not my business to-day to speak of the details of the history of Glaston-

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\* Read as the President's opening address at the meeting of the Somerset Archaeological and Natural History Society at Glastonbury, August 17, 1890. The main aspect of Glastonbury history here worked out more fully, was hinted at in the article on "The Shire and the Ga," in *Macmillan* for April, 1890.



bury, still less to speak of the details of its buildings. Nor shall I have time to follow the history of Glastonbury for more than a few stages of its long historic being. And, as I feel no call to parade my ignorance by talking about what I do not understand, least of all am I tempted to hold forth on the geological peculiarities of the district. Still, the country has natural features which must force themselves even on an untechnical eye, and those natural features are closely connected with the history. More truly they are the key to the history, the causes of the history. I shall do best to keep myself to those features in local history and legends which are most distinctive, which are in truth altogether unique, and which give the spot on which we stand an historic character unlike that of any other spot.

We will ask, then, first of all, What is the history of Glastonbury? Every one can answer at once that it is the history of a great monastery. The history of Glastonbury is the history of its abbey. Without its abbey, Glastonbury were nothing. The history of Glastonbury is not as the history of York, or Chester, or Lincoln, or Exeter; it is not as the history of Bristol, or Oxford, or Norwich, or Coventry. It is not the stirring history of a great city or of a great military post. The military, the municipal, and the commercial history of Glastonbury might be written in a small compass, and it would very largely belong to modern times. The history of Glastonbury is a purely ecclesiastical history, a history like that of Wells and Lichfield, of Peterborough, and Crowland. Again, unlike the history of Wells and Lichfield, but like the history of Peterborough and Crowland, it is a purely monastic history. No one who has read the signatures to the Great Charter can fail to know that there have been bishops of Glastonbury; but Glastonbury looked on its bishops as only momentary intruders, and was glad to pay a great price to get rid of them. But even the short reign of the bishops did not affect the purely monastic character of Glastonbury; no one ever tried at Glastonbury, as was tried at Winchester, at Coventry, and at Malmesbury, to displace the monks in favor of secular priests. But again, among monastic histories, the history of Glastonbury has a character of its own which is wholly unique. I will not insult its venerable age by so much as contrasting it with the foundations of yesterday which arose under the influence of the Cistercian movement, which have covered some parts of England with the loveliest of ruins in the loveliest of sites, but which play but a small part indeed in the history of this church and realm. Glastonbury is something more than Netley and Tintern, than Rievaulx and Fountains. But it is something more again than the Benedictine houses which arose at the bidding of the Norman Conqueror, of his house or of his companions. It is something more than Selby and Battle, than Shrewsbury and Reading. It is, in its own special aspect, something more even than that royal minster of Saint Peter, the crowning-place of Harold and of William,

which came to supplant Glastonbury as the burial-place of kings. Nay, it stands out distinct, as having a special character of its own, even among the great and venerable foundations of English birth, which were already great and venerable when the Conqueror came. There is something at Glastonbury which there is not at Peterborough and Crowland and Evesham, in the two minsters of Canterbury and the two minsters of Winchester. Those are the works of our own people; they go back to the days of our ancient kingship; they go back, some of them, to the days of our earliest Christianity; but they go back no further. We know their beginnings; we know their founders; their history, their very legends, do not dare to trace up their very foundations beyond the time of our coming into this island. Winchester indeed has a tale which carries up the sanctity of the spot to Lucius the King and Eleutherius the Pope; but legend itself does not attempt to bridge over the whole space, or to deny that, whatever Lucius and Eleutherius may have done, Cenwealh and Birinus had to do over again, as though it had never been done. The mighty house of Saint Alban, in its site, in its name, in the very materials of its gigantic minster, carries us back beyond the days of our own being in this land. But it is only in its site, in its name, in its materials, that it does so. If the church of Roman Alban was built of Roman bricks on the site of Alban's martyrdom, it was built by English and Norman hands; it was built because an English king had of his own choice thought good to honor the saint of another people who had died ages before his time. But there is no historic or even legendary continuity between the days of Alban the saint and the days of Offa the founder. It is at Glastonbury, alone among the great churches of Britain—we instinctively feel that on this spot the name of England is out of place—that we walk with easy steps, with no thought of any impassable barrier, from the realm of Arthur into the realm of Ine. Here alone does legend take upon itself to go up, not only to the beginnings of English Christianity, but to the beginnings of Christianity itself. Here alone do the early memories of the other nations and other Churches of the British Islands gather round a holy place which long possession at least made English. Here alone, alongside of the memory and the tombs of West-Saxon princes who broke the power of the Northman, there still abides the memory, for ages there was shown the tomb, of the British prince who, if he did not break, at least checked for a generation, the advancing power of the West-Saxon. The church which was the resting place of Eadgar, of his father and of his grandson, claimed to be also the resting place of Arthur. But at Glastonbury this is a small matter. The legends of the spot go back to the days of the Apostles. We are met at the very beginning by the names of Saint Philip and Saint James, of the twelve disciples, with Joseph of Arimathea at their head. Had Wells or even Bath laid claim

to such an illustrious antiquity, their claims might have been laughed to scorn by the most ignorant; at Glastonbury such claims, if not easy to prove, were at least not easy to disprove. If the Belgian Venta claims ten parts in her own Lucius, the isle of Avalon claims some smaller share in him. We read the tale of Fagan and Deruvian; we read of Indractus and Gildas, and Patrick and David, and Columb and Bridget, all dwellers in or visitors to the first spot where the Gospel had shone in Britain. No fiction, no dream, could have dared to set down the names of so many worthies of the earlier races of the British islands in the Liber Vitæ of Durham or of Peterborough. Now, I do not ask you to believe these legends; I do ask you to believe that there was some special cause why legends of this kind should grow, at all events why they should grow in such a shape and in such abundance, round Glastonbury alone of all the great monastic churches of Britain. And I ask you to come on to something more like history. Elsewhere even forged charters do not venture to go beyond the days of Æthelberht. But Glastonbury professed to have a charter dating, as far as chronology goes, only from the days of Æthelberht, but which claimed, truly or falsely, to belong to a state of things which in Kent would carry us back before the days of Hengest. In one page of his history William of Malmesbury records a charter of the year 601 granted by a king of Damnonia whose name he could not make out, to an abbot whose name—will our Welsh friends, if any are here to-day, forgive him?—at once proclaimed his British barbarism.\* Then follows a charter of 670 of our own West-Saxon Cenwealh. Then follows one of 678 of Centwine the King, then one of Baldred the King, then the smaller and greater charters of Ine the glorious King. Except the difficulty of making out his name, there is nothing to hint that any greater gap parted the unknown Damnonian from Cenwealh than that which parted Cenwealh from Centwine, Baldred, and Ine. One, to be sure, is King of Damnonia, another is King of the West-Saxons. But that might be a mere change of title, as when the King of the West-Saxons grew into the King of the English. The feeling with which we read that page of William of Malmesbury's History of Glastonbury is the same as that with which we read one of those lists of Emperors in which Charles the Great succeeds Constantine the Sixth, with no sign of break or change. It is the feeling with which we read those endless entries in Domesday, from which we might be led to believe that William the Conqueror was the peaceful successor of Eadward the Confessor. In this, as in ten thousand other cases, the language of formal documents would by itself never

\* See the alleged charter in Gale's edition, 308. Hearne, 48. The date is given as 601, the king is described as "Rex Domnoniæ," and it is added, "Quis iste rex fuerit scedula vetustas negat scire." There is a curious marginal note in Hearne's edition.

lead us to understand the great facts and revolutions which lurk beneath their formal language.

But we must stop to see what legends and documents prove as well as what they do not prove. We need not believe that the Glastonbury legends are records of facts; but the existence of those legends is a very great fact. I will not as yet search into the genuineness of either the Damnonian or the West-Saxon document. They are equally good for my purpose, even if both of them can be shown to be forgeries. The point is this. Compare Glastonbury and Canterbury. We have no legends tracing up the foundation of Christ Church or Saint Augustine's to the days of the Apostles, or to the days of any Roman emperor or British king. Instead of such legends we have a bit, perhaps, of genuine history, at all events of highly-probable tradition, which seems to show that, in setting up new churches for men of English race, some regard was paid to the still-remembered sites and ruins which had once been the churches of men of Roman or English race.\* In most places we do not find even this much of remembrance of the state of things which had passed away; at Canterbury we do find this much. But this is widely different from the absolute continuity of the Glastonbury legends, in which Joseph of Arimathea and Dunstan appear as actors in different scenes of the same drama. So again, at Canterbury no monk of Christ Church or Saint Augustine's, not the most daring forger that ever took pen in hand, would have dared to put forward a charter of Vortigern in favor of his house, immediately followed by a charter of Hengest. In Kent at least the temporal conquest of the Briton by the Jute, the spiritual conquest of Jute by the Roman, were too clearly stamped on the memories of men, they were too clearly written in the pages of Bæda, to allow of any confusion about such matters. There at least men knew that, if the reign of Woden had given way to the reign of Christ and Gregory, the reign of Christ and Cæsar had once given way to the reign of Woden. There at least the great gulf of Teutonic conquest still yawned too wide for either legends or documents to bridge it over. But here, in the isle of Avalon, legends and documents go on as if no such gulf had ever yawned at all. The truth is that this unbroken continuity of legends—it matters not whether true or false—of documents—it matters not whether genuine or spurious—is the surest witness of the fact that in the isle of Avalon Teutonic conquest meant something widely different from what it meant in the isle of Thanet. In our Glastonbury story Teutonic conquest goes simply for nothing. My argument is that it could not have gone for nothing, even in the mind of an inventor of legends or a forger of documents, unless it had been, to say the least, something much less frightful on the banks of the Brue than it was on the

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\* See Bæda, i, 33.

banks of the Stour. I argue that the coming of our forefathers was not here, as it was there, something which made an utter break between the days before it and the days after it. It was a mighty change indeed, but still a change through which men and their institutions might contrive to live, and did not simply perish or flee away, leaving behind them only feeble memories or shattered ruins.

The simple truth then is this, that, among all the greater churches of England, Glastonbury is the only one where we may be content to lay aside the name of England and to fall back on the older name of Britain. It is the one great religious foundation which lived through the storm of English conquest, and in which Briton and Englishman have an equal share. At no other place do we so fully stand face to face with the special history of the land from the Axe south-westward. Nowhere else can we so fully take in the fact of the living on of a certain Celtic element under Teutonic rule, the process by which the Britons of this land were neither wholly slaughtered nor wholly driven out, but were to a great extent, step by step, assimilated with Englishmen. Nowhere else in short do we so clearly see the state of things which is pictured to us as still fresh in the laws of Ine, but which had come to an end before the putting forth of the laws of Ælfred. The church of Glastonbury, founded by the Briton, honored and enriched by the Englishman, is the material memorial of the days when Briton and Englishman, conquered and conqueror, lived under the same law, though not in equal law, under the same protection, though not an equal protection, on the part of the West-Saxon king.\* Nowhere is there the same unbroken continuity, at all events of religious life. At Canterbury Christ was worshiped by the Englishman on the same spot on which he had been worshiped by the Briton. But there was a time between, a time in which, on the same spot, or on some spot not far from it, Englishmen had bowed to Woden. But there never was a moment when men of any race bowed to Woden in the isle of Avalon. Men had doubtless bowed, in days which in Cenwealh's days were ancient, to the gods of Briton and the Roman; but no altars ever smoked to our Teutonic gods within the shores of the holy island or on the peak of the holy hill which soars above it. The cause of the difference is a simple one. We read in the Chronicle thirteen years before that fight at the pens which made this land English—"Her Cenwealh was gefulod."<sup>†</sup> The Teutonic conqueror of Avalon was one who had been himself washed, enlightened, made whole, in other words baptized into the faith of Christ. Those whom he conquered were his brethren. He came therefore not, as Hengest and Ælle, simply to de-

\* This is the character of the laws of Ine as regards the relations of the two races. I hinted at this characteristic of his stage in the West-Saxon history in my article on "The Shire and the Ga."

<sup>†</sup> See the Chronicles under the year 646.

stroy. In other parts of the West-Saxon realm the coming of Cerdic and Ceawlin had been as fearful as the coming of Hengest and Ælle. But Avalon and the coasts thereof, the land of the Sumorsætan from the Axe westward, was the prize of a conqueror who was Hengest and Æthelberht in one. Under him the bounds of English conquest were still enlarged; but English conquest no longer meant death or slavery to the conquered, it no longer meant the plunder and overthrow of the temples of the Christian faith. The victor of Bradford and the Pens had, before he marched forth to victory, done over again what men fondly deemed to be the work of Lucius; he had timbered the old church at Winchester.\* He was therefore ready to spare, to protect, to enrich, to cherish as the choicest trophy of his conquest, the church which he found already timbered to his hand in Ynysvitrin.

And now what will be said if, after all this, I go on to tell you that I am strongly inclined to the belief that Glastonbury, with all its long legendary history, is not a foundation of any astounding antiquity? I believe that, in mere point of years, it may very likely be younger than Christ Church at Canterbury. Such was the idea which was thrown out by Dr. Guest at Salisbury in 1849, and which I hinted at at Sherborne in 1874.† If ever anything bore on the face of it the stamp of utter fiction, it is what professes to be the early history of Glastonbury. It is going too far when the tale brings in such an amazing gathering of saints from all times and places to shed their luster on a single spot. Setting aside the Apostles and Joseph of Arimathea and King Lucius, the object is too apparent by which Patrick, and David, and Columb, and Bridget and a crowd of others are all carried into the isle of Avalon. It is too much in the style of the process which invented a translation of Dunstan's body from Canterbury to Glastonbury, which I think that Dr. Stubbs will back me in setting down as pure fiction.‡ It is too much in the style of that amazing Joseph-worship which sprang up in the fifteenth century, while in the earlier legend Saint Joseph holds a very modest place among the other worthies of the spot. This legendary history will be found in two works of the same writer, in the first book of William of Malmesbury's *History of the Kings* and in his special treatise on the antiquity of the church of Glastonbury. The main story is much the same in the two, but there is a good deal of difference in the way of telling it, and also in many of the details. The *History of the Kings* was written apart from any special Glastonbury influences, and it gives the legend in a comparatively moderate shape. The tale contains plenty that is

\* *Chronicles* 643.

† *Proceedings of the Archaeological Institute, Salisbury Volume*, pp. 58, 59. *Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society for 1874*, p. 38.

‡ *Stubbs, Dunstan*, lxi.

purely fictitious; but fiction is as it were kept in some degree of order by being imbedded in a work of which the main substance is historical. But the treatise on the Antiquity of the church of Glastonbury is a work of another kind. It is beyond all doubt a case of history written to order, with a well-defined object. But that object was not the simple setting forth of the genuine truth. The writer's business was to put in a clear and attractive shape such stories as the Glastonbury monks of his day told him. Wonderful things, to be sure, they did tell him; but I want you specially to remark that they did not tell him the same things which they would have told him a very few years later. The object of the stories which they told him was to exalt the glory and the antiquity of Glastonbury; it was not to exalt the glory of Arthur, or in any way to connect Glastonbury and Arthur together. A few years after William of Malmesbury wrote, the wonderful tale of his younger cotemporary Geoffrey of Monmouth had come into vogue. But when William of Malmesbury wrote, the tale of Geoffrey had not yet come into vogue, if it had been written or thought of at all. As we see from several passages in the *History of the Kings*, the fame of Arthur was great and growing; but it had not yet reached its full height. When it did reach its full height in the hands of Geoffrey we see its effect at Glastonbury. Not long after the complete legend of Arthur had been invented the tomb of Arthur was fittingly invented also.\* The version of the early history of the place which William of Malmesbury had written when the object was to exalt the glory of Glastonbury; it was not specially to connect it with Arthur, no longer suited those who had an interest in the new form of the story. His original work, wonderful enough in itself, was further interpolated to suit the new local creed. The name of Arthur appears in the *History of the Kings*, in several passages which have no reference to Glastonbury, but in no passage which has a reference to Glastonbury. Least of all does William, in the *History of the Kings*, look on Glastonbury as the burial-place of Arthur, for he distinctly says that the burial-place of Arthur was unknown.† We must then, I think, unhesitatingly cast away, as the interpolation of some Glastonbury monk, a passage in his *Glastonbury History*, in which he is made to assert the burial of Arthur at Glastonbury. For this directly contradicts the deliberate statement of his *gaver* work. But I shall not object if any one chooses to claim as a genuine piece of William of Malmesbury a passage in which Arthur appears simply as one prince and one benefactor among others, where he is made to found certain monks in memory of the valiant Ider, who overthrew the giants who infested Brent Knoll—then, doubtless, like our other knolls, great and small, an island, and which, it seems, then was

\* See the account of the invention of 1191, in Roger of Wendover, 348; Ralph of Coggeshall, 36; Giraldus de *Instructiōe Principum*, ix. p. 192.

† *Gesta Regum*, iii. 288.

known as the mount of frogs.\* Such a story is very silly, very mythical; it sounds very much like an interpolation; but it is just possible that William of Malmesbury may have heard it at Glastonbury and written it down; for it at least does not contradict anything in the History of the Kings. We must carefully distinguish between two sets of legends, both of which are about equally untrustworthy, but which are put together with quite different purposes. It is the more needful to distinguish them because the second set of tales comes so very closely upon the heels of the first. William of Malmesbury and Geoffrey of Monmouth were both alive, very likely they were both writing, at the same moment. But William, while he had his own stories of Arthur, knew nothing of those more famous stories of Arthur which Geoffrey presently gave to the world.

I look then on the Glastonbury History of William of Malmesbury, even as he wrote it, as essentially legendary; but I do not at all deny that these legends, like other legends, may very likely contain here and there some kernel of truth. But if we are in search, not of mere kernels of truth, but of direct statements of fact, we may safely cast aside everything earlier than the first year of the seventh century. We may see our first bit of anything savoring of real history in the grant of the Damnonian King whose name so puzzled William of Malmesbury, but which Dr. Guest, with the greatest likelihood, supplies as Gwrgan Varvtrwch.† Dr. Guest holds that Glastonbury did not become the head sanctuary of the Britons till after the loss of Ambresbury. It is hard to rule such a point; but do not let any one think that if this date of 601 should be accepted as marking the beginning of the greatness of Glastonbury, it therefore necessarily marks the beginning of the existence of Glastonbury, even as the place of a religious foundation, much less as a place of human dwelling. We may be sure that such a site as Glastonbury, a site which had so many attractions in early times, was inhabited from a very early time indeed, though ages may have passed before its name found a place in history or legend. I might not have thought it needful to give this warning, had I not seen some pains taken to prove that the site of Taunton was inhabited before Ine. It certainly never came into my head that the fact that Æthelburh was the first to found a town and fortress there ‡ could be taken as meaning that no human being had ever lived there before. I certainly did not rate the common sense of the Britons so low as to think that if they had a chance of occupying Taunton Dene, they would not gladly take advantage of it. In the like sort, I was once greatly taken to task for speaking of the first appearance of Bristol in history in the eleventh century, as if I had meant to fix

\* Gale, 807; Hearne, 47. "In montem ranarum, nunc dictum Brentecol, ubi tres gigantes malefactis famosissimos esse didicerat."

† *Archæological Journal*, vol. xvi. p. 129.

‡ See the *Chronicles*, 722.



that time as the date of the foundation of Bristol. Now, that first historical mention of Bristol set it before us as already an important haven, and it did not come into my head that it could be needful to explain that a place does not become an important haven all in a moment. But, to avoid any more such misunderstandings, let me explain that the first time when a place is mentioned in history—unless its first settlement is the thing which is mentioned about it—is no more likely to be the time of its first settlement than the time when a man is first mentioned in history is likely to be the time of his birth. And I am not sure that there may not be some need to guard against this last error. We do in a manner often practically think that a man was born at the time when we first hear of him. We forget that he must commonly have done many things, that he must have done the things which did most to form his character, before he did the things which won him a place in history. Who connects the name of Archbishop Laud with the reign of Elizabeth? Yet he passed thirty years of his life under her reign, and those thirty years must have been mainly the time which made him what he was. So if I fix 601 as the likely date for the beginning of a great monastery on this spot, let me repeat that no one need take me as fixing that year as the date of the coming of the first human being, of the coming of the first Christian man, or even as the coming of the first monk. I only say that this entry of 601 is the first which has any likeness of historical truth. And indeed this first entry, if we can at all trust its words, points, not to the setting up of anything absolutely new, but to the enlarging and enriching of something which was there already. The king—Gwrgan, we will say—is made to give Ynysvitrin to the old church.\* Now the “old church” may simply mean old in the time of William of Malmesbury, not old in the time of Gwrgan. But the grant of Ynysvitrin, that is, of Glastonbury itself, strikes me as having a special force. Gwrgan may have found a church, he may have found a monastery, already in the island. But it is he who is represented as giving the monastery its great temporal position; it is he who first makes the island itself a monastic island. Now, this kind of statement has at least a negative force. It fixes our date one way. The document may be forged; the grant may be imaginary; the position bestowed by the grant may not have begun till much later. But we may be quite sure that it did not begin earlier. I am inclined to attribute to the document a higher value than this. Let it even be a forgery; I do not believe that anybody would go forging charters of Gwrgan—they might have forged charters of Arthur—unless they had seen or heard of a real charter of Gwrgan. And a forger would most likely have written the name of his king clearly enough for William of

\* The words are, “Terram, quæ appellatur Yneswitrin, ad ecclesiam vetustam concessit, quæ ibi sita est, ob petitionem Worgræt abbatis, in quinque cassatis.”

Malmesbury to read it. I am therefore disposed to attach some positive importance to the entry of 601. But in any case it has a negative importance; it gets rid of all earlier claims of the monastic house of Ynysvitrin to have held the temporal possession of the soil of Ynysvitrin.

There is another quite independent legend which seems to me to fall in with a belief in the earlier existence of Ynysvitrin, but which sets Ynysvitrin before us in a state quite unlike that of the seat of a great monastic body. This is the story contained in the "Life of St. Gildas."\* The date and author of the piece are uncertain; but, as Mr. Stevenson remarks with great force, it must be older than the great days of the fame of Arthur; that is, it must be older than Geoffrey of Monmouth. It gives us a familiar part of the Arthurian story in a much earlier and simpler shape than that in which we used to see it. In this story, Arthur is not conqueror of the world; he is not even King of all Britain; he is simply "tyrant" in Cornwall and Devonshire. His overlord is Meluas, who is king in the "æstiva regio," that is surely in Somerset. We must of course take the word "tyrant" neither in its old Greek sense nor in its common modern sense; it must be taken in that later Latin sense in which it means a rebel prince, one who has set himself up against a lawful emperor or king. And so, directly after the place where he is called tyrant, Arthur is more distinctly called "rex rebellis." But the lawful king has done the tyrant a great private wrong by carrying off his wife Guenever. He has carried her off to Ynysvitrin, to keep her safe in the inaccessible island, where he is presently besieged by the tyrant Arthur with a countless host of the men of Cornwall and Devonshire. At this moment Gildas comes to the island, an exile, driven by the pirates of Orkney—vikings put a little out of their place—from his hermitage on the Steep Holm, where for seven years he had lived on fish and birds' eggs. He wrote, as we know, a "*Liber Querulus*;" one might expect that, if it was during this time of his life that he wrote it, it would be a "*Liber Querulus*." He now sails up to Ynysvitrin; he is there received by the abbot; he reconciles the two kings by persuading Meluas to give up Guenever; they become sworn brothers, and promise for the future to obey the abbot.

Now I hold this "Life" to be purely legendary, if for no other cause, yet for this, that it represents Gildas as having a great deal to do with Arthur. Gildas himself, while speaking of so many other British princes, has not, in his extant writings, one word to say about Arthur. The tyrant of Cornwall, even if he won the fight of Badbury, was clearly, in the eyes of Gildas, a much smaller person than Maelgwyn of Gwynedd, the great dragon of the isle of Dywyganwy. Giraldus indeed gives a good reason for this silence.

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\* P. xxxix, ed. Stevenson.

He explains how Gildas actually wrote a book of the acts of Arthur; but, having a private quarrel with the king, he threw his book into the sea. I venture to look on this as simply an attempt to account for the silence of Gildas about Arthur,\* and I look on any story which brings Gildas and Arthur together as legendary on the face of it. But this legend, like many other legends, preserves unconsciously a kernel of truth. I must not hide the fact that there is another passage in the "Life" which speaks of Arthur as "rex totius majoris Brittanniæ."† But this only makes the other passage more precious. The two descriptions come from different sources. The writer, clearly writing in days when the fame of Arthur was growing but had not yet reached its full height, preserved, without marking the inconsistency, an older story which painted Arthur in a much lowlier guise. The tyrant Arthur, in rebellion against the king of the "æstiva regio," is something which neither the biographer of Gildas nor any one else would have invented; it must be a bit of genuine tradition. And that tradition represents Glastonbury as a place to which a king who carried off the wife of one of his under-kings was likely to carry her. This is not the picture of Glastonbury to which we are used. If any later king, any of our West-Saxon kings, had designed such a crime as that of Meluas, he would not have chosen Glastonbury as the scene of it. The wildest scandal-monger did not make Eadgar take Wulfthryth or Ælfthryth to the old home of Dunstan. The story indeed brings in an abbot; but the abbot is most likely brought in simply because men could not conceive Glastonbury in any age without an abbot. The value of a tale of this kind always lies in those parts which are most likely to have happened, because they are least likely to have been invented. I am very far from pledging myself to the historical truth of the statement that Meluas carried off Guenever, wife of the tyrant Arthur, and hid her in the isle of Avalon. But I do say that that statement belongs to a stage of Arthurian legend much earlier than any of those to which we are used. I do believe that, whether it does or does not preserve a memory of real facts, it does preserve a memory of a real state of things. It helps us to a picture of the isle of Avalon very different either from the Glastonbury of Eadgar or from the Ynysvitrin of Gwrgan.

We get another incidental notice of early Glastonbury in a better quarter than the "Life of Gildas." This is in the "Life of Dunstan" by a Saxon from the old Saxony, edited by Dr. Stubbs. We here find that, in the days of Dunstan's youth, Irish pilgrims, learned men from whose books Dunstan himself learned much, were in the habit of coming to Glastonbury to worship at the tomb of one of their own worthies, either the elder or the younger Patrick.‡

\* Descriptio Kambri, li. 2; vol. vi., p. 209, ed. Dilmock.

† P. xxxiv.

‡ Stubbs, *Lunstan*, p. 10.

It was therefore believed in Ireland that Glastonbury was the resting-place of an ancient Irish saint. Now, such a belief as this could not have taken root if the connection between Glastonbury and the elder Celtic Church had been the invention of West-Saxon monks at any time between Cenwealh and Dunstan. Surely nothing but an independent Irish tradition could have led Irish pilgrims across the sea. This tradition clearly sets Glastonbury before us as being already a holy place even before Gwrgan. But it is quite consistent with the belief that it was Gwrgan who raised Ynysvitrin to be, according to the British formula, one of the three great choirs of the isle of Britain.\*

I am thus, on the whole, strongly inclined to believe, on the one hand, that it was a true tradition, something in fact more than tradition, which connected Glastonbury, as an ecclesiastical foundation, with days before the English invasion, but to believe also, on the other hand, that, at the time of the English invasion, it was not a foundation of any great antiquity. I am inclined to believe, though I would not take upon myself at all positively to assert, that, perhaps not the existence, but anyhow the greatness, of Glastonbury as a religious foundation dates from Gwrgan at the beginning of the seventh century. I am inclined to think that it was then that Ynysvitrin took its place as the great sanctuary of the Britons, to supply the loss of fallen Ambresbury. As a great monastic house then it would have stood little more than fifty years when it passed into West-Saxon hands. It would be, as I said, actually younger in years than Christ Church at Canterbury. But what is younger in years may often belong to an older state of things. I have constantly to insist on this fact in the history of buildings. I have to try to make people understand that the fact that some buildings of the old-English type are later in date than some buildings of the Norman type, is the strongest of all proofs that there was an old-English style earlier than the Norman style. There are few buildings more deeply interesting than the work of Prætextatus beneath the Roman Capitol, a pagan temple, younger than the oldest Christian churches on the Lateran and the Vatican. And may I class with this last my own neighbor church of Wookey, with its chapel built and fitted up for the worship of the days of Philip and Mary, younger therefore than the Cornish Church of Probus, built and fitted up for the worship of the days of Edward the Sixth? In the like sort, if, in the reckoning of years, we set down Glastonbury at the beginning of the seventh century as younger than Canterbury at the end of the sixth, yet in historic order, Glastonbury still remains older than Canterbury. If we should accept Gwrgan, not only as the benefactor and enlarger, but as the very beginner of the house of Ynysvitrin, there will still be no need to unsay a single word of

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\* See Guest, Salisbury, Volume, u. s.

what I said earlier in this discourse. The sentiment of antiquity would, doubtless, be more fully gratified if we could give the house of Inysvitrin a British existence of five hundred years than if we give it a British existence of only fifty years. But the unique historic position of the place is the same in either case. In either case Glastonbury is the one great church of the Briton which passed unhurt into the hands of the Englishman. In either case it is, in a way that no other great church is, a tie between the state of things represented by the names of Arthur and Gildas, and the state of things represented by the names of Eadgar and Dunstan. In either case we may truly say, as I have often said, that that talk about the ancient British Church, which is simply childish nonsense when it is talked at Canterbury, or York, or London, ceases to be childish nonsense when it is talked at Glastonbury. Nay, as tending to draw the tie still tighter, we can almost forgive the invention of the tomb of British Arthur to match the real tombs of our West-Saxon Eadgar, and our two mighty Eadmunda. We can almost forgive the baser fraud which changed the Western Church, the true church of the Briton, into the freshly-devised Chapel of Saint Joseph, and which must have gone far to bring down that lovely building by so daringly scooping out a crypt beneath it.\* And I am not sure that, by accepting the latter date, we do not really open a new source of historic interest. There would surely be something striking in the picture of the British king and his people, driven from their elder sanctuary by the advancing tide of English conquest, still keeping up their hearts, still cleaving to their faith, raising or renewing for themselves another holy place in the venerated island, in the very teeth of triumphant heathendom intrenched upon the hills which bounded their landscape. Let us, by the help of the other branch of our studies, call up before us the general look of the "*æstiva regio*," in the days when Avalon and all its fellows were truly islands in the deep fen. The mount that crowns the holy isle itself looked down through long months, at least, on a waste of waters, relieved here and there by smaller spots of land where alone man could dwell and till and worship. In truth, the dwelling places of man, still almost wholly confined to the ridges and the bases of the isolated hills, must have then occupied very much the same extent which they do still; the change lies in the state of the flats—what we call the moors—between them. Avalon, larger and loftier than its fellow-islands, was a shelter admirably suited either for devout monks or for runaway queens. By Gwrgan's day, it had become one of the last shelters, at once center and outpost, of a race and a creed which must have seemed to be shrinking up, step by step, till both should pass away from the soil of Britain. That race has not passed away; that faith has won back the lands which it had lost; we are tempted

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\* Willis, *Glastonbury*, chaps. v., vi.

to ask whether Gwrgan, in the summer-land, when he bade Ynys-vitrin take the place of Ambresbury, had heard that one realm of the heathen invaders had become the spiritual conquest of teachers from beyond the sea, and that new temples were at the same moment rising for the same faith at the bidding of British and of English rulers. But the Christian Jute was far away; the heathen Saxon was close at his gates. The high ground to the north and to the east, the long range of Mendip, the hills of the Wiltshire border, stood like a mighty castle-wall fencing on the strongholds of Woden and Thunder. At any moment the great march of Ceawlin might be renewed towards new points; the summer-land and the long peninsula beyond it might be as the land by the Severn and the two Avons; the holy place of Avalon in its island, the strong city of Isca on its hill, might be as Glevum and Aquæ Solis, as Corinium and Uriconium. It was not then as when men hear of their enemies in distant lands, or on some distant frontier of their own land. It was as when the Corinthian, jealous of the growth and power of Athens, had but to climb the steep of his own citadel to see with his own eyes the mighty works which were rising on the lowlier height of the rival akropolis. And from our side, too, what was it that kept our fathers from swooping down on the prey which lay before their eyes? Why did they pause for nearly eighty years before they came down from their hill-fortress to make a lasting spoil of the rich plains and islands at their feet? Could it be some dim feeling that Woden and Thunder were gods of the hills, but were not gods of the valleys? Whatever was the cause, the work was not to be done by men who bowed to Woden and Thunder. Gwrgan could build and endow his church in safety, while the gorges of Cheddar and Ebber, Crook's Peak and Shutshelf, and Rookham, were strongholds of heathen men. The Saxon was at last to pour down from his height, to smite the Briton by the Pens and to chase him to the banks of Parret. But the blow was not to come till it was lightened by coming from the hands of men who were brethren in the same faith. The Saxon was to win Avalon, he was to win Isca; but he was not to deal by them as he had dealt by Uriconium and Corinium. Through the long years of watching between the march of Ceawlin and the march of Cenwealh, the Tor of Avalon, the island mount of Saint Michael, not perhaps as yet hallowed by the archangel's name, but standing as the guardian of the holy places, new and old, which gathered at its foot, might look forth day by day towards the threatening rampart, with somewhat of the old note of Hebrew defiance—"Why hop ye so, ye high hills? This is God's hill, in the which it pleaseth him to dwell, yea, the Lord will abide in it forever."

The day at last came, the day when one race was to give way to another, but when the transfer of dominion from race to race no longer carried with it its transfer from creed to creed. The founder of Winchester became at once the conqueror and the protector of

**Ynysvitrin.** With the change of race came a change of name, and British Ynysvitrin passed into English Glastonbury. And here I must say a few words on the very puzzling question as to those two names and the other names which this place is said to have borne. I have in this discourse freely used the names Ynysvitrin and Avalon, while speaking of this place in its British stage. I have done so because I needed some name to speak of the place by in its British stage, and so to bring out more clearly the fact that the place had a British stage. It would not have done to speak of Glastonbury before it became Glastonbury; it would have been falling into the error of those who talk of Cæsar landing in England. But if any one chooses to arraign those particular names of Avalon and Ynysvitrin as lacking in authority, I shall not be over careful to answer him in that matter. I believe that there is no authority for either earlier than the treatise of William of Malmesbury and the Life of Gildas. And I have already told you what kind of work the treatise of William of Malmesbury is, a work written to order in the interest of Glastonbury, and which has further been largely interpolated. There is something very odd in an English gentile name suddenly displacing the British name; there is something suspicious in the evident attempts to make the English and British names translate one another, in the transparent striving to see an element of *glass* in both. *Glæstingaburh*, it must be borne in mind, is as distinctly an English gentile name as any in the whole range of English nomenclature; *Glastonbury* is a mere corruption; as if to make things straight, the syllable which has taken a place to which it has no right in Huntingdon and Abingdon, has in Glastonbury been driven out of a place to which it has the most perfect right. The true origin of the name lurks, in a grotesque shape, in that legend of *Glæsting* and his sow, a manifestly English legend, which either William of Malmesbury himself or some interpolator at Glastonbury has strangely thrust into the midst of the British legends. *Glæsting's* lost sow leads him by a long journey to an apple-tree by the old church; pleased with the land, he takes his family, the *Glæstingas*, to dwell there.\* This might almost be taken as a kind of parable of the West-Saxon settlement under Cenwealh. There is no mention of earlier inhabitants; but the mention of the church implies that their were or had been such; in any case the *Glæstingas* settle by the old church—the main work of the middle of the seventh century, as far as Glastonbury is concerned. But there is certainly something strange in the sudden way in which we find the *Glæstingas* so comfortably settled in their own *burh* within the isle which has so lately been British Avalon. The old-world gentile name seems in a manner out of place in a conquest so recent and so illustrious. Gentile names, though hardly to be called characteristic of Somerset, are

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\* Gale, 295; Hearne, 16, 17.

not uncommonly found there, even in districts which we hold to have been won yet more lately than when Cenwealh drove the Britons to the Parret. Such are Cannington, Barrington, Dodding-ton, Pointington, and that which has the most ancient and legendary sound of all, Horsington. But these are names of small settlements, answering to the names of the Danish settlements in Lincolnshire at a later time and the names of the Flemish settlements in Pem-brookeshire at a later time still.\* There is something unusual in a place of the nature of Glastonbury altogether changing its name, above all in its taking the gentile name of a certainly not famous gens. Other chief places which passed in the same manner from British to English rule, if they changed their names at all, did not change them after this sort. Isca, for instance, to take the greatest case of all, lived on under its old name as English Exeter. Taunton under Æthelburh took a new name, an English name; but it did not take the name of an English gens. The nearest parallels—and those are not very near ones—are to be found in such changes as those made by the Danes when they turned Northweorthig and Streonesalh into Derby (Deoraby) and Whitby, or in such later changes still as when Count Robert of Mortain changed Leodgares-burh into Montacute.† But we have the fact which we cannot get over, that Glastonbury was already spoken of as an old name at the end of the seventh century or the beginning of the eighth.‡ And on the other hand, unless we throw aside the whole history of West Saxon advance, as we have learned it from Dr. Guest, and as, to me at least, it seems to be clearly written in the pages of the Chronicle, we cannot carry our *Glæstingas* to *Glæstingaburh* at any time earlier than the time of Cenwealh.

As for the British names themselves, the two names of Avalon and Ynysvitrin stand to some extent on different grounds; they may be attacked and defended by different arguments, both as regards the names themselves and as regards the authorities on which they rest. There certainly is a degree of suspicion about the name Ynysvitrin and its alleged meaning of *insula vitrea*. It is really tempting to look upon it as simply a name made up as a kind of translation of the supposed meaning of Glastonbury. But it is just as likely that it is a real British name, having no more to do with glass than Glastonbury has, but on which that meaning was put by the same kind of etymological pun of which we have many examples, and of which the turning of Jerusalem into Hierosolyma is a familiar case. It may be that Avalon is a name transferred hither with a purpose after that name had become famous in the legends of Arthur. But it is

\* See Norman Conquest, i. 572, ed. iii.

† See Norman Conquest, iv. 170; v. 573.

‡ Jaffé, Monumenta Moguntina. 439. "Regnante Ine Westsaxonum rege . . . Beorwald, qui divina consobium gubernatione quod anti-quorum, nuncupatur vocabulo Glæstingaburg regebat."



just as likely that, as there undoubtedly were Avalons, in other Celtic lands, so there may have been an Avalon here also. The spot on which we are met may stand to the Avalon of legend in the same relation in which the Olympos of geography stands to the Olympos of legend. As for the external authority for the names, it is much stronger in the case of Ynysvitrin than in the case of Avalon. Yet even on behalf of Avalon I think it may be possible to find a small piece of negative evidence. The most tempting time for the invention of the name of Ynysvitrin, for the application of the name of Avalon to Glastonbury, would be when the fame of Arthur had become great, when legend said that Arthur was in Avalon, and when it was deemed convenient that his tomb should be found at Glastonbury. But the name of Ynysvitrin at least is certainly older than this. And I think that I see some reason for believing that the application of the name of Avalon to Glastonbury is also older than this. The name Ynysvitrin is not only found in a passage of William of Malmesbury's *Glastonbury History* which has no relation to Arthur;\* it is also found in the perfectly unsuspicious *History of the Kings*, where he not only does not connect Arthur with Glastonbury, but expressly says that the burial-place of Arthur was unknown.† It is also found in a note at the end of the *Life of Gildas*,‡ of which I do not profess to fix the date, but which at least has nothing to do with Arthur or his burial at Glastonbury. If then the name of Ynysvitrin was a mere etymological device of some Glastonbury monk, it was at least a device older than the time when there was most temptation to devise it. It is surely therefore just as likely that it was a real British name which had been handed on. The evidence for Avalon is less clear; it is not found in the *History of the Kings*; it is found in Geoffrey of Monmouth as the name of the burial-place of Arthur.§ It is found in two places of the *Glastonbury History* as we have it, one of which distinctly makes Glastonbury under the name of Avalon the burial-place of Arthur.|| This

\* Gale, p. 295; Hearne, 17.

† *Gesta Regum*, i. 28. He is speaking, not of Arthur but of the charter which, on Dr. Guest's authority, I assign to Gwrgan.

‡ P. xii, ed. Stevenson. In the *Life itself*, where the siege of the island by Arthur is described, the British name seems to be implied without actually using it [p. xxxix]; "*Glastonia, id est Urbs Vitrea [quæ nomen sumit a vitro], est urbs nomine primitus in Britannico sermone.*"

§ Lib. vii. ad finem. "*Inclutus ille Arrthurus rex letaliter vulneratus est, qui illinc ad sananda vulnera sua in insulam Avallonis advectus.*"

|| This is the passage in Hearne, pp. 42, 43, which is strangely mutilated in Gale, 806. It stands thus in full; "*Prætermitto de Arturo, inclito rege Britonum, in cimiterio monachorum inter duas pyramides cum sua conjuge tumulato, de multis eciam Britonum principibus. Idem Arturus, anno incarnationis Dominice p. xii. in Cornubia, juxta fluvium Cambam, a Modredo letaliter vulneratus est, qui inde, ad sananda vulnera sua, in insulam Avallonis est evectus et ibidem defunctus in æstate circa Pentecosten, fere centenarius aut circiter.*" We of course find both names in Giraldu Cambrensis, *De Instructione Principum*, p. 193; the Arthur legend was then in all its glory,

passage must be an interpolation. William of Malmesbury could surely never have written words which so grossly contradict his own statement in the History of the Kings, and the words moreover seem directly borrowed from Geoffrey. In the other place the name is in no way connected with Arthur, it is mentioned in a very strange connection with Glasting and his sow.\* I do not greatly care whether this comes from William of Malmesbury or from an interpolator. Surely no interpolator writing after the invention of Arthur would have brought in the name of Avalon in so lowly a connection. This strikes me as going a long way to show that Avalon was known as a name of Glastonbury before the legends of Arthur had taken possession of the name. But I have no wish to insist positively on a matter which is certainly difficult and doubtful. On one point I think we shall all agree; if Glastonbury really be Avalon, we must cast aside the belief that no rain falls in Avalon as a poet's dream.

One thing, however, may certainly be brought forward as standing in my way, in Dr. Guest's way, in the way of every one who holds that there was in the island something of an ecclesiastical kind before the English conquest. This is the direct assertion of William of Malmesbury in his History of the Bishops, that Ine was the first to build a monastery at Glastonbury.† But in any case this assertion stands in nobody's way so directly as in the way of William of Malmesbury himself, who tells such a different tale, not only in his local work, not only in the History of the Kings, but even in a later passage of the History of the Bishops.‡ I conceive that in writing the earlier passage, doubtless before he wrote his Glastonbury History or had paid any special attention to Glastonbury matters, he was misled by the words of the Chronicle, which says that Ine timbered a minster at Glastonbury, but which do not say that he was the first to timber one there.§ And any notion that Ine was the first

\* Gale, p. 295; Hearne, 17. The clearly English hogherd is unexpectedly made to talk Welsh. Finding his sow under the apple-tree, "Quia primum adveniens poma in partibus illis rarissima reperit, insulam Avalloniæ sua lingua, id est, insulam pomorum, nominavit. Avalla enim Britonice poma interpretatur Latine." I doubt whether this is good Welsh; but at any rate the lack of apples has passed away. There is no need to search into an alternative derivation from a certain Avalloc and his daughters.

† Gest. Pont. p. 196. "Ibi primus rex Ina consilio beatissimi Aldelmi monasterium edificavit, multa illuc prædia, quæ hodieque nominantur, largitus."

‡ Ib. 334. "Ejus [Aldelmi] monitu Glastoniense monasterium, ut dixi in Gestis Regum, a novo fecit."

§ "And he [Ine] getimbrade pæst meoster æt Glæstingabyrig." This is in the Winchester Chronicle, 688, but it is described as an insertion from another manuscript. The entry is followed by Florence. It is curious to find in the fuller and less trustworthy form of the Brut y Tywysogion (that published by the Cambrian Archaeological Association), in which the acts of Ine are strangely transferred to the British Ivor, the building of Glastonbury is transferred also. Ivor (pp. 4, 5) defeats the Saxons, wins "Cornwall, the Summer country (Gevlad yr Haf) and Devonshire," and then "erects the great monastery in Ynys Avalen (y Brodyrly mawr yn ynys y Fallen) in thanksgiving to God for His assistance against the Saxons."

founder is set aside by the passage of Willibald to which I have already referred, which speaks, in Ine's own day, not only of an abbot of Glastonbury, but of Glastonbury as an ancient name for the abbey. "*Antiquum*" may perhaps cover as little space as is covered by the French "*ancien*"; but it could hardly be applied to a foundation of Ine's own.

The architectural details of the buildings I leave to others. But I must nevertheless say a word or two on one general aspect of those buildings which more directly connects their peculiar character with the peculiar history of the place. There is a special character about the church—to be perfectly accurate, I should say the churches—of Glastonbury, because there is a special character about the history of Glastonbury. I conceive that there was a time when Ynys-vitrin had, like Glendalough, or Clonmacnois, a group of small churches, the Celtic fashion of building where Roman usage would have dictated the building of one large church. One of these, the oldest and venerated, the old church, the wooden church, "*vetusta ecclesia*," "*lignea basilica*," lived on, and by living on stamped the buildings of Glastonbury with their special character. It lived on, to be the scene of the devotion and the bounty of Cnut,\* and to give way only to the loveliest building that Glastonbury can show, the jewel of late Romanesque on a small scale, the western church, corruptly known since the fifteenth century as St. Joseph's Chapel. That church represents the wooden basilica; we may say that it is the wooden basilica, rebuilt in another material. But to the east of the ancient wooden church there arose in English times a church of English fashion, a church of stone, built and rebuilt successively by Ine, by Dunstan, by Norman Herlwin, and by the builders of the mighty pile which still stands in ruins. The wooden basilica and the church of Dunstan have both perished; not a stick is left of one, not a stone of the other. But both are there still in a figure. Each has its abiding representative. The great eastern church stands for the stone church of English Dunstan; the lesser western church stands for the wooden church of British Gwrgan, or more likely of some one long before his days. Had the two vanished churches not stood there, in the relation in which they did stand to one another, the minster of Glastonbury could never have put on a shape so unlike that of any other minster in England. Nowhere else do we find, as we find here, two churches—two monastic churches—thrown together indeed in after times into one continuous building without, but always keeping up the character of two wholly distinct interiors. For nowhere, but at Glastonbury, was there the historical state of things out of which such an architectural arrangement could grow. Nowhere else did the church of the Briton live on untouched and revered by the side of the church of the Englishman.

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\* See Norman Conquest, i. p. 439.

Through the long history of Glastonbury I cannot lead you to-day. My special subject has been those early fortunes of the place which have given it a character wholly unique among the minsters of England. I would fain say somewhat of the stern rule of Thurstan, when the monks were shot down before the altar, because they chose still to sing their psalms after the ancient use of Glastonbury and not after a new use of Fécamp. I would fain say somewhat of the lights thrown upon the state of Glastonbury and all Somerset by the Glastonbury entries in Domesday. I would fain say somewhat of the long struggle with the Bishops which makes up so great a part of the local history both of Glastonbury and of Wells. I would fain say somewhat of the last scene of all, of the heroic end which winds up the tale, which at Glastonbury as in other monastic houses, had for some centuries become undoubtedly unheroic. The martyrdom of Richard Whiting, following on the ordinary story of an English abbey after abbeys had lost their first love, reads like the fall of the last Constantine winding up the weary annals of the house of Palaiologos. But of one group of names, of one name pre-eminently among them, I must speak. We cannot meet at Glastonbury without in some shape doing our homage to the greatest ruler of the church of Glastonbury, the greatest man born and reared on Glastonbury soil. Earliest among the undoubted worthies of Somerset, surpassed by none who have come after him in his fame and in his deeds we see, on this spot, rising above the mists of error and of slander, the great churchman, the great statesman, of the tenth century, the mighty form of Dunstan. Not a few famous men in our history have been deeply wronged by coming to be known only as the subjects of silly legends, or worse still, of perverted and calumnious history. So have Leofric and Godgifu suffered; so has Ælfred himself suffered; but Dunstan has suffered more than all. Justice was once done to him years ago by a great scholar among ourselves; \* fuller justice still has since been done to him by the greatest of all our scholars. † Yet I doubt not that to many minds his name still calls up no thoughts but that of one of the silliest of silly legends; or, worse still, it calls up the picture, most unlike the original, of a groveling and merciless fanatic. Think, I would ask you, under the guidance of true history, more worthily of the greatest son, the greatest ruler, that Glastonbury ever saw. Think more worthily of one who was indeed the strict churchman, the monastic reformer, who called up again the religious life at Glastonbury after a season of decay—but who stands charged in no authentic record as guilty of any act of cruelty or persecution, but who does stand forth in authentic records as the great minister of successive West-Saxon kings, of successive lords of

\* See the paper by Mr. J. R. Green on "Dunstan at Glastonbury" in the Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archaeological Society for 1862, p. 122.

† See Dr. Stubbs's Preface to his Memorials of St. Dunstan, throughout.

all Britain, in days when Wessex was the hearth and center of English rule, and when Glastonbury stood first among English sanctuaries, the chosen burial-place of kings. Let us think of him as the friend of Eadmund, the counselor of Eadred, the victim of Eadwig, the friend and guide of Eadgar the Giver-of-Peace. So mightily under him grew the fame of Glastonbury that a greater name than all was drawn within its spell, and men at the other end of England deemed that it was at Glastonbury, and not at Athelney, that Ælfred himself held his last shelter, when the bounds of Wessex, the bounds of England, reached not beyond the coasts of a single island of the Sumorsætan.\* But in that century of West-Saxon greatness, the local history of this spot can dispense with any single word or touch that the strictest criticism would reject. The home of Dunstan, the burial-place of Eadgar and the Eadmunds, gathers around it the greatest memories of the great age which made the English kingdom. Yet these memories are all of a kind which are shared by other famous spots within the English realm. What Glastonbury has to itself, alone and without rival, is its historical position as the tie, at once national and religious, which binds the history and memories of our own race to the history and memories of the race which we supplanted.—EDWARD A. FREEMAN, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

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## SUICIDAL MANIA.

SUICIDES are annually becoming more common, not in England only, but all over the civilized world. During the last two years there have been special causes at work—failures in trade, agricultural depression, and commercial losses, which have tended to drive men to suicide in ever-increasing numbers. But I do not refer to the last two years only in making the statement that the number of suicides is annually increasing in all civilized countries.

Professor Bertillon, of Paris, in his "*Annales de Démographie Internationale*," gives some curious details on this subject, and Professor Morselli, the eminent Italian economist, indorses them as correct. Thrown into a tabular form the results of their inquiries are, that in every million of inhabitants the *increase* in the number of suicides has been the following:

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\* See the *Historia de S. Cuthberto*, X Scriptt. 71, vol. 1. p. 144 of the Surtees edition of Symeon. Ælfred "tribus annis in Glestingiensi palude latuit, in magna penuria." See *Old-English History*, p. 127.

In Italy.....	1864 to 1878, from	30 to 37 annually
In Belgium.....	1831 to 1876, from	39 to 68 annually
In Great Britain and Ireland.....	1860 to 1878, from	66 to 70 annually
In Sweden and Norway.....	1820 to 1877, from	39 to 80 annually
In Austria.....	1860 to 1878, from	70 to 122 annually
In France.....	1827 to 1877, from	52 to 149 annually
In Prussia.....	1820 to 1878, from	71 to 133 annually
In Denmark.....	1836 to 1876, from	213 to 258 annually
In the United States of North America.....	1845 to 1878, from	107 to 163 annually
And in the minor German States, between.....	1835 to 1878, from	117 to 289 annually

The increase of population in these countries will only account for a very small part of the increase of suicides, except in the case of the United States.

Men are everywhere becoming more weary of the burden of life. Authorities on sanitation and vital statistics tell us that of late years, life, the average human life, has been considerably prolonged by greater attention to the means of preserving health; yet, concurrent with this improvement, there are a greater impatience of life itself and a greater desire to escape its burden.

Women are less prone to commit suicide in Europe than men, and extensive investigation on the subject has convinced Signor Morselli that the tendency to suicide increases with age, more strongly amongst the unmarried and widowed than amongst the married of both sexes. The following table curiously illustrates this fact:

Amongst a million of persons of each class in Europe generally, in so far as the returns enabled him to compare them, the following numbers committed suicide:

Married men with children.....	205
Married men without children.....	470
Widowers with children.....	526
Widowers without children.....	1004
Married women with children.....	45
Married women without children.....	158
Widows with children.....	104
Widows without children.....	238

Women cling to life much more strongly than men, and that under the most wretched conditions. A childless widow would appear to be far more desolate in the world than a widower similarly situated; yet she bears her loneliness better—doubtless from religious restraints, or from possessing a larger measure of that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.

It is a melancholy proof of the sadness of woman's lot in the East

that the proportions of suicides are there reversed. In India more than double the number of women put an end to themselves compared with men; and I have no doubt the same fact holds true of all countries in which polygamy prevails.

So familiar do women become with the suicidal mania in India that they put an end to themselves there on the smallest provocation. Two instances that came within my own experience in Oudh will illustrate this fact.

Rugber was a shopkeeper in the bazaar. He had married Nazi in the days of his poverty. They had labored together, and success had crowned their efforts. They were comfortable in circumstances; the labor of nine or ten years had not been without recompense. They had two children, a boy and a girl. Everything was happy and prosperous with them, till Rugber determined upon taking another wife. There was nothing contrary to the habits of his caste in doing this, he was merely exercising a common right; but Nazi resented it and refused to live with him. He appealed to the courts. She had taken their children and gone off to live with a sister in a village at some distance. The court decided that she must give up the children, and return to her husband. Every caste has its own laws and regulations, and Rugber had taken care to conform strictly to the customs of his caste in all that he had done. Nazi gave up the children in obedience to the command of the court, and appointed a day on which she was to return to Rugber's house. He was to come to meet her. He did come. She had left her sister's house two days before, and had not since been heard of. The usual method of committing suicide in India, particularly amongst the women, is to throw themselves into a deep well; I have no doubt Nazi did so. Search was made for her body, but without success; she doubtless went to a distance to make way with herself.

Every magistrate in India has had experience of cases of attempted suicide. Some poor miserable woman, half dead, to whom life, with its daily privations and ill-usage had become intolerable, is taken up from the bottom of a well—a well, perhaps, with only a few feet of water in it—and brought by the police before the nearest magistrate. They are among the most painful cases upon which the magistrate has to pass sentence.

But, as I have said, some of these women attempt to put an end to their existence on the smallest provocation. One case came before me in which the woman's son was playing at a little distance from her door when she had prepared dinner. She called her son to come and partake of the meal—he was about ten years of age. He paid no attention to her call; she called again, and got angry, but still he came not. Instead of taking a switch to chastise the boy for his disobedience, she sat down at the door and said solemnly to him: "My son, your dinner is ready, and I have called you twice; I now call you for the third time, and if you do not come I will

throw myself into that well, and my death shall be on your head." But still he came not. She rose, and threw herself into the well. Then there was wild hurry and commotion in the village. She was got out alive, indeed, but bruised and cut. The police arrested her, and brought her up for judgment under a section of the penal code, which provides due punishment for attempted suicide—probably the only offense in any code, an attempt to commit which is penal, whilst the completed crime passes without legal punishment!

Almost all women, all over the East, put an end to themselves, when they desire to do so, by drowning; most frequently in a well, sometimes in a river. This practice extends from Arabia to Japan. In her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," Miss Bird writes:

"Suicide appears very common. When a young man and woman wish to marry, and the consent of the parents is refused, they often bind themselves together and drown themselves. This is such a frequent offense that the new code imposes penal servitude for ten years on people arrested in the commission of it. Women never hang themselves, but, as may be expected, suicide is more common amongst them than amongst men. An acute sense of shame, lovers' quarrels, cruelties practiced upon "geishas" (professional singers and dancers) by their taskmasters, the loss of personal charms through age or illness, and even the dread of such loss, are the most usual causes. In these cases they usually go at night, and, after having filled their capacious hanging sleeves with stones, jump into a river or a well. I have recently passed two wells which are at present disused in consequence of recent suicides."

How truly Bacon says that "there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death." People have been known to put an end to themselves to escape the pain of toothache, and it was but the other day that a mining engineer, sent out from England to report on the gold-bearing districts of Southern India, committed suicide in Calicut, in order to free himself from a pain in the stomach!

The following advertisement appeared in *Le Petit Parisien* last month: "Suicidal. A young man, to whom life is a burden, has resolved to put an end to himself, but wishes to accomplish his death in the most advantageous manner possible. He places, therefore, the sacrifice of his life at the disposal of any person who, for a suitable sum, would wish to intrust him with an enterprise the issue of which would be necessarily fatal. This offer is very serious. Write to the initials K. R. V., Poste Restante, Anvers." There is no punishment in the French code for attempt at suicide.

It is not many months since the French papers reported the case of a *bonne*, in Marseilles, who wanted, during the severe frost, to go skating one day, as she had done on former occasions, with her master's daughter. But her master refused, and said that they should both remain at home that afternoon. Next morning the



bonne and her little mistress, who slept in the same room, were both found dead, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. A note was found on the table, in the handwriting of the bonne: "You would not let us go out together yesterday. I have taken your daughter with me to a better world." Seeing that the daughter was fourteen years of age, it was rather hard of the bonne not to have asked her consent before carrying out this desperate measure of revenge.

Nor is it in France only that passion thus vents itself in the most dreadful crimes. A married woman, at Mellenberge, in Hesse Cassel, last year had received an order, through the police, to bring her child, an infant of eight months old, to the public vaccinator, in order that it might be vaccinated. She refused. Another order was sent to her, admonishing her that she would render herself liable to fine and imprisonment if she neglected it. "The child and I will both die together rather than I shall have it vaccinated," said she. And she kept her word. Two days after, the lifeless bodies of both were found in the Fulda. She had murdered her child, and taken her own life by drowning, rather than obey the order.

Few have adopted a more original remedy for unrequited love than Carl Hassa, of Mecklenburg. He had been from home for some time, and on his return, found his brother engaged to his lady-love. She would have nothing more to do with Carl. "I will put an end to myself," said he at length to her, "if you treat me thus." She laughed, telling him, as she tripped off, that she did not believe he had the courage to put an end to himself. The method he adopted was at once terrible and grotesque. He prepared a slow match, tied himself firmly and securely to a young horse on the farm, and then put the lighted match securely into the horse's ear. The poor animal, maddened with pain, rushed violently and frantically about the farm, dragging the unfortunate Carl after him. It must have been a terrible spectacle. At length, frenzied with the torture of the lighted match, the horse dashed into the adjoining river, where the water was deep and the current rapid. Both horse and man were found drowned there. I suppose the weight of the unhappy man had prevented the horse saving himself by swimming. But so it was. Both of them perished in the Warnow.

The Italian papers of November last report a tragedy that was recently enacted in Rome, somewhat similar to that of Romeo and Juliet, but in low life, in which two suicides resulted from inordinate grief. Moretti, a tailor by trade, was sent to prison on a charge of fraud. His sweetheart called upon the police officer to ask how long Moretti was likely to be confined. Urged thereto by the girl's mother, who did not favor the match, the police officer replied that, in all probability, Moretti would be imprisoned for many years. Overwhelmed with grief, and driven thereby to despair, the poor girl put an end to herself by poison. A few days after, Moretti was discharged from custody, the accusation made against him having

been proved false. He returned home to find his affianced bride a corpse. Frenzied at the sight, he, too, destroyed himself. The life worked out a double tragedy—

Beware of desperate means.  
The darkest day,  
Wait but to-morrow—  
Will have passed away.

The motive which led Marie Speiz, of Brünn, to put an end to herself was peculiar and original, although the method she adopted, simple drowning in the Danube, lacked the strangeness of that adopted by Carl Hassa. Marie Speiz was a retailer of sausages in the Kraut-markt. She was an orphan, but an orphan of portentous dimensions. Nor did she, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, rejoice in her superiority to the rest of mankind in size. In short, she was abnormally fat. It might have been constitutional. It might have been the sausages. But, whatever it was, she lost her life because Banting and his philosophy were equally unknown to her. Her sister was the only relative that she had in Brünn. Marie left her native town, telling her sister that she had got service in the Kaiserstadt, in Vienna. But this was only a pretense. A few days after her departure her sister got a letter from Marie through the post. "I can no longer endure it," wrote the poor girl. "Wherever I go, whatever I do, I am always laughed at on account of my corpulence (*Fettigkeit*). Nobody thinks of me except as an object of ridicule. I cannot endure it any longer, dear Gretchen. My body will be found in the Danube." And so it was, near Klosternenburg. There is something pathetic in the fate of poor Marie Speiz, and yet, if one were to write seriously about it, the reader would probably only laugh, as an unmannerly world in Brünn laughed poor Marie out of existence.

"Suicides increase annually in France in number according to certain fixed laws," says M. Brierre de Boismont, who particularly investigated 4,595 cases, as set forth in the records of the police, supplemented by painstaking inquiries of his own. Amongst them were 697 persons of ample and independent fortune, 2,000 who earned sufficient livelihoods by trades or professions, and 256 persons in pecuniary difficulties. It is a vulgar error to suppose that there are more cases of suicide in England than in France; on the contrary, there are 110 cases in France to every 69 which happen in England, although it is quite true that there are more in proportion in London than in Paris. Spain is the country in Europe in which fewest suicides occur, and it will hardly be argued that this results from the superior enlightenment of the Spanish.

M. Littré, a Member of the Academy, a calm and thoughtful scholar, author of the best dictionary of the French language, deliberately states his opinion that suicide is justifiable, on the ground

that "every man has a right to his moral liberty." M. Louis Blanc, too, a clear thinker, expresses the cold, logical astonishment of a stoic at the fact that "there are people who at the same time forbid suicide and yet approve of capital punishments." But other Frenchmen of equal celebrity and power of expression repudiate such opinions, and Chateaubriand takes care to point out that "suicides are always most common in times of national corruption."

In his "Political Suicides in France, from 1789 to the Present Time," M. A. des Etangs gives a surprising number of examples of statesmen who explained their reasons for choosing a voluntary death, many of them with wonderful lucidity and charm of style. Of these instances, perhaps the most melancholy was that of M. Prévoist-Paradol, who after stultifying his most brilliant writings by accepting a post under the Second Empire—that of Minister at Washington—could not apparently reconcile his own political apostacy to his conscience, and died by his own hand on the 19th of July, 1870. He died just as the Liberal cause, with which his name had always been associated, was on the point of triumphing.

In all countries, but particularly in France, suicides appear to belong to the class of epidemic diseases. It is enough for a single soldier to put an end to himself in barracks, either by firearms, the bayonet, the sword, or strangulation, and immediately the tragedy is repeated day by day, until the regiment is ordered off to new quarters, and the minds of the men are thus amused by fresh ideas, leading to the forgetfulness of the past. Travel appears to be one of the most certain cures for this species of epidemic.

That the tendency to suicide is hereditary is made very clear by the statistics of all countries. Persons of the same family have been known to kill themselves at the same age, in the same way, and in the same or similar places as their fathers or grandfathers did. It is not easy to find a rational explanation for facts so strange and mysterious as these.

But let us return to the 4,595 cases investigated by M. Brierre de Boismont. He classifies them thus: 1945 of the suicides were persons of good moral character, respected by their neighbors, 1454 were bad or doubtful, and of the character and conduct of 1196 he could not obtain reliable information. Self-destruction by cutting the throat, though rare in France, comparatively, is more common than stabbing; opening the veins is less common than either. Suffocation by the fumes of charcoal and destruction by throwing one's self from a height, such as the Napoleon Column in the Place Vendôme or the column on the Place de la Bastille, in Paris, are much more frequent.

It is difficult to arrive at the causes of suicide, either in France or elsewhere. French doctors have observed that a malady known as *tedium vitæ*, "a mysterious melancholy," is apt to seize upon some of the lightest-hearted amongst them, about the age of thirty. Thus

both men and women have been known to fix upon a certain date on which they mean to commit suicide, unless some special event happens. Meantime, the affair is dismissed from their thoughts. Sweethearts have been known to put an end to themselves together, after spending their last francs in a champagne supper, and parties of suicides have even been known to meet together, in order to die in each other's company.

A tendency to look at the dark side of things, encouragement of pessimism, has always a tendency to lead men to suicide, whilst an exaggerated optimism in speculation has a similar tendency. Extremes meet; and such extremes of thought prevail at one time in one country, at another time in another. History supplies us with many examples of ages when men appeared naturally to take refuge in self-destruction. Satiety, and consequent weariness of life, all the pleasures of which had been drained to the dregs, appear to have been the causes of the frequency of suicides amongst the luxurious nobles of Rome under the Empire. "The door is always open," said Epictetus; indeed, it was only on condition of this door remaining always open that optimism was possible.

The melancholy and pessimism of the beginning of the present century were fertile in suicides—the students of "Werther," of "René," and of "Obermann," often availed themselves of the open door, whilst the author of these treatises, Goethe, Chateaubriand and Senancour lived to a good old age.

The Morgue, an old-established Parisian institution, well known to all Continental tourists, has been transplanted to the banks of the Spree. Paris has set an example to the other capitals in Europe by collecting her casual dead in one central depot, accessible to the general public during certain fixed hours of the day. Berlin has been one of the first to follow this example. But instead of putting it in a corner, Berlin has placed its Morgue in a beautiful garden belonging to the Veterinary College, where, surrounded by green trees and flowering shrubs, under the principal dissecting room, there are a number of vaults. "No. 7, the Morgue," is painted on one of them. Five sloping counters are ranged side by side in this apartment, upon which the bodies of the unknown dead are placed when taken from the black dead cart. Snow-white linen coverings are wrapped round the bodies, and printed forms give particulars as to physical marks, sex and apparent age and cause of death. The wardrobes of the deceased are displayed in the corner. The walls are clean with whitewash, the sloping counters are of a reddish brown, and a certain air of solemnity, if not of awe, pervades the room.

There can be little doubt that the majority of the inhabitants of this chamber have died by their own hands. Over 300 people—men, women and children—annually put an end to themselves in the capital of Germany. Throughout the kingdom of Prussia the

practice of self-murder has increased so rapidly during the last ten years that the annual average has increased from thirteen in the 100,000, to seventeen. The population of Prussia is about 26,000,000; 4,330 died by their own hands last year, of whom 771 were females.

An increase of 30 per cent in the number of suicides in ten years is a serious matter for the reflection of the German authorities, and that, too, during a period of what ought to have been unexampled prosperity. The compulsory military service system certainly has something to do with it, for many men prefer to seek safety in a sudden and violent death rather than comply with its rigorous provisions. Nor is this all. In the service itself 225 soldiers perished by their own hands. Of the 703 suicides entered in the official tables as "having been committed by reason of unknown motives," and 166 attributed to "weariness of life," there can be little doubt that the great majority sought safety in death from the severity of the military system. A significant fact in connection with these returns is that only six females are entered under the same heading, "weariness of life."

One-fourth of the suicides in Prussia are attributed to insanity, of which a large proportion results from the abuse of alcohol. To the honor of German women let it be recorded that, whilst ninety-eight men are stated to have put an end to themselves in consequence of the excessive use of alcohol, only four women are included in the same category. Family troubles are stated to have led 219 Prussian men and women to shuffle off this mortal coil, whilst jealousy and ill-fortune in love are credited with the deaths of 108 youths and seventy-three young women. Sorrow for the dead induced seventeen widowers and three widows to put an end to themselves, and yet we call the female the more emotional and sensitive sex! Ought it not rather to be called the more sensible? Three hundred and seventy-eight deaths by suicide, of whom one-fourth were of females, are attributed to "repentance, shame, and the stings of conscience;" and incurable diseases are said to have caused 288 to make away with themselves.

As to the method of suicide, unlike the French, the cord and strangulation were used in two-thirds of the whole number. One-fifth perished by drowning, and one-tenth by gunshot wounds, amongst whom were eight females. Seventy-six of both sexes cut their throats, twenty-one opened their veins and bled to death, forty-one threw themselves from great heights, and seven strangled themselves with their own hands—a method of suicide impossible except to the strong and determined. It is surprising to hear of twenty-five octogenarians laying violent hands on themselves in one year. One would think that, as they had been able to endure life for so long, they might have been able to await the great enemy a few months or years more. The suicidal mania is more prevalent everywhere in summer than in winter; of all of the professions there was but one

in which the number of female suicides exceeded the male, and that was literature.

That suicides are annually increasing in number, in greater proportion than the population of the United States, appears to be proved by the statistical tables recently published. The population, however, is increasing so fast in the States that it is not easy to form accurate comparisons. One would think it ought not to be so—that is, in a country of promise; where food and labor are abundant, the suicidal frenzy ought to be diminishing annually, instead of increasing. It would be interesting to know what part religious monomania plays in these American suicides. But the statistics, unfortunately, are by no means carefully or accurately compiled. The Americans themselves attribute the number of suicides to their "high and fine nervous organization," so superior to anything to be found in Europe. This, however, ought to tell as much against, as in favor of, suicidal attempts. The "high and fine nervous organization," if easily depressed, will easily recover and regain its tone. Excessive elation is as bad as excessive depression. There are many instances, well-authenticated, of joy causing insanity and subsequent self-destruction.

Undoubtedly changes of fortune are more common in the States than in Europe. Fortunes are more rapidly accumulated there, and more rapidly lost, by speculation. And, although the stronger natures overcome the feelings induced by these reverses, yet the weaker succumb. The excited forms which religion and "spiritualism" take in America have undoubtedly considerable influence on suicidal mania. The mind is unhinged, and mental disease leads to abnormal developments, just as in hysteria, although most commonly in women. When the mind has been unhinged and mental disease has set in, want of sleep supervenes. Sudden joy or sudden grief, when immoderate; too great tension or excitement of the nervous system; terror or despair; all these prompt to suicide. Hereditary taint, without any of these predisposing causes, will have the same effect. If the causes be sudden and violent, the effects may be equally so. But if gradual and comparatively slow in their progress, then want of sleep usually plays an important part in the tragedy. Change of scene and foreign travel appear to be amongst the best antidotes.—WILLIAM KNIGHTON, in *The Contemporary Review*.

## HORSES AND THEIR FEET.

If we say that of all brute animals none is more valuable to man than the horse, and that the neglect of any means which may promote and ensure his welfare and efficiency is a blunder not easily distinguishable from crime, we may fairly be charged with uttering truisms. If we urge that this value is not recognized as it should be, and that this neglect is miserably common, we may still be accused of wasting breath on statements which no one would think of calling into question. Every one, we may be told, is well aware that the management of horses is very faulty, that their lives are shortened by the ignorance of those who have charge of them rather than by any wanton cruelty, and that they are rendered practically useless long before their existence is brought to an end. To the plea that the same, or much the same, things may be said of men as of horses, we may answer that the blame must be apportioned to the degree of carelessness with which evils affecting either men or horses are allowed to go on unchecked or are foolishly dealt with; nor can failures to improve the condition of mankind furnish a reason for refusing to do what may improve the condition of horses. Our duty ought to be discharged at all costs and under all circumstances; but a man must have risen far above the average of his fellows if he feels no relief when his duty coincides with his interest. Something is gained by the mere pointing out of this agreement, wherever it exists; and we must remember that, if a vast amount of human wretchedness is the direct result of wilful and wanton perversity, we can meet with no such resistance on the part of brute beasts. With regard to these we have only to see what the evils are; and the blame is ours, and ours alone, if we fail to apply the remedy, when the remedy, if applied, must be successful. In the case of the horse, unhappily, we do not realize the extent of the mischief, and seldom, perhaps never, fix our minds on its cause or causes. Yet the facts, even when reduced within limits which none will venture to dispute, are sufficiently startling.

The number of horses in the United Kingdom has been estimated at rather more than two millions and a quarter, and their average value can scarcely be set down at less than £30. Their collective value, therefore, falls little short of sixty-eight million sterling. That the nation incurs a loss if this sum is spent quicker than it needs to be is a self-evident proposition; that it is so spent is certain, if horses on an average become useless at a time when they ought still to be in full vigor. On this point few will be disposed to challenge the verdict of Mr. W. Douglas, late veterinary surgeon in the 10th Hussars, who tells us that a horse should live from thirty-five to forty years, and live actively and usefully during three-fourths

of this period. "All authorities," he says, "now admit that animals should live five times as long as it takes them to reach maturity. A dog, which is at its full growth when between two and three years old, is very aged at twelve years. Horses do not, unless their growth is forced, reach their full prime until they are seven or eight years old, which by the same law leaves them to live some thirty years longer. When these facts are kept in mind, together with these other facts that three-fourths of our horses die or are destroyed under twelve years old, that horses are termed aged at six" [he should have said eight], "old at ten, very old when double that number of years, and that few of them but are laid up from work a dozen times a year, . . . the viciousness of a system which entails such misery and destruction of life cannot be too strongly commented upon." If we take the age of three years as that at which horses begin to work, and twelve as that at which they are worn out, it follows that the period of their efficiency is shorter by at least fourteen years than it should be. In other words, the nation has to buy three horses when it ought to buy only one, and thus upwards of £200,000,000 are spent every twenty-one years in the purchase of horses when £68,000,000 ought to suffice. The loss, therefore, to the nation is at least £135,000,000 in twenty-one years.

If this were all, the question would surely be most serious; but it is not all. Unless the facts thus far stated can be set aside, our horses work on the average seven or eight years; but how do they work? The collective experience of the country will answer that the work is done at the cost of frequent interruption, and with an amount of discomfort and pain which often becomes agony. It is easy to say that much of the evil must be laid to the charge of grooms and stable-men; and perhaps the censures dealt out to these men are not undeserved. They are, at least, outspoken. In the last century Lord Pembroke spoke of grooms as being "generally the worst informed of all persons living." "No other servant," says Mr. Mayhew, "possesses such power, and no domestic more abuses his position. It is impossible to amend the regulation of any modern stable without removing some of this calling, or overthrowing some of the abuses with a perpetuation of which the stable servant is directly involved." In this state of things the most humane of masters becomes, he adds, an unconscious tyrant to the brute which serves him so well. It is a miserable fact that grooms on their own responsibility are in the habit of administering secretly to horses medicines the cost of which they pay themselves. It may fairly be said that in every case the remedy is ill-judged, and creates worse mischief than that which it is designed to remove. Among these medicines arsenic, antimony, and niter seem to be the favorites, but the list of remedies is not ended with these. The experience of ages, if it has failed to do more, has impressed on them the fact that the chief source of the sufferings of horses is to be found in the foot.



The suspicion that the foot is not treated rightly by the traditional method never enters their minds; and they deal with the limb not from a knowledge of its anatomy, structure, and purpose, but in accordance with the popular notions, which are, in plain speech, outrageously absurd. In profound ignorance that the hoof is porous, they apply hoof-ointments, which answer to cement plastered on a wall. If these were in constant use, Mr. Douglas asserts emphatically that not a morsel of sound horn would remain at the end of six months on the horses, and shoeing would become an impossibility. If the groom be told that he is thus preventing the internal moisture from reaching the outer surface and the air from circulating inwards, his only answer is an incredulous laugh. His conviction is that the hoof should not come into contact with hard material, and that the horse can be best fitted for his work by having his feet smeared with tar, beeswax, or tallow, and by resting always on a heap of litter in the stable. It would be of little use to cite Lord Pembroke as declaring that "the constant use of litter makes the feet tender and causes swelled legs; moreover, it renders the animals delicate. Swelled legs may be frequently reduced to their proper natural size by taking away the litter only, which, in some stables, where ignorant grooms and farriers govern, would be a great saving of bleeding and physic, besides straw." "I have seen," he adds, "by repeated experiments, legs swell and unswell by leaving litter or taking it away, like mercury in a weather glass;" and his experience is confirmed by the general condition of troopers' horses in contrast with those of their officers, which are bedded down all day.

But if there are evils for which grooms are, in large measure, directly responsible, and the abolition of which they would beyond doubt stoutly resist, there are others in which masters are not less blameworthy than their men, and from which the public generally, as well as the animals, are constant sufferers. The work of the horse is that of dragging and carrying, and the aim of the owner should be the accomplishment of this work with the utmost possible sureness and with the fewest accidents. Serious and fatal injuries may be the result of stumblings and slippings, not less than of actual falls; and the premature wearing out of horses by excessive straining of their sinews and muscles is a direct pecuniary loss to the owners, although few of them seem to realize the true significance of the fact. These evils are to be seen everywhere, and they affect horses kept for the purpose of pleasure and ostentation almost as much as those which spend their days in a round of monotonous drudgery. A horse should not be obliged to work in going down a hill, but, in fact, they are subject to the severest strain just when they ought to have none, if they are harnessed to springless carts or wagons without brakes. Farm horses suffer with terrible severity from this cause, but the horses used in carrying trades and by railway companies undergo a more cruel ordeal. Improvements in the

brake-power of wagons used on roads, which might greatly lessen the mischief, are not made, and hence the horses are seldom free from diseases more or less serious, which may be traced directly to constant slipping and shaking over slippery pavements. Among ignorant owners, blind to their own interests, there is an impression that "the work which kills one horse will bring in money enough to buy another;" but experience has sufficiently shown the fallacy of this theory, whether the overtaxed slave be a horse or a human being. In towns and cities, the roads are and must be paved, and the pavings at present are variously of stone, wood, or asphalt, where the road is not macadamized. These pavements have, it would seem, each its own peculiar dangers for the horses which use them, and each has thus become a fruitful source of controversy. If any one method be likely to supersede the rest, the victory will probably be for the asphalt; but horses are found to slip seriously upon it, and the falls so caused are, we are told, of a graver kind than those on pavements of other sorts. All the proprietors of cabs, omnibuses, and railway vans have, it is said, protested in a body against its use, but scarcely, it would seem, to good purpose. Fresh contracts have been signed for pavements of asphalt, and others will probably follow. In the meanwhile horses have to pass, perhaps in a single morning, from macadamized roads to roads paved with asphalt, wood, or stone—in other words, over roads made of widely different materials, which call in each case for a different action of the foot. On the other hand, the hoof is supposed to be protected by shoes, the varieties of which are legion; and thus the controversy has been brought to a singular issue. On one side it is urged that there should be a uniform system of paving enforced on all towns, so that horses should no longer pass from a less slippery road to one that is more slippery, on the other the contention is that the true remedy lies not in uniformity of paving, but in the discovery of a shoe which shall effectually prevent the horse from slipping anywhere. The former alternative is visionary; the latter has been, and perhaps it may be said, still is, the object aimed at by some who have a thorough acquaintance with the structure of the horse, and the most disinterested wish to promote his welfare. We may, therefore, safely pay no heed to the lamentations of those who believe that "the difficulty in riding or driving through the London streets arises from the variety of the pavements in use," and that "if we had a uniform kind of pavement, a shoe for universal use would be quickly invented." We may please ourselves with fancying that "the ingenuity of man would devise horseshoes to travel over glass, were glass the only pavement in use." The main question is, whether mankind after all has not been forestalled in this invention; and, it is absolutely certain that those who have labored most conscientiously to improve the shoeing of horses, have striven especially to secure for them the power of moving safely over materials of many kinds.

These men have been convinced that the traditional methods overload the foot of the horse with iron, and that the modes of fastening on this iron interfere with, if not altogether obstruct, the processes of nature. The efforts of all have been directed towards diminishing the weight of iron, and this has led them to the conclusion that the less the natural foot is interfered with the better. M. la Fosse thus inferred that one-half of the ordinary shoe was unnecessary, and that nothing more was needed than a tip on the front half of the foot. Unfortunately he directed that the heel should be pared, thus making it weaker, and he fastened on his tip, which had about six inches of iron in its entire length, with eight nails. He was thus "inserting wedges, amounting in the aggregate to from one to one and a half inches in thickness, in six inches of horn, thus squeezing it into the space of five or even four inches, and killing it from the clench downwards and outwards." It is strange that veterinary surgeons, who have clearly comprehended the mischief thus caused, have failed to draw the logical inference from their premises. Mr. Douglas was aware that the crust of the horse's foot resembles in its natural state a number of small tubes, bound together by a hardened, glue-like substance, and he compares it to a mitrailleuse gun with its many barrels soldered together. By his way of nailing, M. la Fosse was reducing the size of each tube by one-sixth, or rather was entirely closing those nearest the nails, and compressing those that lie half-way between each pair of nails. He was, in this respect, aggravating the mischief of the ordinary shoe, which commonly has seven nails, and this ensured dryness and brittleness of hoof. But the circulation of fluid through the pores of the hoof is not the only natural process which modern shoeing interferes with. In his work on the horse's foot, Mr. Miles illustrates the expansion and contraction, which always takes place in its natural state when it is set down on and lifted from the ground. The subject was a horse nine years old, which had the shoe removed for the purpose of the experiment. "The unshod foot was lifted up, and its contour traced with the greatest precision on a piece of board covered with paper. A similar board was then laid on the ground, the same foot was then placed upon it, and the opposite foot held up whilst it was again traced. The result was that it had expanded one-eighth part of an inch at the heel and quarters." Over two inches on each side of the center of the toe no expansion had taken place, the tracings showing that the expansion was only lateral. It would follow that a shoe intended to give full play to this process must be confined to the part where no expansion takes place; but Mr. Miles adhered to the form of the ordinary shoe, although he reduced to three the number of nails by which it was fastened. The object of this process of expansion and contraction is to give the animal a firmer hold on the soil, and to enable him, where this is thick, slimy, or sticky, to withdraw the

foot easily on contraction. This purpose is necessarily defeated when the whole foot is armed with iron.

No one has condemned the mischievous working of the existing system more strongly than Mr. Mayhew, who refuses to allow that the body of the horse was made stronger than his legs and feet, and holds that these, if left to themselves, must be adequate to the tasks imposed on them. In his belief "it is amongst the foremost physiological truths that Nature is a strict economist," and that "man has for ages labored to disarrange parts thus admirably adjusted. . . . No injury, no wrong, no cruelty, can be conceived which barbarity has not inflicted on the most generous of man's many willing slaves." But although he has thus seen "the folly of contending against those organizations which govern the universe," he still thought that the employment of some sort of shoe might not lie open to this charge. Shoes of some sort may give to the horse the freedom which is essential for the health of the foot, although he insists that all the shoes thus far used are lamentable failures. "There are," he says, "many more pieces of iron curved, hollowed, raised, and indented than I have cared to enumerate. All, however, have failed to restore health to the hoof. Some by enforcing a change of position may for a time appear to mitigate the evil; but none can in the long run cure the disorder under which the hoof evidently suffers." Such language, it might be thought, could come only from one who had discarded the use of shoes altogether. All, however, that Mr. Mayhew has done is to point the way to the road which he was not prepared to take. But the experience of Miles and Mayhew, La Fosse, Charlier, and Douglas, seems to lead by necessary logical inference to one conclusion only. If the working of the traditional system leaves the horse a wreck almost before he has reached his prime, if the lessening of the weight of iron and of the number of nails used in fixing the iron has been followed by direct and important benefits in every instance, if even those who hold that a horse must be shod have discovered that that which they look on as a protection to the fore feet is merely harmful to the hind feet, is it possible to stifle the suspicion that this insignificant remnant of a system so fruitful in mischief may have no magic power, and, in short, that the horse may do just as well without them?

This conclusion has been courageously avowed and most ably enforced by a writer calling himself "Free Lance" in his recently published work on "Horses and Roads:" and to say the least, it is time that the whole question should be fully and impartially considered. It affects the wealth of the nation, and on it depend both the usefulness and the comfort of a race of noble animals which are indispensable to our prosperity. The force of prejudice may be great, and a widespread traditional system may not be soon or easily overthrown; but it cannot for a moment be supposed that English-

men generally will assume with reference to it an attitude of unreasoning and obstinate antagonism. Fear probably will be found to supply a restraining motive more powerful than open ill-will. Many who think that the new theory may look well enough on paper will doubt its value in practice, and will regard their own horses as exceptions to which it cannot apply. With a strange ignorance of fact, they will insist that unshod horses may move safely over smooth and soft ground, but must fail when it is rugged, and hard, and stony, or will be oppressed by a vague dread that a horse which has gone well enough without shoes for six months may break down in the seventh. But even those who refuse to give up the practice of shoeing will yet acknowledge its faultiness, and wish that they could give it up without risk. To all such we need only say that if they have any regard for impartiality they are bound to consider the arguments and the facts on which the conclusions of "Free Lance" rest; and most assuredly they will find in his pages nothing which they may charge with extravagance, rashness and intolerance. They will not be told that unless they abandon the system of shoeing altogether they can effect no improvement in the present state of things, or even that they must hasten to change the old system for the new. On the contrary, they will find that they are again and again warned against imprudent haste, and are told that a vast amount of good may be achieved even if they never venture on leaving their horses' feet in a state of nature.

Of these arguments and facts it might be difficult to determine which are the most important and significant. Certain it is that our horses generally are afflicted with a multitude of diseases which seize on their legs and feet, and that lameness is everywhere a cause of constant complaint and of loss of time and money. The author is not speaking from theory or from book, but takes his stand on an experience obtained during a sojourn of many years in foreign countries, especially in America, where in the construction of railways and other public works he had to employ hundreds of horses and mules on tasks which taxed their capabilities to the utmost. In Mexico, Peru, Brazil, and elsewhere he found that unshod horses were daily worked over roads of all kinds, carrying heavy packs from the interior down to the coast, the journey thither and back being often extended to several hundreds of miles, and that they accomplished these journeys without ever wearing out their hoofs; and the roads in these countries, where they exist at all, are neither softer nor smoother than those of England or of Ireland. If horses fell lame, it was from causes incidental to the climate, and for these the system of shoeing would supply no remedy. From other diseases, which from strong and often incontestable reasons may be traced to the use of shoes, they were wholly free. The necessary conclusion was that the system of shoeing could answer no good purpose, while it might be productive of much harm; and in this

conclusion he was confirmed by the admissions and protests of the most able and competent veterinary surgeons in this country. These have uniformly raised their voices against the heavy weighting of the horse's foot maintained by the traditional practice. It has been found here that the hoofs of some horses are so weak that they cannot be fully shod; and a writer in the "Field," styling himself "Impecuniosus," cited some ten years ago a remark by Mayhew that "some horses will go sound in tips that cannot endure any further protection," adding the significant comment that the moral of this is "that it is the shoe, not the road, that hurts the horse;" for if a weak and tender foot can go sound when all but unshod, "why should not the strong sound one do the same?" The conclusion, as he insists, should rather be that a horse must have a strong sound foot to stand not our work but our shoe. The same writer, speaking of the cruelties unwittingly perpetrated by grooms and blacksmiths on the horse's foot, says that "though lameness usually attends their efforts, they ascribe it to every cause but the right one, and indeed resign themselves complacently to the presence of many diseases confessedly caused by their treatment." "Free Lance" has seen, and others also have doubtless seen, light horses, of high breed and value, shod or burdened with a full set of shoes in which eight nails, nearly three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, were driven four in each quarter, and in a space of three inches for each four nails. He may well call attention to the immense amount of laceration and compression which the delicate hollow fibers of the crust must have suffered when thus wedged up within a fourth of their natural dimensions. Besides this, he adds, the hoof was, in one instance, carved out on the crust to receive three clips, one on the toe and one on each quarter. — "A calk, three-quarters of an inch high, was put on one heel of each hind shoe, and on the other heel a screw cog of equal height. On each front shoe a cog, also three-quarters of an inch high, was put upon each heel. This wretched victim to fashion was then regarded with the utmost satisfaction by the farriers and his groom; and all this heathenism was perpetrated in the forge of a veterinary surgeon. But, perhaps, he was shoeing to order."

Amongst the reformers of these great abuses M. Charlier occupies a prominent place. His shoe in its first shape was not successful. Starting rightly on the assumption that nature intended the horse to walk barefoot, and that the bottom of his foot was in every way fitted to stand all wear and tear, he excepted from these self-sufficing parts the outer rim, that is, the wall or crust. "He, therefore," "Free Lance" tells us, "made a shoe of very narrow iron, less than the width of the wall, which he let in, or imbedded, to the crust, without touching the sole even on the edge; so that, in fact, the horse stood no higher after he was shod than he stood when barefooted. He urged that such a narrow piece of iron would not

interfere with the natural expansion and contraction of the foot; and in this he at once went wrong, for malleable iron has no spring in it. Then, in spite of his theory, as he expressed it, he carried his shoe right round the foot into the bars, beyond where the crust ceases to be independent of them. He then got a very narrow, weak shoe, about a foot in circumference (if circumference can be applied to that which is not a complete circle); and, as he ought to have foreseen, the shoe then twisted or broke on violent exertion." Still, as freeing the horse from a large amount of the weight usually attached to his foot, the change was an important benefit; and the lesson thus taught was not thrown away. The shoe was reduced by a man at Melton from the full to the three-quarter size, and in this form it weighs five ounces. Seeley's patent horseshoe, adopted by the North Metropolitan Tramways Company, weighs one pound and a quarter, this being a reduction of one-half on the weight of the ordinary shoe; and we have to remember that each additional ounce on the horse's foot makes a most sensible difference in the amount of work performed by him during the day. Shoeing their horses on the principle of the modified Charlier shoe, Messrs. Smith & Son, of Upper East Smithfield, have found the result marvelously to their advantage, in the measure of comfort and safety with which their animals do their work, whether in the London streets, on pavement, or on country roads. So far as their experience has gone, there are no horses which it does not suit, and it is of special service for young horses running on the London stones, and for horses with tender feet, or corns, and to prevent slipping. In other words, the absence of metal confers benefits which cannot be bestowed by its presence. Facts in America teach the same lesson. At a meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture in 1878, Mr. Bowditch, a practical farmer, declared that "nine hundred and ninety-nine-thousandths of all the trouble in horses' feet come from shoeing," that he was in the habit of driving very hard down hill, that he had galloped on ice on a horse whose feet had merely a small bit of iron four inches long curled round the toe, and that this piece of iron is all that is needed even in the case of an animal whose feet have been abused for a series of years. When nothing is left but this fragment of the traditional shoe, and when even this fragment has, as in Massachusetts and elsewhere, been retained for the fore feet only, it is incredible that men should fail to ask what the use of this relic of the old system may be. Donkeys in Ireland are unshod, and they work on roads at least as rough, hard, slimy and slippery as those of England. "Can one really believe," asks "Free Lance," "that the animal which is endowed with the greater speed and power should have worse feet than his inferior in both respects?" To such a question one answer only can be given; and the lesson may be learned by any one who will take the trouble to go to the wilds of Exmoor or Dart-

moor. There, as in the Orkneys and on the Welsh hills and in many parts of the continent of Europe, horses run unshod over rocks, through ravines, and up or down precipitous ridges. "Yet all this," Mr. Douglas remarks, "is done without difficulty, and to the evident advantage of their hoofs, for these animals never suffer from contracted feet, or from corns, sand-cracks, etc., until they become civilized and have been shod." Mr. Douglas, it is true, holds that civilization involves the need of a shoe of some sort for horses as for men; Mr. Mayhew advocates the use of the tip, and, as we have said, it is not in human nature to stop short at such a point as this. It is obvious that if the complete abandonment of iron is followed by increased efficiency and power of endurance on the part of the horse, as well as from a number of painful and highly injurious diseases, the owner is directly and largely benefited in more ways than one. His horses live in greater comfort, and for a longer time; his veterinary surgeon's bill and the outlay for medicine are greatly lessened, and the costs of farriery disappear altogether.

Farriers will, of course, complain that their occupation is gone, and that they are ruined men; but little heed was paid to like pleas when they were urged for the drivers and attendants of coaches and coach horses when the first railways were constructed. Matters will adjust themselves in this case as they did in the other. But that the change cannot be effected in a day or a week, no one will venture to deny. The feet of horses are ordinarily treated, not wantonly but through ignorance, with a cruelty which is simply shocking. With vast numbers of animals which are not kept for purposes of drudgery and in whose appearance their owners feel a pride, the hoof is a mere wreck, and the sight of the mangled and split hoof may well excite not merely pity but wonder that any can passively allow such evils to go on. A few however, will always be found with resolution enough to shake off the fetters of traditionalism; and some of these have already expressed their opinion with sufficient emphasis. One of these, writing in November, 1878, says:

"The argument against horseshoes seemed to me so strong, and the convenience of doing without them so great, that I resolved to try the experiment. Accordingly, when my pony's shoes were worn out, I had them removed, and gave him a month's rest at grass, with an occasional drive of a mile or two on the high road while his hoofs were hardening. The result at first seemed doubtful. The hoof was a thin shell, and kept chipping away, until it had worn down below the holes of the nails by which the shoes had been fastened. After this the hoof grew thick and hard, quite unlike what it had been before. I now put the pony to full work, and he stands it well. He is more sure-footed, his tread is almost noiseless, and his hoofs know no danger from the rough hands of the farrier, and the change altogether has been a clear gain, without anything to set off against it. The pony was between four and five years old, and had



been regularly shod up to the present year. He now goes better without shoes than he ever did with them."

A well-known Cumberland farmer, writing about the same time, speaks of a farm-horse in his possession, which, having been lamed by a nail driven into its foot, had been for many months in the hands of the farrier. Tired out with this annoyance, the owner had his shoes taken off and turned him out to pasture. While still rather lame, the horse was set to work on the land; and he is now, we are told, "doing all sorts of farm work, and dragging his load as well as any shod horse even over hard pavement." If judgment based on knowledge is to carry weight, the question would soon be settled. We have already seen the opinions expressed by the most able writers on the horse, and especially on the structure and treatment of his feet, as well as by the best veterinary surgeons. The verdict of the "Lancet" is almost more emphatic. "As a matter of physiological fitness," it says, "nothing more indefensible than the use of shoes can be imagined. Not only is the mode of attaching them by nails injurious to the hoof, it is the probable, if not evident, cause of many affections of the foot and leg, which impair the usefulness and must affect the comfort of the animal." If we add that the hunter is benefited almost more than other horses by being allowed to use his feet as nature made them, the admission is made in the interests of the horse and not as an expression of opinion on the controversy respecting the right or the wrong of foxhunting. It is enough to say that for horses which have to move rapidly, and to come down with a sudden shock on sticky and slippery ground, the natural course of the process of expansion and contraction is of the first importance. For those who may care nothing for the gratification of hunting men, it may be amusing or provoking to learn that in times of hard frost hunters have been enabled to chase the prey by the aid of gutta-percha soles fastened to the feet; but all who are anxious only for the welfare of the horse will see in this fact strong evidence of the uselessness of the iron shoe. The plain truth is that differences in the quality of soil, be it hard or soft, stony or sandy, smooth and slippery, are of comparatively little importance to the horse whose feet are as nature made them. In the words of "Free Lance," "the unshod horse can successfully deal with all roads;" and assuredly no one will dream of asserting that shod horses can do this, for on the setting in of frost, for instance, they cannot be worked until certain ceremonies have been gone through at the blacksmith's forge. The unshod horse can tread firmly on the slime of wood pavement when shod horses are slipping and struggling in agony around them; he can gallop on ice, and trot for miles together on the hardest and roughest flint roads, with far more ease and comfort than horses whose feet are shod with iron, or even with gutta-percha. "Free Lance" rightly remarks that "if they could not there would be an end of the thing,

for evidently the horse should be able to go anywhere and everywhere, and at a moment's notice." It seems hard to produce the conviction that the natural sole of the horse's foot is almost impenetrable, that it is so hard and strong as to protect the sensible sole from all harm, and that all feet exposed to hard objects are made harder by the contact, provided only that the sole is never pared. This adequacy of the horse's foot to all demands that may be made upon it is forcibly illustrated by Mr. Bracy Clark, who, like Mr. Douglas and Mr. Mayhew, contented himself with striving to produce a perfect shoe, although he acknowledged that if we wish to appreciate the full beauty of its structure, "we must dismiss from our views the miserable, coerced, shod foot entirely and consider the animal in a pure state of nature using his foot without any defense." Probably Mr. Clark thought that, though we may consider it in its natural state, few can ever behold it, as all horses in civilized countries are in greater or less degree brought under artificial conditions. The plea is fallacious. The horse is clearly intended by nature to serve as a domesticated animal; and so long as we do not interfere with the proper functions of any part of its body (and the abomination of bearing reins and other such practices interfere with them grievously and even fatally), we bring it under no conditions which it was not designedly calculated to encounter. Private owners and companies whose horses must be numbered by troops are naturally irritated by the accidents constantly occurring on smooth and slimy pavements or on rough and hard stone or flint roads, and in their disgust they now offered rewards for the invention of a shoe which shall render the horse indifferent to the materials over which he has to pass, and have clamored for a uniform system of pavements in all towns. It seems strange indeed that no misgiving seems to cross their minds that they are taking thought of the wrong surface, and that they are scared by false terrors when they dread the contact of the unshod hoof with sand, granite, flint, wood, or asphalt.

It cannot, indeed, be too often repeated or too strongly insisted on, that the foot of the horse in no way needs to rest on soft and yielding surfaces. The very opposite of this is the truth, and this truth was perceived as clearly by Xenophon as by the ablest physiologists of our own day. Speaking, as he says, not from theory, but from wide and varied experience, Xenophon insists that in order to ensure the healthiness of horses, stable floors must not be smooth or damp, that they should be lined with stones of irregular shapes, of much the same size as the animal's hoof, and that the ground outside the stable, on which it is groomed, should be covered in parts with loose stones laid down in large quantities, but surrounded by an iron rim to prevent their being scattered. Standing on these, the horse, Xenophon adds, will be in much the same condition as if he were traveling on a stony road, and as he must move his hoof when

he is being rubbed down as much as when he is walking, the stones thus spread about will strengthen the frogs of his feet. It is not easy to repress a certain feeling of shame at the disingenuousness of modern writers who have tried to shirk the difficulty by saying that Xenophon had no knowledge of our hard roads. It is enough to reply that he speaks distinctly of roads covered with stones, and of the benefit which the horse derives from traversing them. There is not a word to justify a suspicion that he would have shrunk from the hardest roadway of modern times. Xenophon is thus in complete agreement with Lord Pembroke's remark that the constant use of litter in a stable makes the feet tender and causes swelled legs. In his judgment the bare stone pavement will cool, harden, and improve a horse's feet merely by his standing on it. Acting on the same principle, Vegetius, as "Free Lance" remarks, holds that the floor of a stable should be made, not of soft wood, but of solid hard oak, which will make the foot of the horse as hard as a rock. It should surely be unnecessary to say that these writers make not the remotest reference or allusion to the shoeing of horses. It was impossible that they could notice a practice which was unknown to the ancient world, and which is in truth simply a modern, as it is also a most uncalled for, barbarism. No iron helped to produce the heavy sound of solid horn which Virgil ascribes to the fiery steed of Pollux. Of late years we have heard much of the unjustifiable waste of time spent on classical literature which has no practical bearing on the interests of modern life. It is unfortunate that Xenophon's treatise on the management of horses has not formed one of the subjects for the upper forms of our public schools; and it would be well if they were made to read with care a book written by one who wrote unfettered by the restraints of any traditional system, and who successfully brought the cavalry as well as the infantry of the Cyrean army of Greeks from the plains of Babylon to the shores of the Euxine. There they would see how thoroughly the rules laid down by the leader of the Ten Thousand for the selection and the management of horses are in accordance with the highest scientific knowledge of the present day, and how happy an ignorance he displays of the long and dismal catalogue of diseases and miseries which a wrongheaded and ridiculous system has called into existence. No horses could be subjected to a more severe strain in every limb of their body than were those which Xenophon led from Cunaxa over the Armenian highlands to the walls of Trebizond; yet we hear nothing of any special difficulties arising from diseases of the foot or leg. It may probably be said with truth that the strain endured by those horses could be borne only by unshod animals. Paul Louis Courier, the French translator of Xenophon's treatise, was so struck by the apparent soundness of his method, that he put it to the test by riding unshod horses in the Calabrian campaign of 1807, and he did so with complete success. But that which with him was a volun-

tary experiment has been for others an involuntary necessity. This was the case with many of our cavalry horses during the Indian Mutiny, and their riders have declared that they were never better mounted in their lives. In the retreat of the French from Moscow the horses, "Free Lance" remarks, lost all their shoes before they reached the Vistula; yet they found their way to France over hard, rough, and frozen ground. In his invasion of America, Cortes could not carry about with him the anvils, forges, and iron needed for shoeing even the small number of horses which he had with him. But these horses did their work and survived it, and from them comes the fierce mustang of Mexico, which still goes unshod. There is great force in the remark of "Free Lance" that horses are not indigenous to America, this being their first introduction, and that climate and locality, therefore, have not that influence over the hoof which they are commonly supposed to have. The small horses of the irregular cavalry at the Cape, which took part in the battle of Ulundi, had no shoes on their hind feet, and few were shod even in front, but they held out longer and went miles farther than the shod animals: and no complaints were made of any of them falling lame, although, as "Free Lance" adds, "sheets of wet slippery rock and rolling stones in river beds would be calculated to try the hoofs to the utmost."

But it is scarcely necessary to cite more instances of the vast benefits which those who have had the courage to leave the feet of their horses as nature made them have received under the most varied conditions of work, of soil, and of climate. Humanity and self-interest here point in the same direction, and only folly of the most perverse kind will have the hardihood to fight for the maintenance of the existing system. The cruelties practised (whether unwittingly or wantonly) on the horse's foot have been extended over a series of generations, but the only penalty which remains to be paid for the ill-doing of years is the surrender of a few days or a few weeks of the labor of the animal which has been thus misused. On the other side, there is a certainty that we shall be entering on a course which will triple the length of time over which the efficiency of the horse will be extended, and which therefore will, within twenty years, have saved the nation a hundred and thirty-five millions sterling. It will further insure the immediate saving of all the money now spent on farriery, and this saving, which must be at the least forty shillings a year on every horse, will amount to two millions and a quarter; and there will be the further saving in straw as well as on medicines, nostrums, and remedies no longer needed for animals rescued from a system which was a fruitful source of discomfort, disease and death. The angry controversies which the subject is now constantly calling forth and exasperating will at the same time disappear. There will no longer be an outcry for uniformity in the system of paving towns, for horses will go as well on

one kind of pavement as on another. There will no longer be querulous demands on inventors for the devising of a perfect shoe, because it will be clearly seen that this perfect shoe has been furnished already by nature, and that it is only human ignorance and conceit which has marred the work of God. We may now look back with some feeling of envious regret on the wiser, because more natural methods of the ancient world; and future generations will look back with feelings of simple wonderment at the infatuation which could submit without a struggle to a system which doomed the horse to unnecessary disease and agony and to a premature death, while it deprived his owner of wealth often sorely needed or his own welfare and that of all depending on him. Of the ultimate issue there can be no doubt; but it is still the duty of "Free Lance," as all of whose eyes are opened to the mischiefs of the existing system, to fight the battle to the end.—SIR GEORGE W. COX, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

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### THE NEWSPAPER.\*

I THINK there can be no doubt that the most potent power for good or evil in our period of modern life is the newspaper. In countries that take to a monarchy it is the real king, and in republics like this of ours it is the real president, and citizens and subjects alike look to it for inspiration and direction, as few of them, I imagine, ever look to the Lord.

The newspaper is also the most remarkable outcome of our modern civilization. I know of no one thing beside that has gathered into itself so faithfully the very essence of the invention and discovery which has made the last hundred years peerless in this respect over all that went before, or which employs so much of the finest power to-day in the thought and life of man.

The steam engine does no day's work so marvelous in its whole result as that which is done by the steam printing press, the wire flashes no such weight of interest, the railroad carries no such freight as its last edition, while the artist has no such opening beside as this that transfers his work at once to the block and then sends his pictures flying into the hearts and homes of a million men. I went once into the northwestern wilderness after trout and came to a log house, where we halted for a chat, and the good woman told us that the ladies of our party were the first white women she had seen for almost two years. It was a very pretty place, and

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\* A sermon preached at the Church of the Messiah, New York, Dec. 5, 1880. Daniel, 11-32, 33: "This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his middle of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part iron and part clay."

was full of rosy children, and this was to be noted, that she had covered her walls carefully and with a fine taste with pictures from our great papers, so that the children were living in a sort of art gallery, which brought the great world home to them in a very charming fashion. I was driven by a thunderstorm into another log house some years after among the Rocky Mountains, and here was the same sight: a capital farmer's wife, a house full of children and the walls of the living room just like those in Grand Traverse—a picture gallery of our thought and life and land.

"How do you manage to find your faces," I said once to an artist who has taken a first place on these papers. "I know the real men, but these others who are born of your hand and brain seem to be as genuine and true to the life as the rest." Then I mentioned one I had just seen as an instance, and said: "Is that an ideal portrait?" "No," he answered, with a smile; "that is just as real as those of the men you know. I hunted all over New York for that man's face, and found it in a saloon." Hogarth, you will remember, did this in his day, and so his pictures are photographs of life in the London of his age. But the modern newspaper prints such pictures, and instead of confining them to the portfolios of the curious and the print shops of the capitals, it sends them over the prairies and into the backwoods on their messages of good or evil, and to do their work for those who can make no more of a printed page than they can of Sanskrit and the old runes, as well as for those who can blend the thoughts and the pictures into one. And as the newspaper makes tributary to its purpose the finest result of art and science and discovery, so it captures some of the choicest framers in our current thought and life. Dr. Chalmers said many years ago that the best writing and a good deal of the best thinking of his day was done for the newspapers. It was a perfect wonder to him how such essays as he read in them every day could be written on the spur of the moment, in the clash and clang of the intensest life of the world, and when each question which came up for discussion had been sprung there and then on the writer. It is not too much to say that the newspaper articles are as much better now than they were then as the papers are on which Chalmers based his wonder. It is the result of this devouring enterprise, fed by ample means which searches through every corner and cranny of the land for men and women of the finest ability, and then fastens them with chains of gold, as the old masters of the world did to their own place in the triumphal procession, but with this distinction between the old captains and the new, that in our day they are apt to be proud and glad, as most ministers are, for that matter, in proportion to the weight of the chains. And not content with the best thought, the newspaper at the same time secures the choicest enterprise. Do the hidden forces break out in an earthquake, a man springs up with his note-book and pencil while the land is rocking under his feet, and

begins to write and to flash his words over the first wire he can lay his hands on. Is the fire burning up a city, there he is among the flames scratching at his paper, the coolest man you shall find. "How did you come to write that account of that fearful morning in our city?" I said to a woman who had given a wonderful picture of it all in one of your great papers. "I was rushing out with all the rest of you," she said, "when I met a reporter for that paper who knew me; he said: 'You are the very person I was looking for; come right along. You must write me the story of this morning for our paper, and it must go over the wires to-day. We will pay you more than you ask. 'Write you the story?' I cried, through my tears; 'why, my heart is breaking, and I have lost my folks; and just look at me with the grime.' 'All right,' he answered; 'put the heart-break into the story. Leave your face to take care of itself, and let the folks seek you; now come along;' and come I did, across the river to a house where he found a table, put paper and pencil down, and so I did it, blotting the thing all over with my tears." Is there war far afield, the newspaper will give you news of the battles far ahead of anything the governments can get who are most deeply involved, and vastly more true as a rule. The reporter is there in the midst of the shot and shell, rides out of the battle in a way that would break most men's necks, tires down horse after horse if he must, and flashes his words with the very fire and smoke of the battle in them over sea and land to the editor's room. Nothing escapes this ever-present and all-present eye, or shall I say this power one can liken best to the trunk of the great creature of the forests, which can pick up a pin or wrench down a pine. It mirrors the great markets on one page and on the other tells you of an oyster supper in the basement of a church, and reports impartially a murder or a sermon.

Does the old Lion roar over there in Europe, or the Bear growl, or the Eagle scream? You hear them all through this wonderful telephone of the newspaper. It brings to you the froth and foam on the chalice of our life, and reports the vast and awful movements which belong to all the centuries and are felt all round the world.

"It is the abstract and brief chronicle of the time, showing virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

So it is no great wonder, as you will see, that the newspaper should be about the most potent power we know of among visible things, or that fair-minded men should be glad for this power, and proud of it wherever it is held sacred to truth and virtue in a wide and true sense. I would venture to say also, that we, of all men, should be glad and proud of this power for good, because among newspapers of the first rank there are very few indeed that are not conducted in a broad and liberal spirit whenever they touch the great questions which belong especially to the pulpit. Indeed, I saw a paragraph

not very long ago which professed to give the bias or the belonging of the most eminent editors in this country, and it was something of a wonder to find what numbers of them were what we should call liberal, until I remembered how hard it must be to find a man of any other mind who can conduct a great paper, or conducting one, should not catch this spirit through his work of the broad Church.

Nor is this true only of these states. You would think that in a city like London, where the roots of things must run down deep as the old red sandstone, there would be no room for such a spirit; there is not much room for the letter of heresy, as some call it, but there is a great deal of room for the spirit. Don't label your basket of seed, and Master John will not trouble you much any more about its nature. Shall I tell you a story? I was wandering about London one day, and came on a place from which vast numbers of publications flow perpetually; and looking at the place, with no idea of being known, a gentleman invited me in, told me as we sat in his office he was one of the firm, had heard me preach in an old meeting-house near by, was himself a liberal, as they all were; but then, you see, we have to keep all this to ourselves, he said, and take care no bigotry, at the least, gets into our books, but that they shall all have something in them of a broad and liberal spirit. It is the truth about the great papers we print on this side of the water, when they touch religion at all it is in a wide and inclusive way. They give no quarter to religious bigotry on any side, or bitter and narrow dogmas. It seems as if the very substance out of which most of the men are made who create or stamp their image on a great journal holds within it this leaven of free thought that they can no more hide than they can hide their shadow as they stand in the sun.

It has come to pass once more that for all these reasons, and others I shall not name, the newspaper has come to be beyond all doubt more popular and more widely read in this country than the Bible, while no man has to make such a confession about it as quaint Master Fuller made about the lesson for the day: "Forgive me in this, that when I set myself this morning to read Thy Blessed Word, I first turned the leaf to see if it was a long chapter." You never turn the page in this spirit, of your paper, to see if it is a long chapter, or find your long-lost glasses in the folded sheets, while most men, I doubt not, are stirred by what they read there, as they are seldom stirred by the great Old Book; and the reason for this is that the newspaper comes right home and bears the thought and life of the world about us, caught on the wing, and transferred to the pages, throbbing with love and hate, with terror and joy, with life and death, and it is not distance now but nearness which brings enchantment.

If this, once more, was the whole sum and substance of the newspaper, one could want no better visitor in our homes, or supervisor of our schools and churches, no more impregnable citadel and ally



of a free government, and no finer helper to our whole human life than the daily and weekly press.

But the truth is, as we all know, that there is a divine, a human, and an imperial element in the newspaper, as there is in all things that have come, and do come, out of the heart and life of man. It is like this great image the king saw in his dream, whose brightness was excellent. The head is fine gold, the breast and arms silver, the middle brass, the legs iron, and the feet part iron and part clay. The newspaper is glorious and good at its highest and best, meaner as you reach downward, and when you get clear down to the lowest line, as mean as dirt. It is the old dream over again in this respect, also that these elements stand for something outside the image itself. For the power on the throne and the power behind the throne, for the actors and the audience, for those who fashion this marvel of our modern time, and those for whom they fashion it. The gold and silver, the brass and iron and mud are all found first in the people who make the form and substance of the newspaper possible, and then it is in those who make the press to please those they work for and from whom they expect a due reward. Powerful and wonderful as this creation is of our new day, it is the image of the people who are looking at it in hope, or fear, or admiration, or hate. It is like the church, the drama, congress, the senate, and the administration, an outcome first and then an income. Or, like the water which runs clear to the upper stories of our houses and great buildings (only it does not so run in New York), a proof that we have those among us who work, and plan, and pay for cleanness; and at its worst it is like the stagnant pools and marshes that turn to slime in the sun to breed pestilence and malaria, proof of the kinship to evil some people tolerate about them or create out of the slush and slime of their own nature. Now that the American press—for I speak of this especially—that the American press should distance the world in enterprise is as natural as it is that we should do a hundred things beside that spring from our wide and free life. That it should be generally keen, bright, trenchant, quick and humorous in spots, is also natural because these are all qualities that lie within our free life also. That the leading articles in our papers should contrive to pack all the sense into half the space of the leaders in a paper like the London Times is also natural, because we live a hasty, fiery and impatient life, as different as possible from the slow and sure processes of the life in England; and so editors know very well that if they should give us a piece of their mind in two columns we should look at the long chapter, refuse to read it, and so not only frustrate their labor but stop our subscriptions, for we will no more abide long sermons in the press than we will in the pulpit. That we should have hundreds of personal and impersonal items about every thing of any interest, and every man and woman who happens to strike the public eye is also natural, because there is no such

curious and inquisitive race on the planet as this of ours. It is true, no doubt, that in one respect we have amended our ways since the days of Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens. We lay in wait no longer for the stranger to find out all about him, but there is a good reason for this: we have created the interviewer and he keeps us quiet in the full assurance that he can do a great deal better than we can and we shall get the whole truth in the next issue of our paper, and it may be a touch of imagination to boot.

It is natural also that every horrible catastrophe should be opened out to the minutest incident in some of our papers with deep headlines, secret and circumstance, not so much that the ends of justice may be served but that the dish of highest seasoning may sell the most papers. It is natural, also, I suppose, that below all these lines there should be papers that minister by letter, press and picture to the vilest and meanest passions of our common nature to the devil that is within us rather than the angel or the man, because there are multitudes in whom the devil is master, who do his dirty bidding and are led captive by him at his will. They prefer such garbage to what is clean and wholesome. It is their dram-drinking, and such papers are the dram-shops of the press, where evil passions are fed that end in crime.

And here I beg not to be misunderstood. I stand for the perfect freedom of the press now and forever, and want to see it frank and fearless about men and things, no matter who gets hurt. I have no sympathy with the mere sentimental squeamishness which would cover things up that ought to be revealed, and here the newspaper often does a work before which the pulpit quails and falls back, coming up at last if it comes at all among the reserves. It can do and has done a fearless work in grappling with public and personal corruption within the past few years. We need such papers and we have them. One paper I have heard spoken of as the Weekly Judgment Day. We have others that do not have to wait a week. They set the great white throne up against these festering evils every morning. I say not one word, then, against a frank and fair discussion of any question, but what I do loathe and condemn is not the freedom but the license which will bare the breast of its own mother if the public will pay to see a cancer. This slime of scandal in the papers that belong to the feet of mud and iron gleaming out of the dark things you cannot transfix with the spear of truth and reality, and be done with them any more than you can transfix sea jelly, and these floods of pictures that poison our youth with lascivious suggestion. This is the mud mingled with iron at the base of this excellent brightness, these marsh lights flitting over rottenness and decay.

And, now, what hope is there that this great power for good and evil will grow better and not worse? That the gold and silver of it will gradually gain on the brass, the iron, and the mud? Well,

this, first of all, is to me the ground of a great hope that the best of our journals are all the time growing better, and winning their way into larger areas of power and of the noblest use. I count it a sign altogether for good that the vast majority of our great papers are perfectly free, and, as I believe, perfectly honest. They want no office or plunder, and will have none; they stand clear of all taint and trust themselves utterly to the honest instincts of the clean American citizen. The best of them see from afar also as men on mountain tops the dawn of a new and better day, when the patriot will supersede the mere politician, or rather when the politician will be a patriot in the purest sense, and so they stand as heralds to encourage us to rise and take our place and begin with the new opportunity. Journals like these are the true leaders of the people, as Mr. Lincoln was a true leader when he waited to hear the tramp of his fellow-citizens behind him, and then marched on with their heart, and mind, and hand to maintain him. It is also true that as the people go the journals, which do not lead but follow, will go. They will do just what they have always done, wheel swiftly into line to save their circulation.

I look for the good to master the evil again in those things that offend the moral, and social, and religious instincts of our people. In all these things and for them all we are more or less responsible. It is our business to see that nothing shall enter our home that defileth or maketh a lie in the shape of a newspaper, to make our convictions known about these things wherever we go, and to court no smile and fear no frown for this from any side. Those who come to look at us from abroad say this is our weak place, this haunting sense of the inquisition of a newspaper that is down on us. I think sometimes there is something in this surmise. It is the most terrible power we know of when it is used to crush a man, but I say that the man who knows his own place, and is sure of his own uprightness, can dare even the newspaper and defy it for the truth and the right, come what may.

Go tell your masters to go ahead and print what they will about me; I defy them and will fight them. One of the bravest men I know said to another, who came to tell him, when the air was thick with scandals, that they had a document in the office which would ruin him they would burn for a price, "I defy them! and two hours after the courts open to-morrow I will have them in the dock." It turned out that the man was an impostor, who had come after blackmail. But if it had been just as the scamp said it was, that would have made no matter. There the man stood in the simple integrity of his great spotless life, without fear and without reproach. I believe also, that a great and good newspaper is as sacred in its own way as the Bible. It has something in it of the very present Word of God to man, and the very present word of man to God. The heart-beat of both pulses is in such a paper, the hand of both sets the

type, and the spirit of both reads the proof. The old printer in Norwich, when newspapers were in their infancy, used now and then, when he fell short of matter, to fill his sheet with a chapter from Job. He might have done a great deal worse. But now when the whole world is one neighborhood, the trouble is to find room for the teeming revelations that pour in as the sun belts the world day by day. Nor do I stand with those who condemn anything beyond skimming over our paper, and then tossing it aside. A good paper is as true a ministrant to the soul's life as good bread is to the life of the body; and it has become about as indispensable. I feel now and then as if I would like to read a great leader from my paper in the pulpit as a sort of second lesson. The old Scotch minister used to say, "I read my paper to see what the Lord is doing in the earth." It was a wise and good saying. That minister prays and praises and preaches best, who keeps up the steadiest intimacy with some good paper, because he is taken outside himself for his matter, and finds his heart going out toward the whole living world in supplication and thanksgiving; and that man preaches best who, being well grounded in the old sacred writers, watches this mirror of the passing time, and so brings out of his treasury things new and old. I advocate no exclusive devotion to one book. The Bible is the divine book to me of all the world and all time, and there are other books that are also divine in their own measure, and then a good newspaper makes up the sum, and in its own way is divine also, and all these things work together for good to them that love God, for in them all you find traces of His presence and His grace; and we of all men, we who look every day for the coming of His kingdom, and feel sure every night it has come, should be glad for this revelation of its presence we find in our paper, cleave to it with all loyalty, and do our best to develop its finest powers.

There is one more word. You are in the habit of saying, ministers are only men after all, and we must say the same of editors, and must make a large allowance for them when they do not chime in with our ideas, when we know they are good men and true in their vocation. I know of no position so full of difficulty as this of the conductor of a great journal. His congregation is counted by tens of thousands, and every man of them wants the paper run his way, frets and fumes if it is not so, and writes a scalding letter or gives up his paper. This is all wrong, and a perpetual threat to one of the finest treasures we possess—the freedom of the press. Now, we love free speech in the pulpit and cherish it; we should love it also in the press, so it be clean and sturdy speech, and say with good John James Taylor, I love the truth even when it goes against myself. Now and then I notice some notelet in a paper like this: "I have taken your journal from the first number." It is the proof to me of a certain nobleness, both in the man and the journal. It must be the first condition of the editorship of a great newspaper that the editor

shall see further and wider than we do, as it is the first condition of a minister that he shall see deeper and higher; and so it is the sign of a sad limitation in hearers and readers that they should want to narrow all down to their line of vision. "I don't think you quite knew what you were talking about this morning," a banker in the West said once to one of the ablest preachers I ever knew, as they came out of the church. "If I should come to your bank to-morrow morning, and say that of your banking, you would tell me to mind my own business and you would mind yours." And the man was noble enough to say you are right, sir, and I was wrong. There is such a right in this work the editor has to do. If he is a man to tie to he must be a free man within certain large lines, larger most likely than we like to allow, or else the day comes when he is not worth tying to. Of all places in the world to be guarded from a narrow, bigoted and sectarian spirit, I put the editor's sanctum first after the Church. So let us see to it, that we do our share to promote and conserve such freedom, and then the course of the great and good newspaper will be as that of the sun which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, and the whole image will be of shining gold.

ROBERT COLLIER.

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### RECENT TRAVELS IN JAPAN.

1. *Japan: Its History, Traditions, and Religions, with the Narrative of a Visit to Japan in 1879.* By Sir E. J. REED, M.P. With Map and Illustrations. London; 1880, 2 vols.
2. *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. An Account of Travels on Horseback, chiefly in the Northern Districts of Japan, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkō and Isé.* By ISABELLA BIRD. With Illustrations. London; 1880, 2 vols.
3. *The Satsuma Rebellion. An Episode of Modern Japanese History.* By AUGUSTUS H. MOUNSEY, F.R.G.S. Maps. London; 1879.

Among the most delightful of Japanese legends is the ancient myth of the wrath and appeasement of the Sun goddess, Amaterasu, in which we have, doubtless, the earliest Shinto essay toward some explanation of that still wonder-striking phenomenon—in the eyes of primitive peoples no less awful than marvelous—an eclipse of the sun. Incensed at the rudeness of her younger brother, Susanoō, the god of the sea, who threw the reeking hide (or carcass) of a piebald horse flayed backwards over her as she sat at her loom, the From-heaven-shining-great-goddess hid herself within a cave, the mouth of which she closed by a huge rock, and left the universe in darkness and distress. To tempt her forth, the eight millions of gods, after a great council held in the bed of the Stream of Heaven,

(Milky Way) hit upon the following device. One of their number, the goddess Udzumè, was set a-piping sweetly by the mouth of the cave, while hard by its rock-door the god Tajikara (Strong i' th' arms) was placed in ambush. The strains of the pipe, mingled with the Homeric laughter of the gods, who had assembled without to await the result of their stratagem, pleased the Sun-goddess mightily, and thus and otherwise tempted, she pushed the rock-door ajar and ventured to peep out. Strong i' th' arms alertly availed himself of the opportunity, and, drawing her out into the open prevented her return by passing behind her the slight but effectual barrier of a rice-straw rope. We are not told that the goddess in any way resented this somewhat irreverent compulsion of her will, or that she was afterwards otherwise than well pleased to resume her place among the sustainers of the universe.

In the leading features of this antique legend we may, without overtasking the imagination, see foreshadowed the recent history of Japan. Irritated and alarmed at the tendencies, real or fancied, of her intercourse during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with the "Namban" or Southern savages, as Europeans were then termed, from the fact that their ships approached Japan from the South, she withdrew in high dudgeon, more than two hundred years ago, into an almost complete isolation from the rest of the world. The emissaries of the West, from time to time, endeavored, but in vain, to induce her to abandon her seclusion; but it was not until past the middle of the present century that, half-angrily, half-inquisitively, she partially yielded to the blandishments of an American Commodore. The Strong i' th' arms of Western civilization was on the watch; and inexorably, if not ruthlessly, drawn from her isolation, Japan found her retreat cut off by a paper barrier of cross-character treaties. Thus suddenly and only half-willingly confronted with the light, she blinked, struggled, hesitated, but her natural instincts soon resumed their sway, and her rulers are now, apparently, not merely content but eager to run the race with the swiftest in the path of modern progress.

The Revolution, or Restoration, as the Japanese prefer to term it, of 1868 is an unique event in the history of the East, fraught with consequences of incalculable importance to the dense populations whom it has so long been the fashion to regard as obstinately unprogressive. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the nations of the West have during recent years displayed an extraordinary interest in the fortunes of their rejuvenescent and energetic sister. Her history, language, and antiquities, her arts, religions, philosophy, literature and science, have been attentively, even enthusiastically studied, and ample materials now exist in an accessible form, enabling us fairly to understand the past, judge the present, and, to some extent, forecast the future of the great island Empire that divides the broad Pacific from the stormy waters of the China Sea.

The three works of which the titles head this article, if read together as they should be, will be found to present a far more just and accurate view both of Old and of New Japan than can be gathered from the previous literature of the subject. Even the classical history of Kaempfer must yield the palm to the exhaustive and learned work of Sir E. Reed; whilst Miss Bird has given us the fullest as well as, let us say it at once, the most impartial account we have yet met with of the actual condition of the Japanese people, and Mr. Mounsey's brilliant monograph resumes the causes and fortunes of the great rebellion in Satsuma that terminated in the happy completion of the unity of the empire.

A distinguished politician, an experienced man of business, a scientist of repute, and a literary craftsman of no mean order, Sir E. Reed has shown no less industry and acumen in the selection of his materials than skill in their arrangement and presentation. But his conclusions do not always commend themselves to our judgment. On this point we shall have more to say presently; for the moment, we are concerned rather with the facts our author has gathered together than with the inferences he has deduced from them.

After describing the land and its climate, somewhat exaggerating, in our opinion, the merits of the latter—about which Miss Bird very truly remarks, "The traveler's opinion of the climate depends very much upon whether he goes to Japan from the east or west; if from Singapore or China, he pronounces it bracing, healthful, delicious; if from California, damp, misty, and enervating"—Sir E. Reed approaches the vexed and difficult question of the origin of its inhabitants, laying considerable stress upon a new theory of Japanese descent broached by Mr. Hyde Clarke, who sees in them a Turano-African race, which we find very difficult of acceptance. Nor is it by any means certain that more than an inconsiderable proportion of Aino blood runs in the veins of the Japanese peasant. Mr. Grifflis's assertion, quoted by our author, that "in scores of striking instances the very peculiar ideas, customs, and superstitions of the Japanese and Ainos are the same or but slightly modified," is the very reverse of the truth, as Miss Bird's account of the Yezo aborigines amply proves. The Ainos are, indeed, as unlike the Japanese, physically and morally, in habits, religion, and in language—so far as a linguistic comparison of the two peoples is at present possible—as any races of man well can be, and have adopted few of their conquerors' usages other than the love of fuddling themselves with saké, and the worship of a single deified hero, Yoshitsuné, the famous brother of the first Japanese Shōgun. The problem is one that still awaits a solution, which we venture to think will not be arrived at until the anthropology of the Polynesian and Malayo-Polynesian races shall have been satisfactorily worked out.

Sir E. Reed found "in the villages and towns generally large men

to be the rule, and small men the exception." Miss Bird's experience is of an opposite kind. She describes the men as "small, ugly, kindly-looking, shriveled, bandy-legged, round-shouldered, concave-chested, poor-looking beings," and the description, though unflattering, is certainly true. The expression of the Japanese countenance, however, is generally very pleasing, and the features light up wonderfully with a smile. The women "are as a rule small and very small," and, adds our traveler, quoting Mr. Anderson, late of Tokio, "when young they are usually attractive, notwithstanding the unclassical outline of their features; the neck especially is nearly always beautifully modeled." Miss Bird, on the other hand, states that the girls, though "appearing modest, gentle, and pleasing-looking," show "nothing like even passable good looks." "The noses are flat, the lips thick, and the eyes of the sloping Mongolian type; and the common custom of shaving off the eyebrows and blackening the teeth (though less common in Tokio than formerly), together with an obvious lack of soul, gives nearly all faces an inane, vacant expression." This judgment we think a harsh one, but it must be admitted that the women do their very best to make themselves hideous by excessive paint and powder, and by swathing themselves in an awkward bundled-up costume. Their youth, too, rapidly fades away, they nurse their children into the fifth year, and, as Mr. Anderson has acutely observed, "Three years of marriage carry the girl of the middle and lower classes over fifteen years of her youth."\* But the delightful ease and grace of their manners, their pretty gestures, and, above all, their musical voice and silvery laugh, constitute undeniable attractions, of which it were as unfair as ungallant not to record their possession.

Some hundred and fifty pages of Sir E. Reed's first volume are taken up with an elaborate summary of Japanese history, which our space compels us to notice very briefly. The annals of Japan are not inviting reading. Their dull monotony of partisan warfare and intrigue is unrelieved even by an episodic struggle for any great, good, or generous object, while the people remain throughout in a condition of servitude or effacement. Their historical value, too, is doubtful; especially is this the case with compilations of a date anterior to the thirteenth century, which are, indeed, in great part, mere collections of myths, legends, and traditions. The Japanese, however, have long accepted, and still to a considerable extent accept, these chronicles as veritable history, and on this account, as well as for other obvious reasons, they demand and even repay an attentive study. Sir E. Reed has been careful to make his epitome as interesting as the subject renders possible; the labor, perhaps, was the less irksome in that he seems to share the faith of the Japanese in the trustworthiness of even their earlier annals. The art of

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\* Dobell's "Annual Reports on Diseases of the Chest," 1878.



writing was introduced into Japan during the sixth century of our era, and the *Kojiki* ("Notices of Ancient Things") and the *Nihongi* ("Chronicles of Japan"), the earliest of extant writings, were compiled at the beginning of the eighth century. Yet the Japanese go back to the year 660 B.C. for the origin of their monarchy, and gravely tell us the very day—the 7th of April—on which the first of the Mikados ascended the throne of the Reedy Land. The one certain fact to be extracted from these primitive records is that at some period, anterior probably by a few centuries only to the date of the compilation of the *Kojiki*, colonizing bands, coming from or through Corea, settled in Japan, principally on the shores of the fertile plain on which the modern and ancient capitals, Kiyôto and Nara, now stand. The earlier immigrations seem to have taken place before Chinese letters and civilization had penetrated into Corea, after the introduction of which, fresh bands, less numerous probably those which had preceded them, brought a knowledge of the arts, literature, and polity of China to their kinsmen in Japan. The earliest polity and the earliest literature of the latter country were wholly Chinese in form, and almost wholly Chinese in spirit. The elaborate legal code known as the *Taihô Riyô*,\* said to have been promulgated in the districts within the immediate rule of the Mikado in the eighth century, is Chinese in style, terminology, and substance. Up to the commencement of the current decade, the civilization of the Japanese was almost entirely Chinese in character; and even at the present day the acceptance of Western civilization is principally confined to a comparatively small section of the ruling class, the members of which are with few exceptions *ci-devant* Samurai. The Samurai are probably the descendants, with more or less admixture of aboriginal blood, of the primitive Chinese or Korean immigrants; the number of Chinese words, altered only in pronunciation, received into the language, especially into the book and newspaper language, daily increases, and it is still doubtful whether silent Chinese influence will not carry the day against at least the moral and spiritual forces of European civilization. The almost complete absence of any traces of an indigenous Japanese civilization, and even of any noteworthy development of the civilization introduced from the middle kingdom, is a remarkable feature in the history of the Japanese people, and one that should be carefully borne in mind in estimating the national character, and in drawing conclusions as to the real meaning and probable outcome of the political and social changes now in progress.

For the story of the mediæval wars of the Hei and Gen, of the usurpation of Yoritomo, the founder of the Shogunate, and of the

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\* An interesting account of this, by Mr. C. J. Tarring, will be found in vol. III., pt. 2, of the "*Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*." (London: Trübner & Co.)

deeds of Nobunaga, Taikosama and the great Iyeyasu or Gongen Sama, the first of the Tokugawa dynasty, and the deified hero of the splendid temples and shrines at Nikkō—sources of innumerable legends, romances, and dramas—we must refer our readers to the sixth and several following chapters of Sir E. Reed's first volume. To ourselves the most interesting portion of Japanese history is the Christian episode of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We altogether dissent from the harsh judgment Sir. E. Reed has deemed it necessary to pass upon early Christianity in Japan. We have no great sympathy with Catholicism, but we have a regard for justice, and justice has not been meted out to the pioneer missionaries of that faith in the sun-source empire. No records left behind by the native Christians of that age have come to light, and the only indigenous accounts of their doings that appear to have been preserved are the compilations of the enemies and persecutors of their faith. Quoting from one of these writers, Sir. E. Reed says of the early missionaries:

"Their plan of action was to tend the sick and relieve the poor, and so prepare the way for the reception of Christianity, and then to convert every one, and make the thirty-six provinces of Japan subject to Portugal."

The italics are our author's, who in a note adds his conviction that the words thus emphasized "furnish the clue to the tremendous persecution which befell the Christian converts subsequently."

Again (p. 199):

"... The Jesuit missionaries and their converts, instead of commending their religion by the preaching of the gospel, by furnishing examples of godliness and charity in their own lives, and by the pure love of truth and virtue . . . sought to spread their faith by the evil arts of corruption, abuse, and persecution. With the doubloons of Spain and Portugal, furnished as 'alms,' influence and support were purchased, the priests of the existing religions were insulted and attacked, their idols destroyed, their shrines and temples burnt. The people were in many places commanded to become Roman Catholics by their converted lords, the alternative being banishment and loss of all they possessed."

And (p. 296):

"It appears beyond all doubt certain that, as the Roman Catholic missionaries made progress in Japan, they became less wise, less prudent, and less just in the course which they pursued, they or their converts making war upon the Buddhist priests, whom they called devils, overthrowing their gods and temples, and commanding the people either to become instant converts to Christianity or to take themselves off from their families, their homes, and all they possessed."

The italics in the last extract are our own.

The writings of Charlevoix, the correspondence of the missionaries preserved in the "*Lettres Edifiantes*," and the various author-

ities summed up in M. Léon Pagés' exhaustive and easily accessible "*Histoire de la Chrétienté au Japon*," demonstrate with abundant clearness the utter falsity of these monstrous accusations, brought by Japanese authors—translations of extracts from whose works seem alone to have been consulted by Sir E. Reed—against the Christian fathers. The missionaries squabbled among themselves, and, doubtless, were not always wise in their policy, or prudent in their fervor. It is possible, too, that the converted lords may occasionally have compelled their vassals to adopt the "evil doctrine," though no single instance of such compulsion can, we believe, be found in the reports sent to Rome by the missionaries during the hundred years that Christianity was more or less tolerated by the government of the Shōguns, and it cannot be supposed that facts were willfully kept back or carelessly passed over by the fathers, that would have testified to the success of their operations.

It was not until 1614, considerably more than half a century after the visit of Xavier in 1548 or 1549, that any active measures were taken against the Christians, less on account of any positive doctrines they professed, than because they disbelieved "in the gods and Buddha," which, being interpreted, probably meant at bottom merely a disinclination to pay Shintō and Buddhist tithes and church-rates. The proclamation of Iyeyasu, of which an interesting summary\* is given p. 298, can hurl no heavier accusation against the "Bateren" or Padri than that "they disbelieve in the army of gods, . . . if they see a condemned fellow they run to him with joy . . . and do him reverence." "If this," adds the great Gongen Sama naively, "is not an evil law, what is it?" It is true that the "Kirishitan" band is in the preamble charged with not "merely sending their merchant-vessels to exchange commodities, but also longing to disseminate an evil law, to overthrow right doctrine, so that they may change the government of the country, and obtain possession of the land," and a similar accusation is preferred in the very curious account of Christian principles given by an expelled Buddhist priest and quoted on p. 297. Charges of this kind, however, were mere inferences, not drawn by the Japanese themselves, but suggested, fifty or sixty years after the introduction of Christianity, by the Protestant rivals of the Spahiards and Portuguese for the commercial supremacy in the Far East. No proofs whatever are cited by Sir E. Reed—none, indeed, have yet come to light—other than the assertions of their enemies, that the missionaries ever taught or sought the subversion of the Japanese state, and it is but a cheap sneer to hint that they did not introduce the "composing doctrine of Christ's love—peace and goodwill," but "the use of firearms and the doubtful blessing of imported cannon," to

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\* Translation of Mr. E. Satow, Japanese Secretary to the British Legation in Japan.

be followed up in the nineteenth century by what we suppose must be taken as the certain "blessing" of imported ironclads.

The opposition to Christianity that arose in the seventeenth century was, indeed, almost wholly of a political character. Its doctrines became obnoxious because they were connected with the dread of foreign subjugation, suggested, as we have shown, by Protestant traders—a dread that has ever since haunted the Japanese mind, and still, perhaps, forms a leading element in the foreign policy of Japanese statesmen. The political rivalries, again, that kept the country in perpetual turmoil during the Shōgunates of Nobunaga, Taikō, and Iyeyasu, compelled the converts to take sides in the factious wars that desolated the land, and Christianity became, perhaps, eventually as much a political as a religious bond of union. Had the Christian daimyōs supported the unifying policy of the Shōguns, the persecutions that culminated in the massacre of Shimabara in 1637 of the Hizen insurgents, whose rising is said by a native writer "to have been mainly caused by the bad government of the reigning prince,"\* would probably never have defaced the pages of Japanese history. The persecuting spirit lingered down to our own times. It was only in April, 1873, that the notice boards at the entrances of villages and towns prohibiting the "evil sect," whose doctrines, by the way, Sir E. Reed likens to those of Buddhism, were removed. In the previous year the strenuous and long-continued exertions of Mr. Adams, our then chargé d'affaires, and his French colleague, M. de Turenne, obtained the release of a number of native Christians, whose only crime was their faith, and who had been imprisoned for more than four years. This fact is not mentioned in the work before us—a significant incident, if it was the fact that out of 3,000 who went into prison barely 1000 came out alive. True to the spirit of kindly, if occasionally somewhat excessive, admiration of everything Japanese, that pervades every page of his book, Sir E. Reed finds in Shintō a pure, native religion, founded originally upon the conception, stated with amusing vigor, that "there existed in the beginning one God, and nobody and nothing besides . . . whose name signifies the Lord of the center of Heaven; and next, and before anybody or anything else entered upon the scene, appeared" two other gods, their "names respectively signifying lofty producer, and divine producer." But these are merely synonymous epithets of the sun, and the Japanese originally worshiped, as they still worship the sun, as the most prominent natural object and as the source of all life and light. This is not monotheism; at first probably the sun was revered purely as a natural object; the anthropic ideas involved in the epithets we have cited had a much later birth. Whatever remains Shintō may

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\* "Christianity in Japan," by J. H. Gubbins, of H.B.M.'s Consular Service, Japan. "Transactions of the Association Society of Japan," Vol. VI., Pt. 1.

possess of an indigenous religion, it cannot be doubted that, in the form under which we know it, doctrines akin to those of Taoism have entered largely into its composition. The myths of Shintô, though not more repulsive, as Sir E. Reed justly observes, than those of Greece, have found no Homer to enshrine them in song, and it must be confessed that it would be difficult to extract from most of them any poetic meaning or to invest them with any attractiveness for the European mind. A considerable number of them are collected in these volumes, to the pages of which we must refer the reader for examples of the mythological inventiveness of the ancient Japanese. Although Buddhism is tolerated, the official religion is a sort of improved Shintoism, of which the following three commandments, promulgated by the government in 1872, form the basis:

"Thou shalt honor the gods and love thy country.

"Thou shalt clearly understand the principle of heaven and the duty of man.

"Thou shalt revere the Emperor and obey the will of his court."

The political ingenuity of the last commandment, especially of the concluding portion of it, is amusing.

Shintô, whatever may be its value from a philosophical point of view, has undoubtedly been of immense service in preserving the unity of the Japanese empire through many vicissitudes. Its cardinal doctrine, the divine origin and absolute supremacy of the Mikado, has never been lost sight of, even in the most troublous times; and Yoritomo, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi and Iyeyasu, though they arrogated to themselves all executive power, never failed to recognize the religious and legal pre-eminence of the Mikado, through whom, and through whom alone, the gods communicated with the people and watched over their safety and welfare. Nor has it fallen before the learning and influence of the Buddhist clergy, who, indeed, do not seem at any time to have sought its downfall, but rather to have encroached upon its domain and to have found in it a sort of natural, as opposed to a revealed, Buddhism, more or less obscured by superstitious practices. The Mikado himself was often, if not always, more or less of a Buddhist, and the Japanese generally appear to have viewed the "way of Buddha" and "the way of the gods," as equally certain paths to happiness and to Heaven; the latter route, perhaps, being rather preferred by the peasantry, and the former by such of the higher classes of society as were not Confucianists.

Sir E. Reed's disquisition on the language and literature of Japan is full of curious information. True, it is not free from errors, but Sir E. Reed does not pretend to possess even a rudimentary knowledge of the language, and his mistakes are, for the most part, not of a serious character. For some of them, indeed, he is not primarily responsible, as, for instance, for the statement made on the authority of Captain Brinkley, R. A., for many years professor of mathe-

matics in one of the government colleges in Tōkiō, that "12,000 or 13,000 characters must be stowed away in the memory, beyond the reach of time and the necessity of revision, before the young Japanese can fairly start in pursuit of science." Very few Japanese, in point of fact, are masters of more than 5,000 characters; with 3000, almost any book, save such technical terminology as it may contain, may be easily deciphered, and it is wonderful how far a knowledge of even 1500 will carry the European student of Japanese literature.\* The system of writing, however, is sufficiently complicated to justify its being characterized by Captain Brinkley as "a terrible blemish;" even the natives spend from five to seven years in acquiring a sufficient command of it. It has reduced a noble tongue to a dissonant, broken-down Chinese jargon, and maintains the Japanese - if not to their own harm, to that of the rest of the world - in an intellectual isolation through which only scholars favored with leisure and possessed of great patience and enthusiasm can ever hope to win. It is almost wholly this difficulty of mere decipherment, that prevents foreign residents, though well acquainted with the spoken language, from being capable of reading "a newspaper article, a book or a letter, addressed to them," and not, as our author appears to suppose, the difference that exists between the written and colloquial vocabularies and styles. Pure Japanese is, as Mr. Chamberlain, in a passage cited by Sir E. Reed, rightly says, "a mellifluous language, in which it would be hard . . . to find one word less euphonious than another; in that tongue, so different from the semi-Chinese jargon of the present day, every syllable is a delight to listen to."

We cannot accord to the literature, properly so-called, of Japan, any very high rank. It is at best an echo of that of China. Some of the mediæval romances are pretty, especially that known as *Take-tori Monogatari*; the tale of *Taketori*, and many of the poems in the ancient collection (tenth century, A.D.) called the *Manyōshū* ("The Myriad Leaves") have a certain quaint beauty, when not disfigured by puns or meaningless "pillow words," that eke out the meter, such as it is, but not the sense.

Sir E. Reed passes a high but well-merited eulogium upon the present Cabinet, of the members of which he gives brief but interesting biographies. With the exception of the Premier, Sanjō, and

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\* In the Chinese version of the Bible, and twenty-seven other books printed at their press, the Shanghai Presbyterian Mission employed 1,100,000 characters, but only 5,150 different characters. In the translation of the Scriptures 4,141 different characters were used. In the above twenty-eight works thirteen characters were found to occur over 10,000 times each, 229 over a thousand times each, and 8,715 characters (many probably as phonetics to render proper names) less than twenty-five times each, showing that with a knowledge of some 15,000 characters and their compounds the whole of the twenty-eight works might be deciphered with little difficulty.

his Vice, Iwakura, who are "Kugè,"\* they are all members of the Samurai class, of respectable but not noble lineage. Most of them were, up to 1868 or even later, among the bitterest opponents of Western civilization; they have, however, long since fully recognized either its superiority or the necessity of its adoption, and by the wisdom and moderation of their rule won the admiration and regard no less of foreigners than of their countrymen. Their task, however, is still far from being altogether an easy one. They are obliged to defer more or less to the prejudices of an immense army of bureaucrats, in whose ranks the more energetic or more fortunate of the Samurai have found refuge, while the poverty and ignorance of the masses constitute serious difficulties in the way of effecting much-needed reforms. No constitutional means have yet been devised, either for the sufficient expression of such intelligent public sentiment as exists in the country, or for the peaceful accomplishment of such ministerial changes as may from time to time become necessary to insure a due representation of the best public opinion in the councils of the Mikado. From the upper ranks of the bureaucracy there too often mounts an unwholesome atmosphere of intrigue, in which healthy governmental action becomes impossible, and on the whole it seems that the future of Japan can only be permanently assured by so remodeling the construction as to rest the power of the executive upon the intelligent assent and support of the commonalty, enlightened and instructed by a free and well-informed press. How this reform is to be accomplished, to what extent its accomplishment is possible, are difficult problems, which we do not pretend to solve, and which in all probability will not be solved unless and until some native political genius shall appear on the scene, adequate to the task and sufficiently favored by circumstances to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. The government is in reality an oligarchy, in form a simple despotism, tempered by a Supreme Council, consisting of the prime minister and two vice-prime ministers, together with the heads of the various departments of state. The Emperor is a man of large-minded and liberal views, and deservedly popular with all classes. Sir E. Reed, who had the honor of a personal interview with his Majesty, speaks of the descendant of the sun-goddess in terms of enthusiasm which the recent history of Japan fully justifies. The Kuwōgè, or Empress, has won the love of the people by the sweetness and affability of her demeanor, and especially by the interest she exhibits in the education and elevation of her sex. During the last ten years the government has put an end to many abuses and accomplished great positive reforms, but much yet remains to be done. Among the more pressing needs are

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\* The "Kugè" were nobles of the Mikado's court, of higher rank but less power than the "daimyō" or territorial nobility, who were supposed to own the suzerainty of Shogun.

the remodeling of the constitution upon an extended representative basis, the enactment of a more humane and scientific penal code, of a public criminal procedure, and of a code of civil law. The position of women, too, is still deplorably low, and complete emancipation from their present state of humiliating thralldom to their male relatives is an indispensable condition of any permanent social progress. The existing laws or rather customs of marriage, succession and adoption, require a radical reform, and we trust that the government, with the assistance of the public, may be able to abolish the "terrible blemish" of Chinese calligraphy which throttles, imprisons and isolates the intellect of the nation. With questions of religion the government does not appear in the least to concern itself. Christianity has full toleration accorded to it, and Buddhism is raising its head again, while the official Shintô is dying of inanition.

The members of the higher ranks of the bureaucracy—the real rulers of the country—are almost to a man indifferentists. What form of religion, if any, may ultimately commend itself to them, we cannot even guess, and it is equally difficult to conjecture what in the next century will be the religious condition of the masses. Of the future of Christianity in Japan it is difficult to speak with any confidence. Sir E. Reed, as we have shown, excuses, if he does not applaud, the Japanese in their condemnation of it as hitherto presented to them. Miss Bird does not take a hopeful view of the prospects of the religion of Christ, whether taught by the Protestant, the Catholic, or the Greek missionaries. Against the Catholics more or less of the old historical prejudice still subsists. The Greek missions maintain an active, and, we believe, pretty successful propaganda. We do not remember any other country not under Russian control in which they are to be found, Akamatzu told Miss Bird that he thought Christianity might make progress in some of the country districts, but not in the towns, and a native preacher, Mr. Neesima, was of a similar opinion. Mr. Fyson, a missionary at Niigata, quoted by Miss Bird, finds, however, "strong prejudices against Christianity in the country, and extreme indifference in the city." The medical mission work of Dr. Palm, of Niigata, seems on the whole the most successful. The American missions, too, are extremely well conducted in Japan, as elsewhere. Their members are most earnest in the work, pay great attention to education, and extend their operations with much of the business-like keenness and sagacity of an enterprising trader. Of Mr. Neesima and his labors, Miss Bird gives a most interesting account. He is a Samurai, and highly connected. He was induced to study Christianity by the perusal of some Christian tracts in Chinese, which he found at Yedo. He went to China—it was at a time when the Japanese were prohibited from leaving the country—sold his swords (the extent of which sacrifice will be understood by those who knew Japan under the Shôgunate), and managed to find his way to America, where he



studied the doctrines of Christianity, and finally, after a five years' course of theology at Andover, took orders. He also visited England, where he was much impressed by the drunkenness of the men and the "innocent faces of the children." It is satisfactory to learn from Miss Bird that "the demand for the books of the New Testament (translated) is increasing rapidly," and that "very many thousand copies have been sold during the last year (1877), and there must be altogether a prodigious number in circulation."

Sir E. Reed made good use of the short time he had at his disposal, and accompanied by his son—whose modest record of the general impression which the first views of the country and people produced upon a youthful traveler shows great keenness of observation—managed to visit all the treaty-ports save Niigata and Hakodate. Kiyôto, Nara the ancient capital, the celebrated Shrines of Ise, the Mecca of the Shintôists, and the noble old town of Nagoya, of which we do not remember to have met with any description in any previous writer. At the last mentioned place, preserved in the Shrine of Atsuta, he was shown one of the three sacred emblems of Shintô, the famous Grass-mowing sword, stolen by a crafty serpent from the Sun-goddess, in the dim mythical time. The opportunity is laid hold of for a digression upon the Japanese Sword, which, under the picturesque régime of Old Japan, seems to have been almost an object of adoration with its wearers, who had to observe a minute and peculiar etiquette in its port and use, some very curious details of which are given.

From the deck of a Japanese steamer, under the command of an English captain, Sir E. Reed enjoyed the enchanting diorama of the island-studded inland sea, and he embellishes his narrative by quaint stories of the gods and heroes whose temples and burial places stud its picturesque shores. The educational and industrial institutions of Kiyôto, the establishment of which is due mainly to the energy and far-sightedness of the governor of the Western capital, struck him with admiration; and, in truth, nowhere in Japan has the civilization of Europe been more faithfully and intelligently applied to the promotion of the culture and well-being of the people. At a tiffin in Kiyôto, given by the governor, our travelers' susceptibilities were shocked by one of the attentions shown to them, "which consisted in serving alive a large fish taken in the morning, one side of it being almost entirely carved to pieces; but the carving so done—this being the proof of skill in the artist—that the fish was quite alive, and had, it seemed, a reproachful look in its moving eye as it was handed round."

Before taking leave of Sir E. Reed we feel constrained to record our total dissent from the extremely harsh judgment he has passed upon foreign diplomacy in Japan. His two volumes are throughout pervaded by a spirit of extravagant eulogy of his hosts, and in his introduction he prefers or adopts a formal enactment of

arrogance, fraud and tyranny against the treaty powers in general, and against England in particular, in their dealings with Japan, which we believe to be wholly unsupported by the facts. Utterances of this kind have been long familiar to us as a part of the common claptrap of a certain section of the young-Japan party, and we are not greatly concerned, even if we had space, to deal with them in any detail here. Their complete refutation will be found in the blue books and in the diplomatic correspondence of our representatives in Japan from the days of Lord Elgin to the present time. We do not deny that errors were committed in the earlier period of our intercourse with the Tycoon's government, but these were almost wholly occasioned by the ignorance, in which Japanese isolation had forcibly kept the world for over 200 years, of the nature of the government and polity of Japan, and especially of the powers and attributions of the Tycoon himself. Up to 1870 or 1871, indeed, it was difficult to obtain trustworthy information concerning the mode in which the administration of the country was conducted. In some of our proceedings the Japanese may well be excused if they discern a certain high-handedness, but Sir E. Reed can plead no such justification of the deliberate publication of hearsay and hypothetical charges of dishonesty and tyranny against the diplomacy of the West, and above all against the diplomacy of this country.

"It is we," he writes, p. 32, "who are said to have delayed the revision of the treaties, to have objected to the laws of Japan having reasonable application to foreigners, to have attempted to force on the country an illegitimate trade in opium, to have objected to the closing of the foreign post-offices, and to have secretly fomented the difficulties with China on the Loochoo question."

He adds:

"The members of the Japanese cabinet are not, so far as I know, the authors of these complaints; to me, at least, they were exceedingly reticent on all such matters."

Nevertheless, a few lines further on, we are assured that the views recited are those of well-informed persons, and "were corroborated by such of the ministers" as could be "induced to speak on the subject." Of these charges none are true in whole or in part, and we challenge Sir E. Reed to produce any justification whatever of any one of them, other than the loose and irresponsible talk of native editors and of nameless underlings and hangers-on of the government.

In an appendix are printed the treaties and conventions in force between Great Britain and Japan, together with useful lists of the emperors and year periods; with the dates according to the Japanese and Christian calendars. Notes are added upon swords and sword-makers, followed by a comparative table of words in Japanese, West African, and other languages, drawn up by Mr. Hyde Clarke, which we take to be of doubtful value, many of the so-called Japanese

words not being Japanese at all, but Chinese vocables pronounced *japonica*; some of them we are wholly unable to recognize.

Of Miss Bird's two volumes it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. They fully maintain the well-earned reputation of the author of "Six Months in the Sandwich Isles," and "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," as a traveler of the first order, and a graphic and picturesque writer. The title she has chosen for her new book is no misnomer, it was in very truth in journeyings over "unbeaten tracks" that she passed the greater portion of the seven months she spent within the dominions of the Mikado. Few foreigners, even of the stronger sex, would have had the courage and perseverance to face and surmount the obstacles which a frail woman, in ill-health, accompanied only by a single native servant, encountered in her cross-country wanderings in "jinriksha," on pack-horse, nay even on cowback, from Nikkō to Niigata and thence to Awomori, over bridle-paths and rough mountain-tracks almost unknown to Europeans. But Miss Bird is a born traveler, fearless, enthusiastic, patient, instructed, knowing as well what as how to describe. No peril daunts her, no prospect of fatigue or discomfort disheartens or repels her. Her rare powers of observation and research are always on the alert, fair weather or foul, and every page of her book testifies to her possession of that supremest of traveler's virtues, the faculty of resisting the temptation at the close of a toilful day to slur over the unattractive and tedious duty of writing up the day's journal.

These fascinating and instructive volumes are by no means easy to review. The minute criticism of a Japanese scholar might indeed detect inaccuracies in the statements, and in some instances we must confess ourselves unable to accept the conclusions of our traveler, but on the whole we find ourselves reduced to play the part of showman rather than of critic; and even in the former rôle we are met by the difficulty, that our faculty of selection is weakened by the sustained interest and excellence of the subject-matter of our task. We must beg our readers to peruse the volumes themselves; our best presentment of their contents will give but an imperfect notion of their novelty and charm, and fail to render due justice to their brilliant and talented author.

Miss Bird, though dealing with a now well-worn subject has broken entirely new ground. She traveled through districts very rarely traversed and never before described by foreigners; over some portion of her route, probably, no foreigner, certainly no foreign woman had ever passed. It was her object to study the masses in their homes, in their daily lives, and amid their usual surroundings; to penetrate into their modes of thought, and learn the manner of their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. Her conclusions will be unpalatable to some, destroying as they do not a few illusions, but it is time that the truth should be told in plain and fearless

language. Ample materials for arriving at a fair estimate of the political and social condition, needs, and prospects of the Japanese people, will be found in these volumes, especially if read together with, but after, Sir E. Reed's work, both as a corrective of the latter and because in it the history, religions, and traditions of Japan are elaborately and lucidly set forth.

Miss Bird's lively narrative shows that she has not lost either the sense of humor or the power of picturesque word-painting that have distinguished her previous works. She possesses a singular faculty of discovering strange characters, and converting them into devoted adherents—even a wild Aino, Pipichari, was subdued into lying at her feet like a strong patent hound. The portrait of her servant, interpreter, and factotum, Ito, is a fitting pendant to that of "Mountain Jim" in "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," though the two worthies are as far apart as the poles from each other, physically and morally. Ito was a not very prepossessing youth, eighteen years old, four feet ten inches high, bandy-legged, plain, stupid-looking, but with a rapid, furtive glance in his eyes that seemed to show his stolidity to be in part assumed. He was an excellent specimen of the rank and file of "Young Japan." "Nothing surprises or abashes him," writes Miss Bird in one of her earlier letters; "he is obviously quite at home in a legation," and "seems as sharp or 'smart' as can be. . . . He is intensely Japanese . . . thinks everything inferior that is foreign, and delights in retailing stories"—which we may venture to add parenthetically were probably pure inventions—"of the bad manner of Englishmen." But "he is not a good boy," "he has no moral sense . . . would tell a lie if it served his purpose," has "but little heart or any idea of any but vicious pleasures. . . . His frankness is startling; he despises the intellects of women, but flirts in a town-bred fashion with the simple tea-house girls." His anxiety to speak the very best English led sometimes to ludicrous mistakes. On one occasion Miss Bird remarked "What a beautiful day is this!" and soon after, note-book in hand, he said, "You say a beautiful day; is that better English than a 'devilish fine day,' which most foreigners say?" We have some suspicion, however, that Master Ito was amusing himself at his mistress's expense upon this occasion. On the whole, he seems to have been a helpful servant and a capital interpreter, and Miss Bird's readers will owe much of the enjoyment and instruction they will derive from these volumes to his quickness and versatility. As far as dress is concerned, it is only by the "obi," or girdle, and by the mode of arranging the hair, that one can tell a woman from a man. The women did not appear to Miss Bird to possess any pretensions to even "passable good looks." Their costume was no more to our traveler's taste than their looks:

"The female dress is surely not graceful, tumbling off at the shoulders, as tightly dragged round the hips as the most incon-

venient of English dresses, though to the *front*, not the back, so narrow as to impede locomotion, and too long for muddy weather. Tottering with turned-in feet an high wooden clogs, with limbs so tightly swathed that only the shortest steps are possible, a heavy chignon on the head, and the monstrous bow of the *obi* giving the top-heavy wearer the appearance of tumbling forward, the diminutive Japanese women look truly helpless."

The materials, however, are often unexceptionable in character and color:

"The wife of Saigo, the minister of education, called one day in an exquisite Japanese dress of dove-colored silk *crepe*, with a pale silk underdress of the same material, which showed a little at the neck and sleeves. Her girdle was of rich dove-colored silk, with a ghost of a pale pink blossom hovering upon it here and there. She had no frills or fripperies of any description, or ornaments except a single pin in her chignon, and with a sweet and charming face she looked as graceful and dignified in her Japanese costume as she would have looked exactly the reverse in ours."

The Japanese come off badly when compared side by side with their Celestial neighbors. The contrast between the sturdy, broad-shouldered, regular-featured Celestials, who throng the streets of Kobe and Yokohama, with the meager wizen-faced natives, who shuffle awkwardly by on high wooden pattens or in slip-shod straw sandals, is a striking and an instructive one:

"One cannot be a day in Yokohama without seeing quite a different class of orientals from the small, thinly dressed, and usually poor-looking Japanese. Of the 2,500 Chinamen who reside in Japan, over 1100 are in Yokohama, and if they were suddenly removed, business would come to an abrupt halt. Here, as everywhere, the Chinese immigrant is making himself indispensable. He walks through the streets with his swinging gait and air of complete self-complacency, as though he belonged to the ruling race. He is tall and big, and his many garments with a handsome brocaded robe over all, his satin pantaloons, of which not much is seen, tight at the ankles, and his high shoes, whose black satin tops are slightly turned up at the toes, make him look even taller and bigger than he is. His head is mostly shaven, but the hair at the back is plaited with a quantity of black purse twist into a queue which reaches to his knees, above which, set well back, he wears a stiff black satin skull-cap, without which he is never seen. His face is very yellow, his long dark eyes and eyebrows slope upwards towards his temples, he has not the vestige of a beard, and his skin is shiny. He looks thoroughly "well-to-do." He is not unpleasing-looking, but you feel that as a Celestial he looks down upon you."

Vast numbers of men merely fulfill the functions of beasts of draught or burden. In Tôkiô alone there are over 23,000 "jinikshas," a kind of perambulator, with shafts, drawn, not pushed, by

one or two men, and doing the duty of cabs. A few years of this work affects the runners with various forms of heart and lung disease, and not many outlive five years of it. Good runners will trot forty miles in a day at an average rate of four miles an hour. They can easily keep up with a carriage all the way from Yokohama to Odawara, some thirty-five miles.

The shopkeepers are polite, but apathetic. The subjoined humorous account of their ways hits them off admirably:

"If you like and wish to buy an article you don't ask its price, but that of several other things, working indifferently round to it. Perhaps the vendor says ten yen; you laugh as if you were very much amused, and say two yen. He laughs derisively, but quite good-naturedly, and you put it down, on which he says eight yen; you laugh again and walk about, on which he looks amused, and says seven yen; you say carelessly three yen, he looks sad and appears to calculate on his soroban; you move as if to go out, when most likely he claps his hands, looks jubilant, and says yuroshi, which means that you are to have it for three yen, which possibly is far more than it is worth to him. If the sellers were sour and glum, this process would be unbearable, but if you are courteous and smiling, they are as pleasant as people can be."

The only shops that make any show are the toy-shops. Sweetmeat shops are innumerable; so too are booksellers' shops, where translations of Mill, Spencer, and Darwin are common. The "Origin of Species" especially has a large sale. There are no books on religion. The few translations we have looked into were very bad, and must have left the minds of their readers in a dire state of confusion. It is singular that no epitomes or explanations of Western civilization or philosophy by native writers are to be found. They would be far more useful than translations, which, in view of the impossibility of rendering the Western terminology into Japanese with any degree of clearness, save by long paraphrases, are, at the very best, awkward conveyances of Western thought.

Women hold a very inferior position in Japan. They can be divorced at pleasure; and we have heard on Japanese authority that 60 per cent of the marriages end in divorce, "so bad," added our ungallant informer, "are the women." This, however, is doubtless an exaggeration—one, nevertheless, indicating pretty well the position of the weaker sex. Crimes against women, even under the new codes, if committed by husbands, parents-in-law, or elder brothers, are very lightly punished, in some cases hardly punished at all. Miss Bird gives (vol. i. p. 323) *in extenso* a curious native code of morals for women. As an unmarried girl she must not be spoiled, lest "she quarrel with her husband's relatives." Among other causes for divorce are disobedience to a husband's relatives, jealousy, and a "chattering tongue." Her principal duty is to obey her husband, to converse with him "with a smiling face and humble word,"

think "her husband to be heaven, and not resist him, even when angry." Above all, though she must be rigidly chaste herself, she must not interfere with her husband's amours. She may, however, admonish him, if she do so "in a gentle, kind manner." The bad qualities of women are love of slander, spitefulness, jealousy, and ignorance; "seven or eight women in ten have these maladies," hence their inferiority. They are stupid, therefore they must be humble; "in all stations of life the wife must stand behind her husband." Even in Japan, however, the sex are beginning to assert their rights—to the great disgust of a writer in one of the native papers, the *Meiroku-zasshi*, whose effusions came under Miss Bird's notice. After alluding to their increasing power as one of the results of European intercourse, he instances, with considerable scorn, the fact that among Europeans, men are not permitted to smoke in the presence of ladies: "the reason that men are thus prohibited from smoking is that the ladies do not like it. But if I smoke I do so in virtue of my rights as a man; and if the ladies do not like it, they should leave the room." To adopt this custom would involve "a limitation of the freedom of power. . . . At present there is much discussion . . . as to the relations . . . between men and women," and, if care is not taken, "the power of the other sex . . . will become so overwhelming that it will be impossible to control it." The masses of the population, especially on her journey from Nikkō to Niigata, and thence to Awamori, Miss Bird found frightfully poor, and repulsively dirty in their dwellings and habits. The fact is the cleanliness of the Japanese is much more apparent than real, and the rose-colored descriptions of Japanese life met with in most recent works upon the country are altogether opposed to the truth—which it is as well should be made known, even at the expense of destroying a pleasant fiction. The Japanese bathe frequently, but "the bathing is not for purification, but for the enjoyment of a sensuous luxury. Soap is not used, and friction is apologized for by a general dabbing with a soft and dirty towel. . . . These people wear no linen, and their clothes, which are seldom washed, are constantly worn, night and day, as long as they will hold together. They seal up their houses as hermetically as they can at night, and herd together in numbers in one sleeping-room, with its atmosphere vitiated to begin with by charcoal and tobacco fumes, huddled up in their dirty garments in wadded quilts, which are kept during the day in close cupboards, and are seldom washed from one year's end to another. The tatami, beneath a tolerably fair exterior, swarm with insect life, and are receptacles of dust, organic matters, etc. The hair, which is loaded with oil and bandoline, is dressed once a week, or less often in these districts, and it is unnecessary to enter into any details regarding the distressing results, and much besides may be left to the imagination."

Almost the best, certainly the most picturesque side of Japanese life is seen in the temples' and temple grounds. Of the curious mixture of gayety and devotion that may be witnessed on any feast-day at the famous temple of Kwan-on, Asakusa, one of the most populous quarters of Yedo, a vivid picture is given:

"Crowds on clattering clogs pass in and out, pigeons, of which hundreds live in the porch, fly over your head, and the whirring of their wings mingles with the tinkling of bells, the beating of drums and gongs, the high-pitched drone of the priests, the low murmur of prayers, the rippling laughter of girls, the harsh voices of men, and the general buzz of a multitude. There is very much that is highly grotesque at first sight. Men squat on the floor selling amulets, rosaries, printed prayers, incense sticks, and other wares. Ex votos of all kinds hang on the wall and on the great round pillars. Many of these are rude Japanese pictures. The subject of one is the blowing-up of a steamer in the Sunridagawa with the loss of 100 lives, when the donor was saved by the grace of Kwan-non.

. . . Most of the prayers were offered rapidly, a mere momentary interlude in the gurgle of careless talk, and without a pretense of reverence; but some of the petitioners obviously brought real woes in simple "faith." I specially noticed two men in stylish European clothes, who prostrated themselves over and over again; and remained before the altar several minutes, offering low-voiced prayers, with closed eyes, and every sign of genuine earnestness, and several women in obvious distress, probably about sick persons."

Here, too, is "a revolting library of the Buddhist Scriptures," of which a "single turn is equivalent to a single pious perusal of them," an advance upon the famous prayer-wheel, so common in Thibet and not infrequent in Japan. Miss Bird is never tired of praising the courtesy, good-nature, gayety, and gentleness, of the people. They deserve her encomiums, but with limitations, for it must not be forgotten that they are quite capable of the most cold-blooded ferocity. Her account of the Japanese mode of horse-breaking shows this, and the present writer's experience of many years' contact with the people tends to prove them superficially rather than really kind. Foreign visitors commonly see them at their best, on holiday occasions, or upon their good behavior, but residents who are acquainted with their daily life come to recognize much that is evil in their treatment of the unprotected. The Japanese pony—a sorry, vicious animal, it is true, with "three movements (not by any means to be confounded with paces)—a drag, a roll, and a scramble"—has an especially hard time of it, and a society for the protection of animals would find plenty of work to do in Japan. Violent crimes are far from rare; up to quite recently punishments were of a most barbarous character, and the use of torture in judicial process was universal. Nor is Miss Bird quite correct in her assertion that "the Japanese of the Treaty-ports are contaminated



and vulgarized by intercourse with foreigners." Numbers of ne'er-do-weels and illegitimates are attracted to the Treaty-ports, where they find abundance of well-paid work offered without any questions being asked. Travelers are apt to be unjust to the foreign community. The vices of the Japanese are indigenous, not imported, and the rowdiest class of the early days of foreign intercourse—the ronin—has completely disappeared. Their politeness doubtless, has suffered, but the politeness of the Japanese is much more a mode of external manners than born of any heartfelt benevolence. Nor is it fair to twit the foreign resident with lack of interest in the country and its people; the charge, indeed, is not true, as the pages of the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan," and the contents of the several daily and weekly English newspapers published in Yokohama, abundantly show. The merchant, however, is necessarily much occupied with his own affairs, and has but little time or energy left for other work. The language, too, is a great bar to any study of the literature of the Japanese, or investigation of the many interesting points of their political and social condition. It is, no doubt, easy to pick up a few conversational phrases, but several years of patient study are necessary to attain sufficient command of the language to render fruitful inquiry possible, while the absence of common associations renders social intercourse with the natives at best but an interchange of frigid courtesies.

Many of their superstitions are extremely curious. The goddess Kwan-on is much trusted as a reliever of pain; among the famous tableaux exhibited at Asakusa is one "of a man suffering from violent headache, who is directed by Kwan-on to the spot where the buried skull which belonged to him in a former state of existence is being split open by the root of a tree which is growing through the eye-socket." On removing the root, the pain ceases.

Every one wears charms—even the "smart" Ito did so—figures of gods or saints, or amulets from Isé, as protective against snakes, foxes, illness, accident, barrenness, etc. "In sleeping, the head must on no account be turned to the north, because that is the position of a corpse after death." It is dangerous to throw hair or nail-clippings on the hearth. If you want to get rid of a tedious visitor, you need only burn a moxa on the back of the wooden clogs he will have left in the doma (entrance-yard); a fisherman meeting a priest will have no luck that day; bad fortune is sure to occur to those who put on new clothes after 5 p. m.; no bachelor should light his pipe at the andon (lantern-lamp) instead of at the hibachi (brasier), else he will not get a good wife; while to pour tea absently otherwise than out of the spout, is a sure sign of the approach of a priest. One of the prettiest is that of the "Flowing Invocation;" the liberation of a soul in torment by the wearing out of a "piece of cotton cloth suspended by its four corners from four bamboo-poles just above a quiet stream," through which it is hoped passers-by will pour water,

with the aid of a dipper provided for the purpose, accompanying the compassionate act by a short prayer.\* Rich people, it seems, buy a cloth dexterously scraped thin in the middle, so as to hasten the process, thus illustrating the native proverb, "The judgments of Hades depend upon money."

One of the commonest idols is that of Daikoku, the Buddhist God of Wealth;

"He is jolly and roguish-looking usually, as indeed the god may be who leads all men and fools most. He is short and stout, wears a cap like the cap of liberty, is seated on rice bags, holds a mallet in his right hand, and with the left grasps tightly a large sack which he carries over his shoulders. The moral taught by this figure has long since been forgotten. It teaches humility by its low stature. Its bag represents wealth, requiring to be firmly held when attained. The cap partly shades the eyes, to keep them bent down on the realities of life. The mallet represents manual labor, and the rice bags the riches to be acquired by following the rules which raise the lowly! Traders, farmers, and all who have their living to make, incessantly propitiate Daikoku, and he is never without offerings and incense."

This explanation, however, is, we suspect, rather an ingenious Japanese fancy than an orthodox rendering of the meaning of the figure.

Miss Bird went to see a *Nô*, or lyric drama, with musical accompaniment, but found it "most tedious, and the strumming, squalling, mewling, and stamping, by which the traditional posturings are accompanied . . . absolutely exasperating." A comic pastoral that followed pleased her better, the dresses in especial being "exquisitely beautiful," and the whole forming a "lovely spectacle." She was invited to an interesting musical entertainment given by Mr. Satow, who lives luxuriously in a "beautiful Japanese house, the furnishing of which is the perfection of Japanese and European good taste and simplicity." Dinner was served "by noiseless attendants in Japanese dress." The performers were thirteen ladies and gentlemen, of remarkably dignified and refined appearance, who "entered with musical instruments carried by servants, who then retired." The principal performer was a young girl, daughter of a nobleman, who played on an exquisitely made antique instrument called the *shô*, that needed to be constantly warmed at a stand of rich lacquer containing a charcoal brasier. The damsel's face and throat were whitened with powder, and her lower lip was patched with vermilion:

"Her 'evening dress' consisted of a kimono of soft, bronze-green silk, with sleeves hanging nearly to her ankles, an under vest show-

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\*We believe this invocation is used only for women who have died in childbirth.

ing at the neck, of scarlet cr pe splashed with gold, a girdle of three and a half yards of rich silver brocade made into a large lump at the back, and white cloth socks. She wore a large chignon, into which some scarlet cr pe was twisted, a loop of hair on the top of her head, and a heavy tortoise-shell pin with a branch of pink coral at one end, stuck through the chignon. The other young ladies were dressed in kimono of dark blue silk, with blue girdles brocaded with silver; and the two elderly widows wore dark silk kimono and haori of the same. The men all wore silk hakama and haori."

Of the musical performance the visitor says:

"I was ex cruciated, and experienced twinges of acute neuralgia, . . . the music was absolutely monotonous, and inflicted a series of disappointments, for every time that it seemed to tremble upon the verge of a harmony, it relapsed into utter dissonance. . . . The vocal performance was most ex cruciating. It seemed to me to consist of a hyena-like howl, long and high, varied by frequent guttural, half-suppressed sounds, a bleat, or more respectfully an 'impure shake,' . . . eminently distressing to European ears."

Solos upon the samisen and koku (Japanese fiddle), when well executed, are, however, by no means unpleasing. The Japanese are said to find our music far more detestable than we do theirs; and a "prominent" native is quoted as delivering himself of the opinion, with proper Japanese scorn, that children, coolies, and women might find pleasure in European music, but an educated Japanese could never tolerate it. Native nurses, however, often catch simple European melodies, and may be heard humming them to themselves with evident enjoyment.

It is curious that so good an observer as Miss Bird takes no notice of the almost complete absence of gesture from the ordinary conversation of the Japanese, whose countenances and voices are alike wanting in expression and emotional tone. The smile, however, is gay and pleasing, and a curious low, hoarse guttural tone denotes anger. The language is singularly unemphatic and possesses hardly any terms of endearment,\* but, on the other hand, unlike Chinese, is equally poor in imprecative or vituperative expressions. Nothing is more amusing than to watch a pair of acquaintances salute each other in the street. As they come in sight of each other they slacken their pace and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither were worthy of beholding the other; then they bow low, so low as to bring the face, still kept carefully averted, on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed. A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of undertone-falsetto, either trying to outdo his friend in the rapidity and extrav-

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\* The Japanese never kiss; the word does not exist in their language.

agance of his language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other. At last a climax is reached, each endeavors to give the *pas* to the other. For some moments, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues, then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were one capable of none but a brusque solution, and the pair pass on hurriedly, each his own way, with a look of extreme relief.

Miss Bird spent some two months in Yezo, the northernmost of the Japanese islands, lying between the main island and that of Saghalien, or Karafuto, as the Japanese call it, recently ceded by the Mikado to Russia, in exchange for some worthless and distant members of the Kurile group. Yezo, though its northernmost point touches a latitude considerably south of the Land's End, has a climate of singular severity, a heavy snowfall, and in the north a Siberian winter. Its area is close upon 36,000 square miles, being thus larger than Ireland, and its population is stated to be 123,000. We have a lively description of its principal town, Hakodate, a treaty-port, and an important center of native trade, but becoming gradually deserted by foreigners, of whom only thirty-seven were found to be residents at the time of our author's visit, while the Japanese population numbered as many thousands. A valuable account is added of the resources of the island, and of the mode, less successful than were desirable, in which these are developed by the Colonization department of the Japanese government. The coal fields are of great extent, being estimated to contain one hundred and fifty thousand millions of tons. The fisheries are conducted on a magnificent scale, especially the salmon fishery, which rivals that of Oregon. At Ishikari it "is one of the sights of Japan. Some of the seines are 4,000 feet in length, and require seventy men to work them; a pair of such making three hauls a day, sometimes catch 20,000 salmon, averaging when cured ten pounds each." The industry, however, is greatly overtaxed, from 10 to 25 per cent being levied on the yield.

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most novel, portion of Miss Bird's book, is the narrative she gives of her visit to the Ainos, among whom she spent some three weeks, a feat never before attempted by a foreign lady, in the performance of which our traveler traversed districts into which no European had ever previously penetrated. The landscape was in turn weird, somber and picturesquely sublime; wide reaches of gray sand between infinite ocean and interminable marshy jungle; dark forests, knotted into a tangled impervious mass by a luxuriant growth of stout creepers and climbers; lofty mountain ranges, dividing deep ravines, and overlapped at intervals by bare volcano cones. Her itinerary extended over a total distance of 358 miles, and at one of the interior villages, Bira-tori, she made a stay of several days, thus affording herself ample opportunity for collecting information. On the way to Yuhets

"the road is perfectly level for thirteen miles, through gravel flats and swamps, very monotonous, but with a wild charm of its own. There were swampy lakes, with wild ducks and small white water-lilies, and the surrounding levels were covered with reedy grass, flowers, and weeds. . . . A dwarf rose of a deep crimson color, with orange medlar-shaped hips, as large as crabs, and corollas three inches across, is one of the features of Yezo; and besides, there is a large rose-red convolvulus, a blue campanula, with tiers of bells, a blue monkshood, the *Aconitum Japonicum*, the flaunting *Calystegia soldanella*, purple asters, grass of Parnassus, yellow lilies, and a remarkable trailer, whose delicate leafage looked quite out of place among its coarse surroundings, with a purplish-brown campanulate blossom, only remarkable for a peculiar arrangement of the pistil, green stamens, and a most offensive carrion-like odor, which is probably to attract to it a very objectionable-looking fly, for purposes of fertilization." \*

The Ainos are described as a gentle, inoffensive race. It is, however, certain that they were not always so, and terrible tales are told of their ferocity and cruelty in former times. Nothing is easier than to arrive at false conclusions with respect to savages or semi-savages. In the presence of strangers they are never natural, and are prone to give such answers to questions put to them as they think will satisfy the questioner or stave off further inquiry. Ito, who regarded them "as just dogs," was probably not always a careful or faithful interpreter, and Miss Bird's account of their customs, beyond what she could personally observe, must be received with some caution. They compare favorably in physique with their Japanese masters.

"After the yellow skins, the stiff horsehair, the feeble eyelids . . . the flat noses, the sunken chests . . . the puny physique . . . and the general impression of degeneracy conveyed by the appearance of the Japanese, the Ainos make a very singular impression. . . . The men are about the middle height, broad-chested, broad-shouldered, 'thick-set,' very strongly-built, the arms and legs short, thick, and muscular, the hands and feet large. The bodies, and especially the limbs, of many are covered with short bristly hair. I have seen two boys whose backs are covered with fur as fine and as soft as that of a cat. The heads and faces are very striking. The foreheads are very high, broad, and prominent, and at first sight give one the impression of an unusual capacity for intellectual development; the ears are small and set low; the noses are straight but short, and broad at the nostrils; the mouths are wide, but well-formed; and the lips rarely show a tendency to fullness. The neck is short, the cranium rounded, the cheek-bones low, and the lower part of the face is small as compared with the upper, the peculiarity called a "jowl" being unknown. The eye-brows are full, and form

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\* Probably a species of *Glossocomia*.

a straight line nearly across the face. The eyes are large, tolerably deep set, and very beautiful, the color a rich liquid brown, the expression singularly soft, and the eyelashes long, silky, and abundant. The skin has the Italian olive tint, but in most cases is thin, and light enough to show the changes of color in the cheek. The teeth are small, regular, and very white; the incisors and 'eye-teeth' are not disproportionately large, as is usually the case among the Japanese; there is no tendency towards prognathism; and the fold of integument which conceals the upper eyelids of the Japanese is never to be met with. The features, expression, and aspect are European rather than Asiatic."

The wood-cut on page 76, we may add, faithfully reproduces the "Aino Patriarch" it is intended to represent. The stature of the men ranges from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 6½ inches; that of the women seldom exceeds 5 feet ½ inch—surely a somewhat wide difference. The women are pretty, but, like the men, repulsively dirty. They are tattooed, "not only with a broad band above and below the mouth, but with a band across the knuckles, succeeded by an elaborate pattern on the back of the hand, and a series of bracelets extending to the elbow. The process of disfigurement begins at the age of five." The men adhere to this custom with a singular tenacity, and begged Miss Bird to intercede for them with the Japanese government, which had lately prohibited it. Both sexes have low, sweet, musical voices, sad, gentle eyes, and winning, courteous ways. They are fond of caressing, and even kissing their children, who in their turn, from the day they can toddle about, treat their parents with a ceremonious reverence very touching to behold.

Their dwellings are not dirtier than those of the Japanese peasantry in the less fertile districts, and are far sweeter, owing to the food being stored in separate "godowns," built on a singular kind of platform as a protection against foxes, wolves, and probably rats. Of their religion Miss Bird could only gather some vague hints: one of them on being asked what were bad deeds, said, "Being bad to parents, stealing, and telling lies;" and to an inquiry as to whether he thought there was "a good or bad place" to go to hereafter, replied, "How can we know? No one ever came back to tell us." We are not sure, however, that there is not some of Ito's smartness in these answers.

We are sorely tempted to insert Miss Bird's amusing account of the pests of Yezo, the crows, and her magnificent description of a storm she encountered on the pass of Ikari, in the province of Awomori on the main island, to which her picture of the smiling plain of Yonezawa is a fit pendant; but our space is limited, and forbids further indulgence in the luxury of quotation from these attractive volumes. Both Miss Bird's and Sir E. Reed's volumes are well illustrated. Among the numerous wood-cuts given by Miss Bird, those of "The Traveling Restaurant," the "Street and Canal,"

and the "Japanese Packhorse," in the first volume, are singularly faithful and spirited reproductions of Japanese life and scenery. We cannot, however, praise the wood-cut of "Fujisan," which is nothing less than a libel on the most shapely of volcanic cones. The representations of Aino life in the second volume, after Japanese sketches, possess the double interest of equal novelty in subject and artist. The most characteristic of the full-page illustrations that adorn Sir E. Reed's work is undoubtedly "A Country Scene" (vol. i. p. 235), representing the sowing of rice; and the view of "Mount Fuji," forming the frontispiece to the second volume, would be unacceptationable, save for the artist's omission to give to the lofty snow-clad summit its curiously jagged and irregularly trifid outline. Sir E. Reed has added an interesting series of reproductions by a Japanese engraver from the works of the native Callot—the now celebrated Hokusai, who died some thirty years ago at the advanced age of ninety—well-chosen examples of the marvelous fluency, sincerity and energy of the later "ukiyo" or realistic school of Japanese art. The best of these are, in our opinion, the sketch of "Coolies Quarreling" (vol. i. p. 272), that of the "Origin of Hanging Pictures" (Kakemono), and that of "Soldiers in Time of Peace" (vol. ii. p. 300), which, if we remember rightly the original, ought to be rather "Soldiers preparing to Arm"; in all of which the singular force and directness of the artist's method are as well displayed as the Hogarthian richness of incident that characterizes the works of this master contained in the "Manguwa" (Album of Rough Sketches), the "Fugaku Hiyaku-Kei" (hundred views of Fujii), and a crowd of similar collections of the productions of his genius.

In the fourth chapter of his second volume Sir E. Reed gives an interesting and valuable account of Japanese art, the peculiar and distinctive excellence of which he fully appreciates, while noting its deficiencies and limited range. The Japanese artist, indeed, *writes* rather than *draws* his sketches, reproduces form rather than substance, rarely travels out of the conventionalities of his particular school, and in his pictorial efforts displays little tenderness or imagination and no feeling for beauty, save as a colorist, though he is not devoid of fancy, and has a special eye for the picturesque in landscape and the grotesque or humorous in social life. But in decorative work the supremacy, within certain limits, of Japanese art is now well recognized, and in deft, faithful, and conscientious execution, the art-workers of old Japan compare favorably with the best craftsmen of mediæval Europe.

It is not easy to form a fair estimate of the national character, or to forecast with satisfactory accuracy the future of this interesting people. The difficulty is increased by the fact that two nations differing as much in intellectual caliber as in physical appearance, and comprised, roughly speaking, in the official samurai and non-official heimin (commonalty), respectively acknowledge the mild sway of

the Mikado. The almost childish gayety, the courteous and gentle demeanor, of the latter class nearly disarms criticism, and the passing traveler is not tempted to look beneath so charming a surface. But to residents, the uglier depths of the national character become, perforce, revealed, and the judgment the two distinguished native gentlemen whom we have already mentioned, Akamatzu and Neesima, expressed to Miss Bird—that the principal faults of their countrymen are the grave ones of “lying and licentiousness”—is difficult of rebuttal. Dr. Hepburn, a very old resident and a favorable witness, says, “The youth seems to be a model of all that is frank, noble, impulsive, obedient, grateful, and polite. The same individual as an official often appears the incarnation of meanness, deceit, ingratitude, and untruth, though always outwardly polite.” Their courtesy, even, is much more significant than real, and often wears a look of servility, the outcome of centuries of oppression, and of a minute and burdensome ceremonial that took the place of moral code. The specimens of the ordinary epistolary style, given by Miss Bird, are astonishing instances of cringing hypocrisy. Women are not treated with either courtesy or chivalry; they are the mere toys and slaves of the men, and, as we have already seen, are even yet afforded but a meager protection by the law.

The history of the country and the character of the laws and institutions of Old Japan, sufficiently show the national capacity for ferocity underlying the superficial smoothness of ordinary intercourse. The popular novels and plays are made up of scenes of slaughter and license. The terrible punishment of the former régime will be familiar to all who remember the Shinagowa execution-ground previous to 1868. As late as 1875 the cries of tortured prisoners in the Yokohama Kencho formed the subject of complaint by foreign residents in the neighborhood, to whom the horrid din had become intolerable, and the prisoners were in consequence put to the question elsewhere.\* We must judge of a tree by its fruits, and up to the time of the Restoration the Japanese had little if at all improved upon the civilization introduced twelve or thirteen centuries earlier from the Middle Kingdom. That civilization is now being discarded, save as regards literature, for the civilization of the West, but much more in the grosser material than in the subtler moral and spiritual forms of modern European society.

The Japanese of the ruling classes are distinguished by great natural intelligence and quickness of parts; by considerable powers of mental application and concentration; and, above all, by a splendid memory. In the possession of these qualities they much resemble the Bengalese; but, like these, are deficient in modesty, patience,

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\* Out of some two hundred soldiers, recently found guilty of mutiny, fifty-three were condemned to death and shot.



and reflection, and have not hitherto displayed much originality of thought or power of invention, or shown themselves to be endowed with any considerable degree of imagination or fancy.

There is, however, no reason to suppose that the Japanese, of the samurai class at all events, are racially or radically inferior in mental and moral potentialities to any of the peoples of the West. Their defects are easily explicable by reference to their past history and the present social and physical conditions of their national existence, with the amelioration of which the development of a healthier and higher culture may confidently be looked for—a development to which an abandonment of the Chinese written character would lend a powerful impetus. The principal dangers that threaten Japan seem to be the temptation her rulers have once or twice nearly yielded to of involving her in Continental politics by interference with Corea—which would at once bring her into antagonistic contact with both China and Russia—and the tendency to concentrate all political power in the hands of an irresponsible oligarchy of bureaucrats, more or less tinctured with European notions, likely to be torn by constant internal feuds and exercising a despotic sway over the masses of the people. Against this tendency the only safeguard lies in the creation of a really representative legislature; and, despite obvious difficulties and inconveniences, we believe a wide liberality in the matter of popular representation to be the wiser course. The members of the present cabinet are able and conscientious men, prudent in their foreign policy when not influenced by irresponsible and interested foreign “advisers”; as liberal, probably, as for the moment they dare to be in their domestic policy. We trust we shall not be misunderstood in venturing to hint that more consideration is, perhaps, given to the relations of Japan with foreign powers than their importance, compared with that of the development of the resources of the country, actually calls for. We do not regard Japan as being or likely to be a wealthy country. We agree with the views expressed by the Hon. F. Plunkett, formerly our *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo, in a recent admirable report on the mineral resources of Japan, that the mineral wealth of the empire has been greatly exaggerated. No considerable extension of the cultivation of tea and silk is to be looked for; the amount of rice-land is limited in quantity; and though wheat might be cultivated on a much larger scale than is actually practiced, the cereal would find neither a home nor a foreign market. There is no capital in the country, while foreign capital is excluded; and without its aid no great development of private enterprise is possible. But in certain branches of manufacturing industry Japan enjoys and may maintain an undoubted supremacy, and in the extension of her fisheries she may find a new source of wealth. She may degenerate into the condition of a South American Republic; she may, and we believe and fervently hope she will, become a fairly prosperous and fairly powerful

country. No complications, external or internal, of any moment, beset her path; she may never rank among the great powers of the earth, but the glory will always be hers of having first among Asiatic states shown herself capable of marching in the forefront of civilization, almost abreast with the most advanced nations of the vaunted West.—*Quarterly Review*.

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### SHERIDAN.

"In society I have met Sheridan frequently; he was superb!" So said Byron, who had met him often and heard him quiz De Staël and snub Colman, and who said that "Sheridan could soften even an attorney." "Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do," says Byron, "has been par excellence, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy ["School for Scandal"], the best drama . . . the best farce . . . and the best address [monologue on Garrick], and to crown all, delivered the very best oration [the famous Begum speech] ever conceived or heard in this country."

A wit rather than a humorist, an orator more than a statesman, a brilliant writer of comedy and farce, Sheridan was equally at home in the salons of the great, in the repartee of the clubs, in the badinage and persiflage of the green-room, or in the debates and conflicts of the House of Commons.

Born of a mother of whom Dr. Parr said, "I once or twice met his mother, she was quite celestial," and of a father who was a man of letters, the instructor of Wedderburne, and the manager of a theater, he yet started in life without means or powerful friends, and rose to be—alas for him!—the friend of princes, in whom he put his trust, and, more fortunately, the support of Fox and the Whig party, and their finest orator. He lived to give to the stage a comedy so bright and witty, so graceful and mirthful, that it keeps its popularity to this day, and he added the weight of his genius to the persecution of Warren Hastings in a speech which worked an assembly, already excited by the eloquent imagery of Burke, into a frenzy of enthusiasm.

This man, with all his genius, wit, eloquence, and fascinating manners, with inherited and acquired abilities, who had overcome all obstacles, and stood in the first rank in society and in the House of Commons, died poor, worn out by debauchery, and with bailiffs about him. Nevertheless, in recognition of the purity of his political life, in admiration of his splendid talents, when he passed away he was carried, with the consent of the nation, to that Abbey to lie wherein is the secret hope of all our great men.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751; his grand-

father was a scholar and the friend of Swift; his father was an actor of some celebrity in his day, a rival of Garrick, a teacher of elocution, and the author of a well-known pronouncing dictionary; his mother was the authoress of several plays, novels, and other works, now wholly forgotten. At nine years of age Brinsley was brought over to England and placed at Harrow, where, Moore tells us that "he was remarkable only as a very idle, careless boy, who contrived to win the affections and even admiration of the whole school, both masters and pupils, by the mere charm of his frank, genial manners, and by the occasional gleams of superior intellect which broke through all the indolence and indifference of his character." At Harrow his scholastic education may be said to have commenced and ended, for his father's circumstances were not sufficiently flourishing to admit of his being sent to a university, and in his twentieth year we find him an idler in Bath society—in which city his father was acting at the time—writing, in conjunction with a schoolfellow named Halked, a three-act farce, which no manager would accept, translating the "Epistles of Aristænetus," publishing a miscellany, which never went beyond the first number, and projecting other things which they fondly hoped would bring them fame and fortune, but which nobody appreciated except themselves. Some of the poems, however, that young Sheridan composed at this time, addressed to the reigning favorites of the pump-room, were far above mediocrity, although his invocations to Delia, and the complaints of Sylvio, would not be at all to modern taste.

Every one knows what the Bath of that day was like; it was the resort of valetudinarian reputations as well as of impaired constitutions, of gamblers, adventurers, fortune-hunters, scandal-mongers—and much worse. It was not a healthy atmosphere for a good-looking, fascinating, clever young fellow of twenty, who, his mother being dead and his father being continually engaged in professional duties, was left to do very much as he liked; and one of the least reprehensible things he did was to fall in love with the most beautiful and accomplished woman he met. This was the daughter of the well-known composer, Elizabeth Linley, the famous singer—called by some the fair maid of Bath, by others St. Cecilia—with whom every man was in love, including Brinsley's friend Halked, his own brother Charles, rich Mr. Long, Sir Thomas Clarges, and one Captain Matthews, a fashionable routé, a married man, who had known her from her childhood. The latter, a man of fortune and intellect, was a welcome and respected visitor at her father's house, and took advantage of his position to endeavor to entangle her affections. But young Sheridan won the victory over all his rivals, and to him Miss Linley told the story of Captain Matthews's persecutions—how he had sworn to destroy himself upon her refusing to see him; how, terrified by these threats, her resolution had given way; how, as soon as he entered the room where she was, he had drawn a pistol

from his pocket and, after locking the door, threatened to shoot himself before her eyes if she did not bind herself to see him again upon his return from London; and how, when he found her inexorable to his base proposals, he had vowed to destroy her reputation. Brinsley, who knew the man well, instead of playing the part of a chivalric lover, insinuated himself into Matthews's confidence, in order to obtain proofs of his true designs—for Miss Linley, womanlike, was too apt to believe in the sincerity of his ravings. On the very evening that he brought her certain letters which placed the roué's villainous intentions beyond a doubt, he found her dangerously ill from a dose of poison which she had swallowed while in a state of distraction.

Antidotes being promptly applied, the young lady recovered, but so great was her mortification that she protested she would not remain in Bath another day, and Sheridan offered to escort her to France, and there place her in a convent. Having every confidence in his honor she consented, and, while her father and brother were engaged at a concert, she and her lover, accompanied by a maid, were dashing along the London road in a postchaise. Upon arriving in the metropolis he took her to a friend of his family's, who was no other than Charles Lamb's uncle, the tallow-chandler and the theater-goer, whom Elia has immortalized in one of his delightful essays, and who offered the runaways a passage on board one of his own ships that was just about to sail for Dunkirk. Soon after they arrived in France, Miss Linley became Mrs. Sheridan.

In the meantime Brinsley had received a copy of the Bath Chronicle, in which there was a furious attack upon himself by Matthews, and a threat to inflict public chastisement upon him the first time they met. No man of honor could live under such an insult in those days, and our young benedict at once returned to England, challenged his calumniator, and a meeting was arranged in Hyde Park. The weapons were to be swords; the hour arranged was six in the evening; the spot the Ring, the Rotten Row of that time. Upon arriving there, however, Matthews objected to certain persons who were loitering about, and it was mutually agreed that the combatants should proceed to a coffee-house. After being refused accommodation at the Bedford they adjourned to a private room of the Castle Tavern, Henrietta street, Covent Garden. In a letter to Captain Knight, Matthews's second, Sheridan thus describes what followed: "Almost immediately on entering the room we engaged. I struck Mr. Matthews's point so much out of the line, that I stepped up and caught hold of his wrist, or the hilt of his sword, while the point of mine was at his breast. You ran in and caught hold of my arm exclaiming, 'Don't kill him.' I struggled hard to disengage my arm, and said his sword was in my power. Mr. Matthews called out twice or thrice, 'I beg my life.' We were parted. . . . Mr. Matthews then hinted that I was rather obliged to your interposition

for the advantage; you declared that 'before you did so, both the swords were in Mr. Sheridan's power.' Mr. Matthews still seemed resolved to give it another turn, and observed that he had never quitted his sword. Provoked at this, I then swore that he should either give up his sword, and I would break it, or go to his guard again. He refused—but, on my persisting, either gave it into my hand, or flung it on the table, or the ground (which I will not absolutely affirm). I broke it, and flung the hilt to the other end of the room. He exclaimed at this. I took a mourning sword from Mr. Ewart, and presenting him with mine, gave my honor that what had passed should never be mentioned by me, and that he might now right himself again. He replied that he 'would never draw a sword against the man who had given him his life.'" After much altercation, and with very ill-grace, Matthews tendered an apology. But, according to Sheridan, this did not prevent him giving to the world a garbled account of the duel—which the reader will perceive was very far from being *en règle*. So a second meeting took place near Bath, with much the same result as the first. Both swords breaking at the first lunge, the two men grappled, fell to the ground, and rolling over and over hacked at each other with the pieces, the seconds looking quietly on.

After this Sheridan became the hero of the day; it was his first step to fame. At the time of her marriage Miss Linley was only eighteen years of age, and under articles of apprenticeship which bound her to her father until her twenty-first year. Yet she was not penniless; on the contrary, she was the possessor of £3,000, gained under the following curious circumstances: Of all her suitors the one most favored by her parents was naturally the very rich Mr. Long; but on being informed by her own lips that she could never give him her love, he very magnanimously, not only renounced his pretensions, but settled the aforesaid sum upon her. Whether or not Mr. Linley approved of his daughter's matrimonial arrangements, he had to accept them as *fait accompli*; but the young couple did not live together until the following year. On the 13th of April, 1773, the marriage ceremony was repeated in London, and the happy pair retired to a cottage at East Burnham. It is worthy of record, as displaying Sheridan's character in a highly favorable light, that, although his wife was engaged to sing at the Worcester festival for several seasons, at a remuneration of one thousand pounds for twelve performances, and although he at the time did not possess as many shillings, he steadily refused to allow her again to appear in public. Many in the present day will consider such scruples overstrained, yet none can deny their magnanimity. Another singular instance of this indifference to money, when opposed to principle, upon the part of a man who was ever in need of it, was related to Lady Morgan by Joseph Lefanu. Sheridan, he told her, once missed a legacy of £10,000 because

he refused to go and see a relative in his last illness, lest his motives should be thought mercenary.

Probably the period passed in the little East Burnham cottage was the purest and happiest of all that chequered existence; often thereafter in his most brilliant days he looked back upon it with tender regret. But love in a cottage could not long content the restless and aspiring Brinsley. He returned to London, and entered himself as a barrister in the Middle Temple, while both he and his wife wrote for the periodicals. By-and-by, with the help of her £3,000, they set up a fashionable establishment in Orchard street, Portman Square, gave dinners and parties, to which the attractions of the once fair maid of Bath, and the fame of her gallant young husband drew some of the best of London society. Indeed, Mrs. Sheridan's soirées were one of the things of the season. Of course, it was all done upon credit, and it first opened that abyss of debt which he was never throughout his life to succeed in closing again.

Reared in the atmosphere of the theater it was the most natural thing in the world that Brinsley should turn his thoughts in that direction, and, as the actor's art had no attraction for him, that he should write a play. Not at all favorable was the reception of his first venture, for the "Rivals," produced at Covent Garden on the 17th of January, 1775, was, on the first night, a decided failure. This was attributed to the bad acting of the Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and to the great length of the work. An old magazine of the period, in criticising the piece, informs us that "after a pretty warm contest, towards the end of the last act, it was suffered to be given out for the ensuing night." It also hints that the friends of the author had expected that "it would meet with opposition from a certain quarter, as it was thought by many to have a close connection with a certain affair at Bath, in which the celebrated Miss Linley (now Mrs. Sheridan) was the subject of rivalry." This view seems to be borne out by the fact that sounds of disapprobation were heard even during the prologue, which was spoken by the favorite actor, Woodward. The piece was admirably cast—Shuter was the Sir Anthony, Quick, the Acres; Lewis, Falkland; Woodward, the Captain; Mrs. Green, Mrs. Malaprop. It was withdrawn, however, pruned, and a new Sir Lucius found, and from that time entered upon that career of public favor which has never been interrupted unto the present day. Contemporary criticism was not enthusiastic in its praise. It complained that the characters were not new—and certainly Mrs. Malaprop has a more than family likeness to Miss Tabitha Bramble, while Falkland bears a strong resemblance to Valentine, in Wycherly's "Love in a Wood"—and that the work contained "many low quibbles and barbarous puns that disgrace the very name of comedy." What would the writer say to our modern productions? That the acts were long, and in many parts uninteresting and tedious. The latter stricture was well applied to those dreary, sentimental scenes be-

tween Julia and Falkland, of which the modern play-goer has been much relieved by the stage manager's pruning knife. But if there were not something very excellent in the work it would not be as green and fresh to an audience of 1880 as it was to our forefathers of a hundred years ago. Mrs. Malaprop's "nice derangement of epitaphs," Captain Absolute's delicious impudence, and Bob Acres's newly-invented oaths are as delightful as ever, and ever will be while a taste for true wit and humor survives, let the critics say what they will.

In the May of 1775 Sheridan brought out at Covent Garden a two-act farce, entitled "St. Patrick's Day; or, the Scheming Lieutenant," written for Clinch, the second representative of Sir Lucius, in recognition of his admirable performance of that character; and on the 21st of the following November one of his most popular works, the "Duenna," was first performed, and ran seventy-five nights to overflowing houses. There may be those yet living who remember its latest revival, with Vestris as Carlos; it had some delightful music—partly composed by Linley and partly borrowed from Rauzzini, Harrington, and old Irish melodies—wedded to charming words; many of the couplets are still quoted by those who probably never heard of the opera.

Garrick had always taken an interest in Sheridan, and the young man owed many of his best introductions to the great actor's favor. Upon the retirement of the latter from the management of Drury Lane, in 1776, Brinsley, in partnership with Dr. Ford and his father-in-law, Linley, acquired Garrick's share of the patent for the sum of £35,000. Moore says that "the mode by which he conjured up at this time the money for the first purchase of the theater remains, as far as I can learn, a mystery to this day." The money he had made by the "Rivals" and the "Duenna" must have gone long before, as sops to stop the mouths of clamorous creditors, yet without a sixpence he could call his own, he contrived to find £10,000. Verily Moore might well say "there was something mysterious and miraculous about all his acquisitions—whether in love, in learning, in wit, or in wealth." Garrick might have assisted him, although there is no evidence to support the supposition.

The commencement of his managerial campaign was most disastrous. It opened with his alteration of Vanbrugh's "Relapse," which he rechristened "A Trip to Scarborough." It was the first attempt at Bowdlerizing the old comedies, and Sheridan was one of the first to discover that their wit evaporated with their grossness. It was emphatically damned the first night. The production of a mangled version of the "Tempest" fared scarcely better. The prospects of the new management were gloomy indeed. But in the meantime Sheridan was hard at work upon a new comedy that was destined to retrieve the fortunes of the theater, and to constitute an era in the annals of dramatic literature. On the 6th of May, 1777,

was first performed the "School for Scandal." The caste was exceptionally strong. Walpole says: "There were more parts admirably performed in the 'School for Scandal' than I almost ever saw in any play." King, Smith, Palmer, Parsons, Dodd, Baddeley, Yates, Mrs. Abington, Miss Pope, were seen in characters that fitted each like a glove. The success of the production was never for an instant doubtful, it rose with each act until it culminated in the inimitable screen scene. "On the first night of the 'School for Scandal,'" writes George Frederick Reynolds, in his "Memoirs," "returning from Lincoln's Inn Fields about nine o'clock, and passing through the pit passage from Vinegar Yard to Brydges street, I heard such a tremendous noise over my head that, fearing the theater was proceeding to fall about it, I ran for my life, but found the next morning that the noise did not arise from the falling of the house, but from the falling of the screen in the fourth act; so violent and tumultuous were the applause and laughter." Many years afterwards Sheridan told Byron that on that night he was knocked down and put into the watch house for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchman.

The first sketch of this comedy, of which Moore gives a long account in his biography of Sheridan, was quite different to the finished play; there was neither a Sir Peter or Lady Teazle, nor Mrs. Candour, nor any other member of the scandalous coterie, save Lady Sneerwell, who was then called Lady Timewell; while Charles Surface had half-a-dozen different names before he settled down to his immortal cognomen. Nor does it contain any suggestion of the screen scene. In a second sketch the Teazles and Sir Oliver, here called Sir Roland Harpur, are brought in. The condensed and polished wit that now sparkles in every line was the effect of immense labor. "There is not a page," writes Moore, "that does not bear testimony to the fastidious care with which he selected and arranged and molded his language so as to form it into the transparent channel of his thoughts which it is at present." Every part, with one exception, was rewritten and repolished sometimes six or seven times, and then with interlineations. The exception was the last act, which was not written until the play was announced for representation. On the last leaf of the original MS. was scribbled "Finished at last, thank God!" to which the prompter added: "Amen!—W. Hopkins."

Every one is so familiar with the "School for Scandal," that it would be almost impertinent in so brief a sketch as the present to descant upon its merits. The screen scene is probably the finest situation in the whole range of comedy, ancient or modern. But Sheridan, like Molière, took his property wherever he found it, and he found much of his "School for Scandal" in "Le Misanthrope," and more in Wycherly's "Plain Dealer"; while it has been suggested very plausibly that Tom Jones and Blifil suggested Charles and Joseph. The dialogue was certainly molded upon that of



Wycherly and Congreve ; but, brilliant as it is, it does not equal that of the author of "Love for Love."

It was his last dramatic work of any importance. Michael Kelly once told him he would never write another comedy, as *he was afraid of the author of "School for Scandal."* But among his post-humous papers were found several sketches : one of a piece founded upon "The Vicar of Wakefield"; another of a comedy entitled "Affectation," in which he proposed to satirize all the forms of that folly. But he never went beyond a few memoranda, the names of three characters, and some detached sentences of dialogue which promised to equal in wit the utterances of the famous scandal-mongers.

But to return to our narrative. Such a success as that of the "School for Scandal" could not possibly escape the envy of rivals and enemies, who invented all kinds of stories to rob the author of his glory. One reported that the comedy was written by a young lady who had left the MS. at the stage door, and who died of consumption before it was performed. It is certainly very like the production of a consumptive young lady ! Another assigned the authorship to Mrs. Sheridan. For years afterwards it was pointed out as a significant fact, by the supporters of these theories, that Sheridan, although several times offered a large sum, would never sell the copyright. Consequently there is no edition of the play authenticated by him ; that now used by the theaters having been printed from a manuscript which he lent his sister, who obtained £100 from the manager of the Dublin Theater for its use. The secret of this reticence is contained in the following sentence—a reply to one of the many applications he received from publishers:—"I have been endeavoring for nineteen years to satisfy myself with the style of the 'School for Scandal,' and have not succeeded yet."

In 1778 he purchased another share of the Drury Lane patent. But notwithstanding this voluntary increase of his liabilities—for which again no one knew how he obtained the money—and the success of his comedy, Sheridan was overwhelmed with debt, and the management of the theater was disgraceful. Salaries were unpaid, even in the most menial departments ; actors refused to perform, in consequence of which the audience were frequently disappointed ; the scenery and dresses would have disgraced a fifth-rate theater ; letters, sometimes of momentous importance, some even containing bank notes, were unopened, accumulated in heaps, and were then burned to save the trouble of reading.\* Such was the condition of

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\*His valet used to relate that, one morning upon throwing open his master's bedroom windows, he found them stuffed up with papers, among which were several bank notes: there had been a high wind in the night, the windows had rattled, and for want of something better he had stuffed the bank notes into the casement, and being intoxicated at the time never missed them.

his affairs within the first two years of his lesseeship. But bad as was the beginning, as we shall presently see, worse remained behind.

On October 30, 1778, he brought out the still famous burlesque of the "Critic," written to ridicule Cumberland—who figures as Sir Fretful Plagiarist—and his tragedies. Two days before the night of the performance the last scene of the piece was not written. In vain did King, then stage manager, remonstrate, entreat; Sheridan's invariable answer was that he was just going home to finish it. As a last resource Linley ordered a night rehearsal, and that day made his dilatory son-in-law dine with him; after dinner he proposed they should stroll to the theater. There they found Ford. Presently King came up, and requesting a few words, led the way into the small green-room, where there were a good fire, a comfortable arm-chair, a table upon which were pens, ink, paper, two bottles of claret, a dish of anchovy toast, and the unfinished manuscript of the "Critic." As soon as Sheridan was in the room, King went out and locked the door behind him; then Linley and Ford avowed their intention of keeping him prisoner until the piece was concluded. And, rather enjoying the joke, Sheridan at once set to work and performed his task.

He was now a man of fashion; his genius and incomparable wit procured him admission into the highest circles, he was the associate of Burke and Townshend, the boon companion of the Prince of Wales, Fox and Selwyn; and the time that should have been devoted to his business was spent in the pleasures and dissipations of society. In 1780 he entered Parliament as member for Stafford. The first speech delivered by one who was destined to be one of the most brilliant orators that ever declaimed the English language, was so great a failure that Woodfall counseled him to speak no more. "But it is in me," replied Sheridan, nothing daunted, "and by God it shall come out!" How he worked to attain this end is well described by a no means friendly biographer, Lord Brougham.\* "With an ample share of literary and dramatic reputation, but not certainly of the kind most auspicious for a statesman; with the most slender provision of knowledge at all likely to be useful in political affairs; with a position by birth and profession little suited to command the respect of the most aristocratic country in Europe—the son of an actor, the manager himself of a theater—he came into that Parliament which was enlightened by the vast and various knowledge, as well as fortified and adorned by the more choice literary fame of a Burke, and which owned the sway of consummate orators like Fox and Pitt. . . . What he wanted in acquired learning and in natural quickness, he made up by indefatigable industry: within given limits, towards a present object, no labor could daunt him;

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\* "Historical sketches of the Statesmen of the Time of George III."

no man could work for a season with more steady and unwearied application. . . . By constant practice in small matters, or before private committees, by diligent attendance upon all debates, by habitual intercourse with all dealers in political wares, from the chiefs of parties and their more refined coteries to the providers of daily discussion for the public and the chroniclers of parliamentary speeches, he trained himself to a facility of speaking absolutely essential to all but first-rate genius, and all but necessary even to that; and he acquired what acquaintance with the science of politics he ever possessed, or his speeches ever betrayed." But of his eloquence little more than the tradition remains to us. The most famous of all his speeches was that against the Begum, Princess of Oude (1787), which held the House of Commons entranced during five hours and a half, which Burke declared to be the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit combined of which there was any record or tradition, of which Fox said that all he had ever heard or read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, which even his political opponent Pitt pronounced to surpass all the eloquence of ancient or modern times. It must be confessed, however, that the shorthand notes which have come down to posterity scarcely bear out this unqualified praise, and that Sheridan himself was doubtful of the effect it would produce upon a calm perusal, is indicated by the fact that he refused a thousand pounds for its publication. Brougham was of opinion that it owed a portion of its success "to the artist-like elaboration and beautiful delivery of certain fine passages, rather than to the merits of the whole. . . . His worst passages by far were those which he evidently preferred himself: full of imagery, often far fetched, often gorgeous, and loaded with point that drew the attention of the hearer away from the thoughts to the words; and his best by far were those where he declaimed, with his deep clear voice, though somewhat thick utterance, with a fierce defiance of some adversary, or an unappeasable vengeance against some oppressive act; or reasoned rapidly, in the like tone upon some plain matter of fact, or exposed as plainly to homely ridicule some puerile sophism; and in all this his admirable manner was aided by an eye singularly piercing, and a countenance which, though coarse, and even in some features gross, was yet animated and expressive, and could easily assume the figure of both rage, and menace, and scorn." But whether his powers of oratory were or were not over-rated the effect they produced upon his auditors is indisputable, and during the trial of Warren Hastings, not even the speeches of Burke and Fox created so much interest and expectancy as did that of Sheridan. When he spoke the court was crowded to suffocation, and as much as fifty guineas were offered for a ticket of admission.

His political career would require an article to itself, and it would not be an interesting one; he was simply an orator, and Brougham's

comment that "as a statesman he is without a place in any class, or of any rank . . . he was no statesman at all," is not perhaps too emphatic. As a politician he ranged with the Liberal party, and, upon the breaking out of the French Revolution, with that section led by Fox; but after the rise of Napoleon patriotic feelings reasserted themselves, and breaking with the admirers of the despot he went over to the more constitutional division of the Whigs. He was always an ardent supporter of the Prince of Wales, with whom he lived upon terms of the closest intimacy, and he did him good service in the debates upon the Regency Bill, 1789,—to prove thereafter the proverbial ingratitude of princes.

But while he was every day becoming more world-famous as a politician, orator, and man of fashion, his domestic affairs were growing more and more hopelessly embarrassed. His father undertook for a short time the management of the theater, but very soon wearied of the terrible task and retired. Only Sheridan himself, thanks to his marvelous powers of fascination, could have possibly fended off during so many years the ever-impending catastrophe. Unpaid actors, servants, tradespeople, all yielded to that magic influence. Fanny Kemble in her "Records" gives, from her mother's recollections, a sad picture of the state of the employees of the theater—how on Saturday mornings, when salaries had not been paid for some time, the workpeople would assail Sheridan on the way to the treasury with, "For God's sake, Mr. Sheridan, pay us our salaries. For heaven's sake, Mr. Sheridan, let us have something this week." "Certainly, certainly, my good people," he would reply, "you shall be attended to directly." "Then he would go into the treasury, sweep it clean of the whole week's receipts (the salaries of the principal actors, whom he dared not offend, or could not dispense with, being, if not wholly, partially paid), and going out of the building another way, leave the poor people who had cried to him for their arrears of wages, baffled and cheated of their labors for another week." Yet a day or two afterwards he had but to appear among them with a smile, a few kindly words and promises, and they would be as eager to serve him as ever.

Bunn, in the Stage, tells the following capital story in illustration of his powers of softening a creditor. Sheridan's coal merchant, one Robert Mitchell, had a heavy demand against him for coals, which he could not get settled. One day, having lost all patience, he attacked the great manager mercilessly, and swore he would not leave the house without the whole of his money, which amounted to several hundred pounds. Sheridan had not so many shillings in his possession at the time. "It's very true, my dear Bob, all that you say," replied Sheridan; "I'm really very sorry, but I say, Bob, you don't want it *all* to-day, hey? won't a part do?" "No, sir," retorted the enraged creditor, "it won't. I must have it, I will have it; I daren't go home without every farthing of it. My wife is dis-

tracted, my house is beset with creditors, and, by G—d, I won't leave this room without the money." "Wouldn't half do to-day?" pleaded the manager, "and a bill for the remainder." No, the coal merchant would have his bond to the utmost farthing. Then Sheridan paused, and in voice of deep emotion exclaimed: "Then would to heaven I could assist you! I cannot; but" (diving a hand into his pocket) "one thing I can, I will, I ought to do—there," grasping Mitchell's hand, "never let it be said that while Sheridan had a guinea in his pocket he refused it to his friend, Bob Mitchell." Mitchell stood aghast for a moment, then, pocketing the guinea, rushed out of the house, and to the latest hour of his life he never tired of displaying the last guinea that his friend Sheridan had in the world.

Michael Kelly relates another story as good. During the time that he was acting manager of Drury Lane, the narrator became responsible for a debt he had contracted for the theater, and Sheridan, as usual, failing to meet it, Kelly was arrested. Sheridan at once sent for the hard-hearted creditor, remonstrated with him upon his cruelty, reasoned with him upon the hardship of the law of imprisonment for debt, pointed out that he had acted in an arbitrary, unchristian manner, until he had so thoroughly softened and convinced him that before the man left the house, Sheridan had borrowed two hundred pounds of him, and left upon his mind an impression that he had been highly favored by the great manager deigning to accept the favor. A creditor's levée was held daily in his house; his library, parlor, butler's room; and even the staircase were every morning filled with a motley crowd, anxiously listening for the sound of his footstep. When at last he came, elegantly dressed, all smiles and urbanity, shaking hands with one, nodding to another, he seemed to cast a charm over all; fellows that had been raging like tigers a few minutes before, could scarcely summon the courage to state their errand, while others seemed actually to forget what brought them there. Byron relates in his journals, how he once found Sheridan at his lawyer's, and learned that he had come to stave off an action from his wine merchant: "I can vouch," says Byron, "that my attorney is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to any kind of impression out of the statute or record; and yet Sheridan in half an hour had found the way to soften and subdue him in such a manner, that I almost think he would have thrown his client (an honest man with all the laws, and some justice on his side) out of the window, had he come in at that moment." His cool assurance never failed him in an extremity. One night he was stopped by footpads in company with Challie, the wine merchant. "My friend can accommodate you," he said to the fellows, "and as for myself, I tell you what I can do, I can give you my note of hand."

Another story of the same kind, told by Byron, is yet better.

Writing to Moore (1815) he says: "Perhaps you heard of a late answer of Sheridan to the watchman, who found him bereft of that 'divine particle of air' called reason. He, the watchman, who found Sherry in the street fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible: 'Who are you, sir?' No answer. 'What's your name?'—a hiccup. 'What's your name?' Answer, in a slow, deliberate, impressive tone: 'Wilberforce!'"

While treasurer of the navy he gave a banquet to the Prince of Wales at Somerset House. But, fearful of an execution being levied, he had neither furniture nor decorations for the rooms, and had to borrow these from the Drury Lane property-room, while certain friendly bailiffs were put in possession, and, dressed in handsome liveries, waited upon the guests.

God-like in giving—a devil to pay,

wrote Tom Moore. For he was as generous as he was unjust, and would frequently give away to a person in distress the money of which another to whom it was due was equally in want.

In 1792 his wife died. "I never," says Michael Kelly in his "Reminiscences," "beheld more poignant grief than Mr. Sheridan felt for his beloved wife; and though the world which knew him only as a public man, will perhaps scarcely credit the fact, I have night after night seen him sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my composition,

They bore her to a grassy grave,

There is something infinitely charming in this touch of tenderness, coming like a note of sweet music in the midst of this worldly, artificial life. I am afraid poor "St. Cecilia," notwithstanding the social advantages of being the wife of the famous Mr. Sheridan, might have often regretted that trip to France and its consequences. She was an excellent partner, however, who assisted him in all his pursuits: kept his accounts, read the plays submitted to the theater, made extracts from state papers for his speeches, and entered heart and soul into everything.

He married again three years afterwards. His second wife was a Miss Ogle, a daughter of the Dean of Winchester. The story of the courtship and marriage is a curious one. They first met at a party at Devonshire house; years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheeks too purple in hue for beauty. "What a fright!" exclaimed Miss Ogle, loud enough for him to hear. Instead of being annoyed by the remark, he at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination, and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but to fall in love with him. At

their second meeting she thought him ugly, but extremely fascinating. A week or two afterwards he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle £15,000 upon her, and, in his usual miraculous way, he found the required sum. But they were totally unsuited to one another, and the marriage was by no means a happy one.

In 1799 he brought out his last dramatic work, "Pizarro," an adaptation from Kotzebue. Many will still remember Charles Kean's revival of this ranting, stilted, bombastic tragedy, but it suited the taste of the day, and the political significance of several of the speeches, more especially that of Rolla, the Peruvian hero, who in his address to the soldiers institutes a comparison between the Spaniards and Peruvians that the audience eagerly applied to France and England, secured it enormous popularity. But his usual dilatoriness imperiled its success on the first night. When the curtain rose he was in his room writing the last act, which, with the most profuse apologies, was sent down bit by bit to be studied by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, during their waits in the early part of the play. The receipts of the first sixty nights performances amounted to £60,000, and he received as much as £2,000 for the copyright.

But the inevitable Nemesis that sooner or later overtakes all such men was now close upon his heels. On the 24th of February, 1809, Drury Lane theater, which had been rebuilt only ten years previously at a cost of £150,000, was burned to the ground. There is a story which relates how, while the theater was burning, Sheridan was coolly sitting in a tavern close by, sipping his wine, and, upon some one remonstrating with him, he replied, with inimitable sang-froid, "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." Michael Kelly, however, who was his acting-manager at the time, and present at the catastrophe, tells a very different tale. He says that there was no performance on that night, and that Sheridan was at the House when the news was brought him. Out of respect to him a motion of adjournment was made, but he opposed it, saying, that "Whatever might be the extent of his private calamity, he hoped it would not be allowed to interfere with the affairs of the nation," moved that the debate should be proceeded with, and calmly kept his seat.

The directors of the theater were naturally desirous to get rid of a manager who by his recklessness was grievously depreciating their property, and it was agreed that Sheridan should be bought out for £28,000, which sum was not to be paid until the house was rebuilt. Whitbread, the brewer, who started the proposition and undertook to carry it out, had the perhaps not enviable distinction of being the only man who was ever known to resist Sheridan's powers of persuasion; in vain did the fallen genius entreat him to advance a portion of the money which was his due before the stipulated time had

expired, in order that he might meet his election expenses at Stafford. The man of beer was inexorable, and Sheridan lost his seat. This was the last blow. His furniture, his jewels, his pictures, all he possessed, were seized by his creditors, and he himself consigned to a sponging-house.

Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," as well as in the scathing monody on his death, bitterly denounces the "velvet friends" who forsook him in his distress: •

Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,  
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close,

and more especially the prince, whose cause he had so well served in the early days of the regency. A writer, however, in the *Edinburgh Review*, soon after the publication of the biography, endeavored to place the prince's conduct in a more favorable light by stating that he sent his unfortunate friend £4,000 towards paying his liabilities, which amounted in all to only £5,000, but that the money was either attached by the creditors, or dissipated in such a manner that it was useless to him. Neither his wife—a lymphatic creature, with very little heart—nor her friends gave him any assistance, although, as we have seen, he settled £15,000 upon her; and gradually he sank into penury and misery.

At the beginning of the year 1816, when his last illness had just come upon him, a paragraph, supposed to have been penned by Moore, appeared in the *Morning Post*, calling attention to his condition. "Nothing could be more wretched than the home in which he lay dying," says an eye-witness; "there were strange-looking people in the hall; the parlor seemed dismantled; on the table lay a bit of paper, thrown carelessly and neglected—it was a prescription." In his last moments a sheriff's officer arrested him, and would have carried him away in the blankets to a sponging-house, had not the physician in attendance threatened to make the fellow responsible should the patient die in consequence.

His death occurred on the 17th of July, 1816, he being then in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He died at his house in Saville Row, but the body was conveyed to the house of his friend, Mr. Peter Moore, in Great George street, as being more convenient for a walking funeral to the Abbey. The Dukes of York and Sussex were mourners; the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, Lord Holland, the Bishop of London and Lord Spencer, were pall-bearers.

How proud they can press to the funeral array  
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;  
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

—*Temple Bar.*



## WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR IRELAND?

I PUT forward the following statements on Irish matters, like those in two former papers,\* as the result of my own personal experience during forty years' residence in Ireland as a landlord. In discussing the proposed remedies for our difficulties, it is needful to bear clearly in mind the facts established in the papers just alluded to. No one can wish to avoid harsh words more than I do, yet the truth must be told truly. The falsehood and scheming that prevail in Ireland are the causes of the chief part of the difficulty.

The real state of the country is one of great backwardness in civilization. Education, habits, and ideas are those of a semi-barbarous people. They have both the virtues and vices of that state. Read the daily account in the papers of outrages committed. To say nothing of shocking murders, consider what such facts as these mean. A few weeks ago the house of a poor man in County Limerick who had given offense was beset. They tied him down in bed and cut off his ears. Of course this is better than burning him and his wife and children alive in their house, as was done in the same district within the memory of many. To cut off only the man's ears shows progress. But what a progress! It is still grievous barbarism, if less horrible than formerly. Since then other poor fellows' ears were cut off in other places. It is becoming an institution. Yet there are a large number of Irish M. P.'s who feel no shame in stirring up an agitation of which such acts are the sure fruit, and when these cruelties have been done, palliate and excuse them, denying that they are answerable for such wickedness, and asserting that it is the fault of the Government or the landlords.

The country being in this state of semi-barbarism, with parts on the eastern side more advanced, and parts on the western side more backward, the first fact to be observed is, that the average Irish peasant has no desire for progress and civilization. His view is that he ought to be left with all the rough advantages of his uncivilized condition, and that concession ought also to be made to him (at whose cost he cares not) to compensate him for all the disadvantages of that condition. The strongest ground on which he asks for such concessions is his poverty, and he and his M. P.'s urge the extreme poverty of the poorest part of Connaught as a reason why concessions should be extended over the more advanced districts. He has no thought that such concessions, not being founded on strict right, must be ruinous to the country, and in the end even to himself. The present moment and his personal gain are all he can

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\*"Ireland 1840—1880;" and Ireland—its Social State,—Macmillan for April and July.

think of, and by this importunity of poverty, like the clamor of the sturdy beggar, he does influence those who act on sentiment rather than on facts. Nearly all the fine sentiments of patriotism and the rest, that are put forward, are the merest shams, invented for the occasion, and having no foundation in fact. The strongest feeling of patriotism is jealousy of England. The legislation of 1870 proceeded on the view that most Irish tenants are good and worthy men, and most Irish landlords the reverse; the truth being, that the proportion of bad tenants in Ireland, indolent, drinking, and useless, is grievously large, and that though some landlords neglect their duties by not laying out money on their land, the proportion of those who treat their tenants with any harshness is very small.

The Devon Commission in 1844 visited every corner of Ireland and investigated every case of hardship that could be heard of. The result was so trifling that for a generation complaints of hardship ceased. Lately such complaints have again begun, it is believed with even less foundation than in 1844. Whenever definite complaints have been made, they have been shown to be untrue. One good of the new Commission is that it will test all such complaints. This is one reason why it was objected to by the Land League.

We who live in the country know the men and the details of the cases that are brought forward in our own districts. I know the facts about two such cases that have been the pretense for neighboring land meetings, and assert that, from first to last, they rest on mere untruth. It is upon men in this social and moral state that the franchise has been conferred.

*I. Ulster Tenant-right.*—The extension of the Ulster tenant-right customs to the rest of Ireland is often spoken of as a remedy for all the evils of the country. I assert that except those who hope to gain by it, no one advocates tenant-right, but men ignorant of land and farming. Such an extension would be contrary to all principles of honest dealing toward the owners of land. By the Ulster tenant-right, whenever the tenant leaves his farm from any cause, he is usually entitled to sell (what is called) his interest in it to the best bidder, provided he is not a bad character. The transaction is wholly between the outgoing and incoming tenants, the landlord having nothing to do with it, except that any arrears of rent due are paid out of the purchase money. The landlord may object to the purchaser if he is of bad character. But the faults that would justify such an objection are not of the kind that are common among those who have money enough to buy a farm. So that this right in the landlord is of little consequence. In theory, too, the landlord is at liberty to raise the rent. But the practical difficulties in his way, unless the rise be very trifling or the rent unduly low, are so great, that it is very seldom he can accomplish it. The rate of purchase is sometimes as high as twenty years of the rent and over. Ten years' purchase is thought an ordinary and moderate rate. The

price depends upon the acreable rent, and all the other incidents that affect the letting value of land; especially the demand for farms at the moment. Whether the times are good or bad makes a great difference in the price of tenant-right. It has been asserted that tenant-right existed in Ulster more than 200 years ago. The proof of this, however, is very indifferent. Whether it existed or not, it is certain its great extension occurred at the latter part of the last century, when the large improvement of the linen trade took place. Hand-spinning of linen thread and hand-loom weaving were then universal in many parts of Ireland. They went on in every farmer's and laborer's house. The land in Ulster had already been very much subdivided. When the linen trade flourished, it enabled industrious families to make money and pay great sums for the tenant-right of the small lots of their neighbors, willing to sell from any cause.

The spinning-wheel and the loom afterwards earned the means of stocking and manuring the land bought. Tenant-right can only live when the rent is under the true value of the land. If the land is let at the full value the tenant has nothing to sell. Very little thought will show the impossibility that men should go on, from generation to generation, paying the full value of the land in rent, and a great sum of money besides on entry. In those days, and long after, rents were very ill paid in Ireland; the landlords lost in this way very largely. As under tenant-right all arrears of rent due were paid out of the purchase-money, most Ulster landlords acquiesced in the system, and sanctioned it. The purchaser paid his money into the landlord's office; the arrears were taken out of it, and the balance handed to the out-going tenant. It is well known that incoming tenants thus often paid away not only all their own money, but also all they were able to borrow from their friends besides, in order to buy tenant-right. It suits best too for small lots of land.

When thus stripped of capital it is impossible for a mere farming tenant to farm the land well. If a few bad years chance to come he is ruined, and has to sell his interest again for whatever it will fetch, submitting to the loss. Any arrears of rent, then, that he may have accumulated are stopped out of the money that is payable to him, and thus he often becomes a pauper, or near it. The immense effect of bad or good years upon tenant-right has never been duly observed. It is much greater than upon tenants holding in the common way. Further, tenant-right is a chattel. It may be sold by a creditor for debt, and it may be left by will, or settled independently of the farm itself. Sales by creditors are common; they are in effect just the same as ejectments. Tenant-right, too, is often left to wife and younger children as a provision, and so has to be paid over again by the son who gets the farm, thus pumping the farm dry of capital every generation, at the very time when a young

energetic man entering on it could do much good if he had the capital. Tenant-right rested wholly upon custom; and the custom is said to vary in nearly every county in Ulster. It had no legal authority, but the customs were so undoubted that hardly any one thought of disregarding them. The land act gave the customs legal right. Having been acted on by landlord and tenant alike, there was a clear equity in favor of the customs, and it was right that any legal doubt about them should be removed. There have been disputes under the land act, but they have been about small accessories of the customs. These have been decided on appeal by the Judges of the Superior Court named for that purpose. It has been established that a limitation of the custom on estates to four years' purchase is good. This was settled as to Lord Erne's estate, where the tenants are very flourishing. Four years was insisted on, as still leaving the tenant some of his capital needful for farming the land. There have been other like minor points. The decisions, it should be observed, wholly turn on the question, what was the custom of the estate? The tenants had bought their several rights in their farms expressly under the custom of the estate, well known to them and the landlord. What they had bought and paid for, the same, and no other, they had a just claim to sell. The tenants' efforts of course have been to claim and get the utmost custom that prevails anywhere. Whenever a decision was made contrary to their interest, of course a howl and clamor rose up about it. The question has not been one of law, but of fact. Several small attempts have been made in Parliament to get an act passed reversing the Judges' decisions. All have failed. The custom is the universal rule of right everywhere.

About 1840 I went to Ulster to inform myself on the management of land there. Previous to that time the difficulties in the management of land in Ulster were as great as in other provinces. Tenants were usually as badly off and unsatisfactory there as elsewhere. The linen trade had led to great subdivision of farms. The arrears of rent on many estates were grievous. The intermixing of fields of different occupiers caused a great loss to them. How is it possible to farm to advantage when the farmer has several fields, an acre or two each, in different parts of the estate, that he must go a quarter or half a mile round to get into?

I happened to know Mr. W. Blacker, of Armagh, who, besides having property of his own, was agent to Lord Gosford and other large proprietors. He had started the plan of getting over a Scotch griever and fixing him on an estate, whose whole business it should be to go amongst the tenants teaching them better farming, and especially how to grow clover and turnips, before quite unknown. This answered well. The increased food for stock soon produced more and better manure; this gave better crops, and a wonderful change was effected. I stayed some time with Mr. Blacker, and remember go-

ing over an estate with him which he had bought for a friend, with a large arrear of rent upon it, every shilling of which by this plan was paid up in a few years, and the purchase money thus largely reduced, whilst the tenants prospered much.

Nothing could be more interesting or instructive than the results Mr. Blacker showed. His example had been followed by many other landlords, sometimes by getting Scotch grieves, sometimes by transplanting one of Mr. Blacker's good tenants into one of their farms as an example. He took me a tour in the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, to see what was going on there among his pupils.

I remember at one place we went to visit one of Mr. Blacker's transplanted tenants, and found that he had given up all the good way in which he had been instructed and had relapsed into barbarous native habits. Whilst Blacker was reproofing his erring sheep, an old neighboring tenant who had joined himself to us in our walk, as the way is in Ireland, came up to his landlord and me and said, "Whisha, your honor, ye brought that fellow to be a parable to us, and sure he is as bad as any of us." It was too true.

(1) It will thus be seen that though the looms were at that time in almost every house in a large part of Ulster, tenant-right did not save the country from the common troubles of Irish bad farming and subdividing land, nor raise the condition of the people. It never could do so. Still less can it do so in the other provinces, where very few are able to pay large sums to get possession of farms, except shopkeepers who have made money in business. What is the gain from having such men as farmers? A great trade in Ulster has enriched many of the people, and Scotch blood and habits have helped to make Ulster more prosperous. That is all. After the land act passed in 1870 we had several very prosperous years for farmers. The prices paid for tenant-right rose higher and higher; and the years being good, and hope, as usual, telling a flattering tale, all were sure that prosperity would be eternal, only it would be greater still. Sellers and buyers both could not praise tenant-right enough. But those of us who remembered, that after the famine in 1846, the price of tenant-right fell to almost nothing, and knew its unsoundness in principle, always predicted what would happen in the changes and chances of time. The last three years the tall talk in Ulster in favor of tenant-right has greatly come down. Of course there are many who still praise it, and the interests of all who now occupy land are involved in it to the extent of hoping to be able to sell out of their farms well. But let the account of Donegal in Mr. Tuke's pamphlet on *Irish Distress and its Remedies*, p. 8 et seq. be read. Mr. Tuke gives the most instructive view of tenant-right that I have ever seen. He proves that it in no way meets the farmer's troubles and difficulties. It will be seen there that tenant-right is no security even against starvation. Tenant-right is as strong in Donegal as in any other part of Ulster; yet, as Mr. Tuke tells us,

whole parishes were starving last winter, though every man had this valuable tenant-right, as it is supposed to be, which he could have sold not long before for ten or twenty years purchase. A few with better or larger lots, that could still find purchasers, sold out at a low price to go to America. (Page 11.) The rest were fed by charity. Large parts all over Ulster, in spite of tenant-right, are no better than the rest of Ireland, and are as much dissatisfied; yet this is put forth as a system to cure all the evils of the country! The sure result of a bad system is, it breaks down when the pinch comes. For forty years past it has been my clear opinion, as a practical farmer, that the time would come when Ulster would be the poorest part of Ireland, because tenant-right sucked away from the land the capital that ought to enrich it. Nor are the difficulties at all confined to Donegal.

In the English Agricultural Gazette of August 30 there are two letters from an Ulster farmer, who is plainly a man of some education, and, we are told by Mr. Morton, the editor, has often sent him valuable practical notes on farming subjects. The letters are nothing else but a prolonged scream against rents and landlords, with really piteous and pitiable appeals to landlords and to Parliament to lower rents out of charity, and every other motive he can think of. Of course he does not say that he or his predecessor bought the tenant-right of his farm from the previous tenant for a large sum, knowing perfectly the rent it was subject to, and without any thought of the landlord, thus proving the farm to be worth more than the rent he pays. He calls himself one of an oppressed and down-trodden class; talks of landlords rolling in wealth, and tries to excite all the prejudice and ill-feeling which the Land League habitually relies on, because, having made a bad bargain in buying tenant-right, his landlord does not save him from the consequent loss.

Well may Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the Home Rule M.P., suggest, as he does, that the price of tenant-right shall be fixed by arbitration, as well as the rent. I wonder how the tenants who now own tenant-right will like that proposal. It is a blessed foretaste of the wise principles on which Ireland will be governed under Home Rule. Why should not everything be settled by arbitration? Prices of corn and meat, etc. To any one who can read between the lines, both Mr. Sullivan's letter and Mr. Tuke's pamphlet are more than instructive.

(2) The land act makes tenant-right legally binding in all parts of Ireland as much as in Ulster, *wherever like customs exist*. There are many estates in other parts, of which Lord Portsmouth's in Wexford is a leading example, on which the custom of tenant-right has been allowed to grow up. Whenever this has happened with the consent of landlord and tenant, no one has a right to say anything against it. If it is unsound in principle, it must be left to

cure itself in time, and meanwhile it does not hinder others from acting on sounder principles, or stop, except to a small extent, the general progress of the country, which depends on sound principle, and on nothing else. Tenant-right is liked by agents, because it greatly lessens their trouble in collecting rents and getting rid of bad tenants, who must be turned out. The rent is always safe, and a broken tenant goes out with much less trouble when he is to receive a lot of money on doing so. Naturally when a tenant paid nothing at all for his farm at hiring, he finds it pleasant and profitable if he leaves it—perhaps by his own fault, from indolence or drink—to receive a great sum also for nothing.

Forty years ago, I remember, it was much discussed in the South, among landowners and agents, whether the introduction of the Ulster tenant-right on their estates would be advantageous? Having thoroughly seen its workings in Ulster, I have never had any doubt that the common way of fair contract between landlord and tenant is much better for both; that the tenants would gain far more by using their money in better stocking and manuring their farms, and that they need every shilling for those purposes; that paying away their capital to broken tenants, for land which had been utterly exhausted, and which can only be restored by more capital, can only be ruinous. Besides, in those days, very few of my men had any money. What could they have done under tenant-right, and with their farms often intermixed in four or five separate parts of the estate? Unless by going in debt not one of them under the Ulster custom could have got an acre more than he had, or a better situated field.

(3) The payment of the arrears of rent out of the purchase money of tenant-right differs in nothing from the payment of a fine to the landlord, which in England everybody understands would ruin any estate, and has therefore been almost wholly abandoned there. Nothing but the great ignorance in Ireland of sound principles in all that relates to land prevents such a system being scouted as the utter folly it really is. Tenant-right is in substance a fine far beyond the amount of any fine ever heard of anywhere else, or that the hardest landlord ever exacted. Such fines as seven years value were never dreamed of. The usual copyhold fines are a mere flea-bite in comparison.

(4) Judge Longfield's article in the *Fortnightly* for August shows throughout that he knows nothing of practical farming and management of land. Yet it is on such knowledge of land that the question turns, and no legal knowledge will make up for the want of it. Judge Longfield does not say a word on the undoubted evil of stripping a tenant bare of capital needed for better farming his land, but proposes that somehow the tenant should pay seven years' rent to the landlord for tenant-right. Seven years of say £50 a year is £350. Where are tenants to be found with capital enough

to pay this, make all permanent improvements, and farm the land besides? My tenants are richer than most, yet I doubt if I have one able to do it, except by going in debt. Judge Longfield's whole scheme is a milder Ulster tenant-right, honestly recognizing in part the rights of owners to their land. It is open to the same difficulties and objections still, as a breach of the rights of owners, unless he means it to be left wholly voluntary. He suggests that the rent may vary every ten years, upon principles as complicated as a Chinese puzzle, just as if nobody had ever heard of the working of leases for nineteen or twenty-one years in Scotland and their benefit, and that the best farming authorities in the kingdom believe such twenty-one year leases to be the greatest gain to landlords and tenants alike; and that under the modern system of high feeding and manuring, which alone pays, it is impossible in less than nineteen years to recompense the tenant for honest outlay in good farming.

That on which legal tenant-right wholly rests, is custom. In Parliament it was put on the same ground as copyhold custom in England. In forty years no tenant of mine has ever paid or received a shilling for tenant-right. If the custom is to be acted on in my case (and thousands of others) tenant-right is simply impossible. I have given nearly all my tenants larger, many much larger, farms than they had. Every farm is near the homestead, with no scattered fields. Most are paying smart rents, but there are no arrears. Many tenants have become wealthy. The two rent days are fixed at times most convenient to them for paying. No excuse except positive misfortune is taken. I believe the regular payment has been a great gain to them. They know that after the rent is paid all remaining is their own. There is nothing hanging over them to keep them down. They begin early to prepare for the next rent day, and so are ready without pressure or loss. All these things tend to industry and exertion, by which they gain far more than they would by the easiest rents. It is very convenient to me, too.

I shall be happy to show my tenants against those of any equal number of acres, on Lord Portsmouth's estate or any other, where tenant-right is allowed, in wealth, condition of their farms and good farming.

The simple fact is that money laid out by the farmer in manuring exhausted land will pay him many times better than any other way he can spend it. Ten, twenty, fifty per cent. is a common return. Often all the money comes back in the first crop, and pays well for years after. What money my men had they thus laid out, instead of stripping themselves bare to buy tenant-right. In consequence, the condition of their farms is much better, and when times were good they were fast making money. Many are now



wealthy men. There are few who are not comfortable, or whom I should wish to change.

(5) The fatal objection to the Ulster Tenant-right is that in buying it, all or a great part of whatever capital an incoming tenant has is absorbed, often leaving him without the means of farming well, and always crippled in means. There can be no doubt that in Ireland the farming class is far less wealthy than the same class in England and Scotland. Yet, whilst in England care is taken to let only men with sufficient capital into farms, we are told that it will be for the advantage of all future Irish farmers to sink in the pocket of the outgoing tenant (who nine times out of ten failed because he was indolent or a drunkard), a great part of their small capital, and to pay to the landlord a heavy fine in the shape of arrears of rent. All this is only to save the broken tenant from being forced to earn an honest living as a laborer—which any one who likes can do now in most parts of Ireland, as easily as he can in England or Scotland—and to enable him to spend the money he gets in idling and drinking.

An actual case will enable the best judgment to be formed. Last January I ejected a tenant for non-payment of rent who was a drunken rake. His farm was fifty-two acres at £52 a year. It was good land, but for many years he had done nothing to it in manuring or anything else. Twice I have seen his corn left in the field till winter, being not worth paying laborers to cut it, and he too lazy to do it himself, though idling about all day at the public houses. His eight cows he let to a dairyman, his own wife, a strong young woman, being too idle to manage them. The cows paid his rent, and more, till last year, when I was glad to get rid of him, as a discredit to the estate. I relet the farm at once for £64 per annum to a Scotchman. I engaged to put up good buildings that will cost me £200. There was a good house and barn before, a large part of the cost of which I paid thirty-five years ago for the tenant's father, an honest, thriving fellow, who lived comfortably and prospered. All other buildings were wholly ruinous, the land dirty and exhausted. If there had been Ulster tenant-right, ten years' purchase, at least £520, should have been paid to this worthless man for nothing. (Under Mr. Forster's Disturbance bill I should have had to pay him four years' rent, £208.) In addition to the £520, the Scotchman would of course have had to put up buildings for himself, costing £200—£720 capital spent for a farm of fifty-two acres. Where was the further capital to come from for stocking, manuring and farming it? £10 an acre, £500, was wanted for this purpose. Nowhere are men to be found with £1,200 capital to lay out on a farm of fifty-two acres. The interest on the money alone at 10 per cent would be £120 a year, 47s. 6d. per acre, leaving the rent 24s. per acre, a trifle by comparison. Having added largely to nearly all my tenants' farms, without the increase having cost them one shilling of capital in any way, I

am able to give any number of similar cases. So much do I feel the importance to myself of a new tenant having his whole capital available that I do not make him pay any of the expense of his lease, or even the stamps upon it.

(6) Another objection to tenant-right is the undue competition when land is hired, far more severe than that the greatest screw of a landlord ever puts on his tenants. The average rent of the country is much below the value of the land. Even those who look for higher rent take care that it is not more than the tenant is able to pay, else the rent is only promised, and cannot be paid. But with tenant-right the competition is wholly unchecked, extreme, and often ruinous. The outgoing tenant of course wants his last penny. He cares nothing at all for the future of the farm. With the jealous habits of our people towards each other, they often bid quite without sense from boastfulness. It is here the influence of a landlord with judgment might usefully come in. If he had any real power where tenant-right prevails he would not accept a tenant who was offered after such competition, nor allow a son who succeeds to the farm to be stripped bare of the capital needful to farm the land to a profit for the gain of the rest of the family.

Once tenant-right is made compulsory by law there is an end of the landlord's power for good, though men in Parliament often talk as if after landlords have been fleeced at their pleasure they ought still to co-operate, as it is called, in carrying out the measures for their own injury. Some complain that they do not thus co-operate in working the land act. It would be just as reasonable to expect that a sheep would co-operate with the shearer who clips it, or with the butcher who cuts its throat. What is the use of expecting that landlords will exert themselves and take trouble and incur odium in regulating an estate when they will gain nothing by its good management, nor lose if it is badly managed? Let it be observed, too, that if the tenant-right system was made compulsory in the rest of Ireland, it is only the present tenants who would gain anything. Their successors, even their own sons, would have to pay the utmost farthing of the value. It would put a great gift into the pockets of existing tenants out of the landlord's reversion, which reversion Parliament has no right to touch unless by buying it.

(7) Another bad effect of tenant-right is that it deprives the owner of the power of selecting the best tenants for vacant farms, or of rearranging farms, the fields of which are scattered and intermixed. Whoever will give most money to the broken tenant must get the farm just as it stands. On neglected estates such intermixed farms are very common. It is impossible for the tenants to improve till they are rearranged. In the case of the farm of fifty-two acres, just mentioned, it would have paid me best to hold it myself. I let it to the Scotchman because I thought his good farming, as a man who had to make it pay, would be an excellent example, and do more

good than farming it myself. In parts of England and Scotland it is not uncommon for a clever, industrious laborer, who has saved some money, to hire a small farm, perhaps with the help of friends, and if times favor him, to work himself up gradually into the position of a considerable farmer. These are often the best farmers in the district, and their rise is thoroughly wholesome and useful to all. But under tenant-right such choice of good tenants would have no place. The first requisite, where tenant-right exists, is that to hire even fifty acres a man must have large capital to pay for the tenant right to make all permanent improvements, and of course to farm the land afterwards.

(8) This brings me to another objection. It is never worth a landlord's while to lay out money in improvements where there is tenant-right. He could not raise the rent enough to pay the interest on any large outlay for improvements, and if he made such outlay, he would be adding to the value of what the tenant would have to sell at leaving. There can thus be no sufficient profit to the landlord to lead him to lay out money; and thus all money laid out in improvements would have to be found by the tenant alone. Those of us who now do all improvements ourselves would cease to do so. The great number who now pay part of the cost of the improvements would also stop doing so. Some have so stopped because of the land act. Loans for draining, of which so many have been taken by landlords, would cease to be taken. And this, though all the available capital of landlords and tenants together for generations is wanted to make the necessary permanent improvements on land in Ireland! Those who wish the landlords to leave the country, could not do better than promote the extension of tenant-right. Whoever knows how much the good working of every part of local government depends on the landlords, had better well consider the question. It may be relied on, there is no need to add to the inducement for any man of education not to live in Ireland; and but for the pleasure and profit of seeing an estate improve, very few would undergo it. To few can it prove more profitable than it has done to me. Besides the gain from an improved estate, from rent paid with very little trouble, and no ill-will, and from very successful farming, I bought much land after the famine which has paid me well and given much satisfaction to the tenants. Yet, in spite of such gain, and of the pleasure of seeing one's people thriving, and being on good terms with them, it is a sorely heavy drag to live here. And though I have seen as lovely a place grow up under my hands as can be found in the South of Ireland, if the government likes to pay the honest value of it all, I shall gladly leave it, and think my son a gainer by the change. This by the way.

These are some of the practical objections to making the Ulster tenant-right compulsory, and also to that modification which some

have described as fixity of tenure, fair rents, valued by county-court judges, and free liberty to the tenant to sell his interest—plans all open to the same objections as tenant-right.

(9) The objections on principle are still more weighty. A number of witnesses in favor of tenant-right were called before the Duke of Richmond's Commission. This question was put to each of them: "A man hires land for the purpose of farming it. He lays out a considerable sum in improvements, which repay him, both principal and interest. Where, or on what principle of right, does he get a just claim to be paid a large sum besides if he leave the farm?" Of course, no one could answer the question.

The claim of tenants who have not, with the assent of the landlord, paid their predecessors for tenant-right, to receive a large sum on leaving the farm, is, as lawyers would say, wholly without consideration. The tenant has done nothing to give him a just right to be thus paid. At best, it is a case of nudum pactum, and therefore void for want of consideration, even though there was an express contract. And, besides, the payment is really taken out of the reversion, which belongs to the landlord, and the value of which it reduces. If an incoming tenant is to pay £500 for a farm of fifty acres, the interest on that sum at 5 per cent is £25 a year. This is 10s. per acre on the farm, and if he had not to pay his £500, but had to pay 5s. an acre extra rent instead, he would be a gainer of £12. 10s. a year. Even if he had to pay 10s. per acre extra rent, he would still be better off, because he would have his £500 capital to lay out in manure and help to make the rent.

However it may be concealed, the future rent of the farm is lessened by payments for tenant-right, and in the long run must be lessened accordingly. The landowner loses whatever the tenant gains.

According to all principles of right, the state cannot justly thus take from one what belongs to him, and give it to another. If there is good cause for the state to take away a man's property, it is bound to pay the honest value for it. There is no escaping this result, if right and justice are still to prevail among us. We hear sometimes in Ireland that by tenant-right the tenant gains, but the landlord does not lose. This is the mere ignorance of men who either will not or do not understand the business of managing land. If the landowner knows how to make his land pay by farming it himself, the payment of tenant-right to a broken tenant at once appears in its true light, as so much taken out of the landlord's reversion.

(10) We have further positive evidence now, such as we never had before, of the value of land in Ireland. M. de Molinari is an eminent Belgian political economist, familiar with the subject, and, after carefully seeing the land here, he states without hesitation in the Debats that it is let at half the rent similar land would let for in Belgium. This quite agrees with my own experience. As I said in

a former paper, I have for many years made double the rent that used to be paid by tenants on 1,000 acres in my own hands.

Allowing for the drawbacks and greater expenses inevitable in a gentleman's farming, I assert there are very few farms in the South of Ireland that by better farming would not yield more than double the produce, and pay double the rent they now yield. Again and again when an exhausted farm was given up, I have put as many cows on it as the broken tenant had, until I had time to manure and improve the land, and they have made me a net profit of double the rent. My balance sheets are conclusive.

At a land meeting near me lately, though the object was to attack others, I received the larger share of the abuse. As they had not a word to say of any tenant being ill-used, they said, that as they came they saw on both sides of my property many gables of ruined houses, but on my land they could not see one. They were sure I had turned out many tenants to get possession of the 1,000 acres I farm myself, so I must have pulled down the gables on purpose. No doubt sixteen or seventeen tenants held the land I now farm. Though their rents were very low, less than half the net amount I now make out of the same land, and had never been raised, yet all lived in poverty, and many gave up their land freely. There are now twenty-two good laborers' cottages on this land, besides three or four of the old tenants' houses, which, after repair, do duty at present for laborers.

Some one told me other day my laborers were "claner, nater dressed, and fatter-looking," than any body of men in the country. They, their wives and children, came to my house last summer (as they do every year) for some small festivity. A more hearty, healthy lot could not be found in the three kingdoms. This is not wonderful, as more than £25 per week is paid in wages. They have now as many blankets to their beds as they want, though forty years ago I am assured there was not one blanket on the whole land. At our clothing club—which has existed for so many years that there is no doubt in the minds of most that the Queen sends the money for it—our own people have for some years begun to take sheets instead of blankets—a pitch of luxury which is considered rather a scandal. The Land-Leaguers passed in sight of seven of my good cottages by the road, where they could find no ruined gables. But, besides this, the land yields at least four times the produce tenants made it yield. We take no excuse for laborers not working, and a more prosperous set, leading more comfortable lives, does not exist.

My next offense, stated at the land meeting, was that my garden wall bristled with broken glass, which I suppose was taken as showing an unworthy distrust of the Irish people.

My third offense was that, in an account I printed of the International Dairies, at the Kilburn Agricultural Show, London, 1879, for the information of the farmers of our country, I contrasted the bright, clean German dairymaid, wearing blue ribbons and a smart

cap, with the dirty drudges so frequent in Ireland. A man who could so speak of Irish women was declared unfit to live in the country.

(11) A further difficulty of compulsory tenant-right is that much land is let on lease. Leases are definite contracts. What is to be done about them? On one of the lands I bought, a tenant, having another large farm adjoining, has a thirty-one-years lease of 124 acres of splendid land, at a low rent. The farm, when let to him, had been in the occupation of the former owner, and there was a clause that by paying at any time £100, possession might be resumed. They bound me not to take advantage of this clause. The lease will be out five years hence. I can easily make five times the rent out of this farm. I have elsewhere 150 acres, let for 5s. 9d. per acre, on thirty-one-year leases, worth three times the rent. This, too, was bought with the leases running, and the value taken into account in the purchase money. The land is worth 15s. per acre.

It will probably be said that definite contracts cannot be touched. Even the land act excepted leases from most of its provisions—from all important ones, making future leases for thirty-one years the alternative for such provisions, and since the land act great numbers of leases have been given. Three-fifths of my estate is let on lease.

Since the establishment of the landed estates court, after the fullest notice to each tenant, it has sold all the land that has passed through it with most careful statements in a schedule to every conveyance, of the precise rights of each tenant by lease or otherwise. This schedule is virtually a contract, absolutely binding between landlord and tenant. How can parliament vary these rights, except by consent? Besides, on many estates, there are honorable contracts as definite as leases, and that have been acted on in favor of the tenants without exception for near half a century. These have been more favorable to tenants than if they had leases under the land act.

Forty years ago I let my tenants know that, with the single exception of gross misconduct, each should hold his land for his life without increase of rent. This was, of course, equivalent to a lease for thirty years. Practically it has been more. Out of kindness I had to make concessions to the widows and children of any who died young. There were a few old leases, and an old verbal promise of thirty-one years to the tenants of one plow-land. The holders of these had the same advantage of my promise as the yearly tenants. Nearly two-fifths of my people still hold under this arrangement. These are now all old, and a few years will place their successor under leases.

I have given these details, because they show plainly the arrangements by which great numbers of tenants in all parts, in fact, hold under respectable landlords. The State would have to recognize all such contracts, because tenants have profited by them for a long

course of years. A compulsory tenant-right in such cases would be an outrage on right. If ever the question is gone into as one of right, many such cases will be proved in which thorough consideration and indulgence has been shown to the tenants. Knowing England better than I know Ireland, I assert that Irish tenants, as a body, are treated with a consideration and indulgence, especially in the rent charged for the land, such as English tenants never asked for nor expected. The statements of the Land-Leaguers to the contrary are false. If they have any facts of this kind to prove, why should they hesitate to prove them before the new commission?

What then is a fair rent? Is it what an honest, industrious tenant of reasonable means can make of the land? or what an indolent, ignorant man, perhaps a drunkard and a pauper, can make? The most easy and liberal rule on this question, strictly and honestly applied, will cause ten evictions for one that is now made by landlords. The strictest landlords among us do not evict one quarter of those who ought to be evicted, if the good of the country was duly considered. No part of M. de Molinari's letter is more striking than that in which he describes the sadly low social and moral state of many Irish tenants, and divides them into two classes—one with fair-sized farms at moderate rents, industrious, paying their rents and living comfortably; the other with small farms at equally easy rents, but idle, in debt, and steeped in whisky, and unable to support themselves even if they held the land rent free. Professor Baldwin's evidence before the Duke of Richmond's commission is also very remarkable as to the entire badness and worthlessness in all respects of the large class of inferior Irish tenants.

The truth is, there is no fixed fair value of land; the value varies in England, in Scotland, everywhere, with the skill and industry of the farmer, with the climate, with the prices of particular sorts of produce, and the cost of production, just like any other kind of goods. The true point is, what profit can a farmer make by the land? That is all that matters. Acts of Parliament cannot regulate prices nor values; neither can arbitrations, which are at best only lawsuits. Why not try arbitration on the value of meat and bread? All these proposals rest on a false principle, if free trade means anything. Their end is to do away with the competition of others. Nowhere is competition so much wanted to cause better farming. All fixity of tenure is more or less confiscation, and leaves the tenant to go on as miserably and badly as before.

*II. Peasant Proprietors.*—The question of peasant proprietors is one wholly for Parliament. It involves buying the land from the present owners and selling it again to the tenants. Present owners will not object to that, if honestly done.

The success depends on the qualities of those to whom the land is sold—their industry, skill, and willingness to pay the purchase money. There are plenty of proofs to be found in other countries

of what peasant proprietors have done successfully, and plenty of proofs in Ireland of what tenants with very long leases (even 2,000 years), who are in all respects proprietors, have not done. Good thriving tenants can buy their land with advantage and pay for it. The difficulty is (just the same as the landlords' difficulty), what to do with bad tenants?

Parliament may buy at its value all the land offered for sale; may sell their holdings to the good tenants who are able to buy; may raise the rent to its honest value—which is certain to be more than the old rent—on all bad tenants and those unable to buy; may give leases for thirty-one years to all these men, and then sell the fee of the residue to any one who will buy it: though it is the residue from which the plums have been picked out, it will probably sell, in consequence of the increased rent, for enough to recoup the government in the full purchase money given for the whole estate. The total number of landowners will thus be increased at both ends, which is desirable.

*III. Remedies.*—I shall naturally be asked, what is the remedy for the state of things in Ireland? If both tenant-right and peasant proprietors will not answer, what will answer?

The opinion expressed by M. de Molinari, that there is no royal road to prosperity in Ireland, is the very same that I have acted on for forty years past. He says, increased production can alone make men better off. The production may be from land or manufactures, it matters not which, but more production there must be for more prosperity. Misery may be relieved by poor laws or charity, and, rightly, from other motives; but it is only from increased production in some way that a country can be better off. The poor fellows who raised from the land I farm one-fourth of the produce it now yields, not only lived like paupers themselves, but sorely hindered the prosperity of the country besides, because they added nothing to its trade. My laborers now, who work on the same fields, not only spend much of their ten or twelve shillings a week in ways that do good to trade, but the increased produce they raise adds greatly to the trade of the country. This truth lies at the bottom of the whole question. Men may shut their eyes to it, but they cannot escape it. Unless there is increased produce, things can never be better. All this is ignored by the Land-League people. Their end is that every man in Ireland should live at ease under his own vine and fig-tree, without rent or ought else to disturb him, and work and drink as much or as little as he likes. This might be right if it could only be shown where the money is to come from, that will support him and his whilst he lives like a gentlemen.

But to take the subject in order.

The agitation now going on is meant to produce its true work in England. The agitators believe that people in England are really afraid of them, and that the government will yield more in propor-



tion as they can increase this fear. The land act excited the imagination of ignorant men here, and raised the expectation that Parliament would take from the landlords to give to the tenants;\* and several utterances of Mr. Gladstone's, quoted at every land meeting, inflamed such ideas. In parts of Ireland, no doubt, the agitation has produced a dreadful state of things, but still we have seen disturbances of the same kind, only much greater, at intervals of a few years, again and again, since the beginning of the century. We know just what such agitation is worth, or, rather, what it is not worth, and how it ought to be met and put down; and that it is sure to collapse directly it is known that the authorities are in earnest, and mean to put it down. During nearly a generation, that Lord Chancellor Blackburne ruled Ireland, when outrages became numerous from agitation or any other cause, the law was simply put in force. A special commission was issued, a few convictions obtained, and, without bloodthirstiness or undue severity, all were convinced the law could not be set aside, and quiet quickly followed. When O'Connell had to be thus met, Blackburne met him and put him down: whether the government was Conservative or Liberal, it was just the same. Lately a milder course has been taken. By the Westmeath act, nine years ago, the Lord-Lieutenant, when a county was proclaimed, could order the arrest and detention in prison at the pleasure of the Crown of any dangerous person. As all those who had been doing wrong, and knew they were therefore in danger of arrest, forthwith ran away to America, this plan answered every good purpose. Scarcely any persons were caught and shut up under the act. It was the highest sort of moral rule. Men's own consciences judged them, and they bolted or not accordingly. Quiet, and no more outrages, were the result. It must be added that the jury act of Lord O'Hagan has done grievous mischief by increasing the difficulty of getting convictions, however clear the evidence. It was an unhappy blunder.

That law and order must be enforced no one can doubt. To leave this uncertain for a day does an injury to the poor people themselves many times worse than the worst injuries their agitators complain of, even if they were true, which they are not. There is no difficulty in thus producing quiet by enforcing the laws.

Mr. Froude's article in the Nineteenth Century, for September, was not needed to prove that law and order must be enforced, unless grievous injury is to be done. It is no question of landlords or the House of Lords. The moral mischief that is being done by delay is immense. Colonel Gordon is now at home. Let him be sent to Connaught with the commission of the peace for Galway, Mayo and Sligo. Give him the command of the police and as many extra men as he needs. Let his directions be to enforce law and order. He

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\* I stated this in a letter to the Times in 1873.

will not have been there a month before Connaught will be at peace. Nor in truth is a man of Colonel Gordon's distinction necessary. All that is necessary is that a man of will and brains should be in command, who will not let himself be trifled with. Colonel Gordon's name would do what another would have to establish by his acts. There would be no need to hinder agitators from talking; only make them know they will be answerable for what they say.

But it is impossible that any sudden change for the better can be made. The ill-habits of the people still exist in substance. It is only as better habits establish themselves that a better state of things can grow up. Whenever an estate has been well managed, the tenants made to know that whatever any man promises will be held binding on him—the rents undertaken be required, and no humbug listened to, bad tenants be removed and their land given to good tenants, the condition of the people steadily improves. Nearly all the disturbances and disputes between landlord and tenant that are seen in the papers arise on ill-managed estates. Good tenants invariably make money. When they can do this, what is there to fight about? When the proper time comes for a rise in the rent, and such rise is made, they would be more than human, and much less than Irishmen, if they did not kick a little. But when the dealing is reasonable and resolute, this does small harm. A notion has been started that Irish tenants are so poor they cannot contract freely. Heaven, forgive the man who acts on that view in Ireland! That a man is not bound by his contract, is the dodge of every rogue we have. This is the constant struggle over Workhouse and all other public contracts, that when the contractor loses by them he should be let off or paid more. Once it is known that contracts cannot be got rid of the attempts to do so cease miraculously.

The outlay on improvements, both by landlords and tenants, has much increased of late. An honest census of what landlords have done for the last thirty years will show a total that is not anticipated; such outlay by landlords cannot be disregarded. It will go on steadily if order is enforced.

In the past year tenants have awakened to the value of draining, and the loans at 1 per cent last winter from the government did great good. Though in strictness of economic principles they were not justifiable, yet practically these loans were a most successful step. The country had advanced sufficiently to profit by them. In my union alone forty-four loans for draining were taken. I believe half of these were taken by tenants for small sums, £100 and such like. This is a larger total than was ever before spent by tenants on draining within the memory of any one living. The drains have been well sunk, under the inspection of government officers, with good outfalls, and the profit they are certain to yield must do great good.

The sense of success will be such, that it might be wise for the

government again to offer similar loans for draining to tenants. Loans at 2 per cent, or even 2½, could be very small loss. After last year's experience, more loans would be taken at 2½ per cent (making the total charge for principal and interest 5 per cent for thirty years), than were taken at 1 per cent; and the effect thus produced in many parts would secure that draining in future should go on of itself, to the immense advantage of the country. In a district like mine which is not mountainous, where every farm has more or less of its land wet, and where an industrious tenant who wishes can improve for himself, the general conviction that to leave land undrained is a dead loss, must work wonders in a few years.

In the larger part of Ireland, the only true remedy is the better management of estates; bad tenants should be steadily weeded out, and their land given to good ones, without payments that would reduce their capital.

There are in the country a sufficient number of good tenants, fairly industrious and steady men, with some knowledge of their business, who have too small farms. And there are a large number of thoroughly bad tenants, indolent, ignorant, and drinking, who, in whatever way they hold land, can never do any good with it. Their faults are their ruin. This class does not exist in England or Scotland, and its extent or even its existence in Ireland is not realized. By some in England all are looked upon as poor and honest; the agitators keep up that idea by vehement, untrue assertion: the ejectment of such men is spoken of as cruelty and wrong. But consider what it is to have on a farm a lazy, drinking, even if not drunken, man, ignorant, without capital or knowledge of farming, and his land much exhausted. How is it possible a country can improve when much of the land is thus held? There is no difficulty with any one else but these.

I have three bad tenants, all drunken; two of them have no four-footed animals on their farms, one farm being forty-seven acres, held at five shillings and ninepence per acre: what is it possible to do with such men when they cease to pay rent?

When such are turned out there is plenty of work for them, if they will do it—in spite of Mr. Gladstone's statement, that evictions are the same as death-warrants—and, under the obligation to work, their children grow up into useful laboring people. In what part of the earth can men be at once idle and prosperous? On what principle should the land these men have failed in, not be given to good tenants, who will farm it better, and benefit the country and themselves by so doing? This is the common-sense plan which has succeeded with me and with many others.

The principle professed in behalf of the land act was the stoppage of capricious evictions, but it was expressly added that no one wished to keep bad tenants on the land. The act, however, has been so put in force that it has tended directly to keep bad tenants

in their farms. It has been held that the act gave every tenant an absolute right of four to seven years' rent as compensation for eviction. Non-payment of a year's rent alone deprived him of this right. The landlord no doubt might have a set-off against him. But the most justifiable cause for eviction was still held to be a disturbance, and still left the burden of four to seven years' rent to be paid by the landlord. The only right course would have been that, in case of justifiable eviction, the landlords should not incur the penalty.

I have myself had only one land case. A poor old tenant had forty acres of capital land. Before I bought it, he had divided the farm with his eldest son, a most hopelessly lazy fellow, who soon could not pay his part of the rent. So I had to turn him out, and take the loss of his rent on myself, giving his land back to the father for his other son; this other son, when little more than a boy, was convicted of a bad attempt at rape, and got twelve months in Cork goal. He used habitually to rob his father's potato pit, to supply money for his iniquities. So there was an end of his chance of becoming a tenant. The old man let his cows to a dairyman, and so paid his rent; after his wife died, he became so feeble he could not walk across the room. A daughter had married a rich farmer twenty miles off. She had to take her father home to her house, and there he lived for some years. The farm is some of the best land I have. I could not allow it to be thus left half waste, and therefore served a notice to quit and ejected. The county court judge agreed it was impossible I could help ejecting in such a case, but yet ordered me to pay four years' rent, near £120 for so doing. I thought it a great wrong, and so did most who heard it. Luckily I had a set-off for dilapidations, that saved me in part, and by appealing to the Judge of Assize I forced on a compromise that still more relieved me. Such is the effect of the land act as it is worked.

No reasonable landlord objects to capricious evictions being stopped. The attempt of county court judges to introduce a bastard tenant-right, as they have done, has caused great disgust, and made many do their best to thwart such wrong.

Nor is the requirement of thirty-one years' leases to be complained of. Indeed I think it might be extended in such a way that all future lettings should be by lease for thirty-one years. A twenty-one years' lease is long enough in England and Scotland, and is a great gain to both tenant and landlord, because it gives security for the tenant's expenditure. Though thirty-one years may in strictness be too long a term, yet with the ideas that prevail in Ireland (I do not mean the wild views of the present moment), I think it need not be objected to. More draining by tenants, if landlords do not themselves drain as they ought, and thirty-one-year leases, will in all cases give much increased produce from the land, and so satisfy M. de Molinari.

It might be a condition of the lease that the tenants should drain all wet land in the first fifteen years, if the landlord did not do it, and the tenant get a charge for the outlay in full. I have often thought a justifiable pressure on both landlord and tenant could be caused if the land were valued for rating, not, as now, at its present value, but (when more than 5 per cent of the farm is wet and reclaimable) by estimating its future value if drained and reclaimed. Those who now drain their land suffer an injustice if their neighbors do not also drain. The sums required for the poor or the roads are apportioned on a fixed area, and those who raise the value of their farms by draining pay a larger share of the sum so apportioned, whilst the neighbor who neglects his duty is actually relieved of part of what he would have had to pay. By valuing all the land as if drained, this hardship may be set right, and a mild screw put on the neglectful occupiers and owners.

M. de Molinari's last letter in the *Débats* of September 22, deserves the most careful attention. It bears directly on the point we are now discussing—What can be done? He says plainly, Ireland is truly sick. It is sick of one of the worst maladies—agrarian pauperism. There are 200,000 to 300,000 tenants, representing more than a million souls, who cultivate an inferior refuse soil, so that even in good years they are only just above starvation, and in bad years they are starving. It is these small refuse farms that are the cause of the trouble; nothing else. They must be united to other farms, so as to make each farm large enough to support the farmer and his family in prosperity. The process has gone on rapidly ever since the great famine. The land set retarded it. But still it went on, and nothing but the union of farms; till they can support a family, will produce a better state of things. Such is M. Molinari's statement, and I believe there is no answer to it. It agrees substantially with what I have told as the experience of a life in Ireland, lived not without success.

The rent of many of these farms is under £9 per annum. £9 is 180s., less than 6d. per day. Still more of these farms are let under £4 10s. per annum; this is 3d. per day. So 6d. or 3d. per day would be the whole gain to these men, if their rent was abolished. Can this amount raise them to comfort? Compare these men with my laborers earning 12s. per week, and with a good cottage to live in, the death warrants of many of whom, or their fathers, I signed, when I ejected them thirty years ago. Both sorts can be seen. It is we, who employ these laborers, that are to be got rid of, not the miserable tenants.

In county Cork the number of the ejectments in the last three years that have been by creditors, mortgagees to whom the tenants pledged their farms for money advanced, turns out to be near half the total. These are the direct effect of the tenant's faults and his debts, with which the landlord had nothing to do. The plea for

the Disturbance Bill was the cruelty of landlords in ejecting tenants in bad times. Here is the answer.

Again in the same letter, M. de Molinari describes what will necessarily happen if these bad tenants are made peasant proprietors, or obtain a greater hold on the land by tenant-right; they will simply get deeper in debt, and be more surely sold up by the creditors when the bad years come. I believe one cause that my tenants are less in debt than others is, that all money-lenders know that I feel no pity for them: and as my tenants and I are, on the whole, on very friendly terms, the money-lenders fear we may colloque (as it is called here), and leave them in the lurch. My principle in all such cases is, that even if a tenant is not so honest as he should be, yet money-lenders are so much worse rogues, that it is no part of my duty to think about them, and if a tenant likes to surrender his land, I decline to ask what money he has borrowed.

I may be told that the course of gradual amendment I suggest is too slow. My answer is, its slowness is one of its chief recommendations. Amendment of a people's habits must be slow; but every step is a gain. The proximate cause of the present agitation is the failure of crops in Connaught and some other parts. It must be clearly understood that the state of Connaught and other western mountainous and sea-coast districts differ wholly from the rest of Ireland. Here and there an out-of-the-way spot approaches their bad state, but the quality of the land and condition of the people are far different. Before the famine of 1846 the subdivision of farms caused us to approach to this bad state; but we have since advanced to quite a different condition. In Sir Charles Trevelyan's articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, for 1848, which he has lately reprinted, and from his letter to the *Times*, in July last, it will be seen what was then our condition, and what we then went through. He says plainly, that what was done then, is that which M. de Molinari advises as the only possible thing to be done now. The distress was fully relieved whilst it lasted. Afterwards the modest part was taken of helping the healing work of nature, and acting on the sound principle of *laissez faire*. This, M. de Molinari adds, does not satisfy modern doctors; but Ireland in time will learn that the doctors are worse than the disease.

The government of that time was Liberal, like the present. Sir C. Trevelyan was then secretary to the treasury, and he met the evil in Ireland and grappled with it for near two years. The words and acts of men like Sir C. Trevelyan and M. de Molinari cannot be passed over in favor of bran-new revolution to turn everything upside down.

I believe there is clear proof that poverty is the only evil, and self-exertion the only cure. The district in which I write is only twenty miles from Skibbereen, and part of the union was cut out of the Skibbereen union, and runs within ten miles of that town.

Every one knows what Skibbereen was in the famine of 1846. This district was not so bad, because there was less congestion from the poorer districts beyond, yet the suffering and starvation in it were terrible. The whole winter of 1846-7 was like a frightful nightmare to those who had to go through it. In the following years more than half our people emigrated. Where an estate had been only neglected and subdivided, with low rent and no pressure, tenants being left to do as they liked, they emigrated more than from other places; they had made a harder pressure for themselves. These spots had become much the same as rabbit-warrens. I knew two such cases from which nearly all went to America. A very large part of our population were laborers. There had been much emigration before the famine; many had friends in America, and this made emigration to be looked on without dislike. We are now one of the most thriving parts of the south of Ireland, and improve yearly. The land has got into larger farms; and though the farmers only half manure and give very little employment, only tilling as much as their own families can work, most are much better off, and there are no real troubles. I believe, if the matter was fairly looked into, this district and the greater part of the county Cork would be found to be conclusive proofs of the soundness of the principles acted on by Sir C. Trevelyan and the government of 1847. If the prevalent evil is agrarian pauperism, surely to fix the present paupers on the land, bad ones and all, by Ulster tenant-right, or fixity of tenure, or making them peasant proprietors, can never cure the trouble.

It is the strongest confirmation of this view, that the whole effort of the present agitation is, to keep the worst and most useless tenants still in their farms. They may be doing no good for themselves, and never have done any, even in the best times, and their bad habits and poverty may prove they never are likely to do any better; but there they are to stay and vegetate, neither paying rent nor benefiting themselves or the country. This means that all the bad habits of the lowest class in the country are to be stereotyped among us, and all progress to a better state of things stopped.

Great help is to be had from emigration wherever there are more on the soil than it can support in comfort, without trusting to potatoes. Of course no government can undertake emigration, still less enforce it; they would hinder it, if they tried. But the government can give every facility for it. They can provide proper agents at the ports of embarkation to advise and help all emigrants wanting it, show them where to get food and lodgings whilst waiting for the ship, and forward them in every fair way. It is strange this has not been done before. It is done for these same poor people on their arrival at New York by the American government. There is reason to believe emigrants are often grievously wronged and cheated at our own ports before they embark. A reasonable care for them in

this respect would be a great encouragement to emigration, and an act of charity too.

When the prime minister of Canada, Sir J. Macdonald, was in London just before parliament was prorogued, he offered grants of the splendid land in Manitoba, 160 acres each to able-bodied emigrants settling there; and he offered to get an act passed by the Colonial parliament to charge the cost of the emigration and support for some months upon the land in case the cost had been advanced by boards of guardians or any other third party, so that, whether the emigrants stayed on the land or sold it, the money should be repaid. A proper officer of the government was to see to the whole business, and procure repayment. It has long appeared to me that, if advances for emigration were made personal debts from the emigrants to any colony, duly recoverable in a safe and cheap way, by act of Colonial parliament, with proper officers there to enforce payment, if it was not otherwise repaid, it would be a great advantage to many honest poor people who wish to emigrate. We are sure that most emigrants do well, and could repay such advances easily by installments? Why should they not? Some would be lost, perhaps, by the emigrants passing into the States; such loss might be borne; the majority would repay. All the class of healthy boys and girls in our workhouses, growing up and able to work, might thus be sent out, to their great gain and our relief. In our great town workhouses with thousands of paupers, some such resource is much wanted. I am sure that the sentimental thought that it is a hardship on a poor person to be forced by circumstances to emigrate, is a delusion. Irish people, when removed from the influence of their own class, become better workers, more quiet and prosperous. They have better qualities for success in a new country than the English have. The faults of home are their bane, and the proportion of those who succeed in America is very great.

To sum up. Agrarian pauperism is the true trouble of Ireland, and an opening for increased production of some sort the only possible cure. In one hundred years' time bad tenants will not produce more from the land than they produce now, but probably much less, as their land becomes more exhausted. Let, therefore, every opportunity for emigration be given to all unsuccessful and bad tenants and to all superfluous laborers, and let the land they occupied go into the hands of those who already hold land and are doing well with it. There is an immense field of employment for some generations in draining, with profit to all. The ordinary loans, at a rate of interest which causes no loss to government, should be continued to landowners, as they have been for many years past; and for two or three years cheaper loans, at 2 or 2½ per cent, might be continued to farmers. They will gain by thus borrowing for draining much more than they would gain by any reduction of rent.

Until the distress that has been felt all over the kingdom from



the bad crops of two seasons came on, Ireland had greatly advanced from the state it was in at the Union or any time since. It will do so again from natural causes, if only law and order are enforced. The doubt which the foolish speeches and foolish acts of those in authority have raised, whether the law of rights of property will be upheld, has caused a hundred times more hardship to individuals, and to the tenants themselves, than all the hard acts of landlords, and has tended sorely to retard progress.

Mr. Froude truly says, "These words have raised incendiaries and assassins to the rank of patriots, and encouraged them to go on with their work, by telling them that, if they were only violent and mischievous enough, they would have their desires. The one indispensable requirement in Ireland is authority armed with power to make the law obeyed." I cannot add a word to these weighty truths.

Unjust measures, disregarding the rights of property, may gratify the covetousness of some and the ill-will of others, by injuring the class of landowners, but they will never improve the social state of the people by a hair's breadth. Better habits alone can do that. Ireland, like all other countries, contains good and bad of all classes. Some of us who understand farming have no wish to let our land at all, because, from the bad farming so prevalent in the country, we can make much more from it by holding it ourselves. I should be glad to farm every acre of my 3,900 and should add much to my income by doing so. The laborers I should employ would be better off in all ways than most tenants, and their number would be greater. But I have not the least wish to part with my old friends, and have no thought of doing so; only I can see no sense in rooting bad tenants in the soil to be paupers, and the cause of evil for a generation to come, at a heavy loss to me.

The common sense and judgment that produce a prosperous estate and contented tenantry in England and Scotland will do so in Ireland. Whether we are few or many who try to reach this good state, why are our hands to be tied and our efforts hindered, by what is really an effort to give protection to all the bad habits and backward ideas that have made Ireland a byword? Surely, England has not so far lost the qualities that made her what she is, as to be unable to say law and order shall prevail, and upright honesty to all classes alike be maintained, because without these nothing is worth having, nor can any people prosper.

The difference between indolence and industry is much greater than any difference of rent than can be proposed. The difference between order and the rule of the Land League is greater than that between prosperity and ruin.

At bottom the question is whether the dealings between landlord and tenant are to be governed by open free contract, as nearly all other dealings amongst us are, or—because in some cases (not always

even in Ireland) some landlords are rich and tenants poor—an artificial system is to be established by act of parliament in hope of redressing this inequality, however much the true progress of the country may thereby retarded by the setting aside of the sound principles of honesty and justice.—W. BENGE JONES, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

## BUDDHISTS AND BUDDHISM IN BURMAH.

Judging from externals, Buddhism is far from being the religion which one would expect to find adopted by the Burmese. They are a jovial, laughing, joking race, brimful of fun and delight, in the simple act of living. Strange it is to find such a people adopting the cold, stern, materialistic philosophy of Buddha. Almost all forms of heathen religion teach men to seek for some sort of happiness here. Christian forms of belief call this folly, and bid all live such a holy and self denying life on earth that they may find perfect happiness hereafter in a better world beyond. The Buddhist comes between and exclaims: "Cease this foolish petty longing for personal happiness. The one life is as hollow as the other. *Ameitsa, Dokkha, Anatta*—all is transitory, sad, unreal." Such a faith one might think suitable for the sullen, truculent Malay, but we cannot understand the Burman holding such a purely ethical religion and still retaining his constant bonhomie. Buddhism denies the existence of a Creator or of anything created. "There is nothing eternal; the very universe itself is passing away; nothing is, everything becomes; and all that you see or feel, bodily or mentally, of yourself, will pass away like everything else; there will only remain the accumulated result of all your actions, words and thoughts. The consciousness of self is a delusion; the organized being, sentient existence, since it is not infinite, is bound up inextricably with ignorance, and therefore with sin, and therefore with sorrow." And so the true Buddhist saint does not mar the purity of his self denial by lusting after a positive happiness, which he himself shall enjoy here or hereafter. Here it comes of ignorance, and leads to sin, which leads to sorrow; and there the conditions of existence are the same, and each new birth will leave you ignorant and finite still. All that is to be hoped for is the joy and rest of Nirvana, *Neikban*, the Buddhist *summam bonum*, a blissful holy existence, a moral condition, a sinless, calm state of mind, practically the extinction of our being. Unutterably sad one would say for despairing and earnest hearts, and more than enough to arouse the pity of every man, not to say of every Christian man. Yet this is the faith of the light-hearted Burmans, one of the most lovable of races on the face of the earth; and the devoted labors of Anglican,

Roman and Baptist missionaries for a couple of decades have been almost resultless, even in persuading the Burman of the hopelessness of his creed. The gayly-dressed, laughing crowd of Burmese young men and maidens go not the less merrily along the streets. Four times in each lunar month the Pagoda steps are thronged by old and young alike. They make offerings of fruits and flowers to they hardly know what; they offer up prayers as to a supreme Deity, and deny that there is such a being; they prostrate themselves before images of Guadama, and declare that they do not worship them as idols. The young sing and make merry. The old calmly meet death, with their rosaries in their hands, patiently telling their beads. Yet they tell you their faith is summed up in the words, *Aneitsa, Dokkha, Anatta*—transitoriness, misery, unreality—words of hopelessness and despair. If we look below the surface we can hardly say that this merry heartiness of the young, and this tranquil resignation of the old, is due in the one case to simple thoughtlessness and carelessness, and in the other to blind resignation and blank ignorance of what their future state shall be. Let us rather turn to the habits of the people and their system of education for an explanation.

It is in the monastic schools that the strength of Buddhism lies, and it is by means of them that the faith is kept active in the country. The whole land is overspread with these *kyoungs*, or monasteries, and through them passes, with hardly a single exception, the entire male population of the country. Outside every village, no matter how small, stands one of these *kyoungs*. Away from the noise of the people, with great, well-foliaged trees to shield them from the heat, and cocoa-nut and areca palms, mangoes, and jacks, and other fruit trees to supply them with occasional luxuries, the monk's position seems well calculated to rouse the envy of those who are tired of nineteenth-century theological and polemical discussions, and do not care to have it clearly demonstrated to them that Tiberius and Cataline are much maligned individuals, and that Judas Iscariot has been greatly wronged by the consensus of centuries in regarding him as the type of baseness and hideous guilt. There the *hpongyees* pass their time without a care to ruffle the tranquil surface of their lives. They have no trouble for their food, for a pious and kindly population supplies them far beyond their requirements. They are monks, not priests, and have no duties to perform for the laity in return for this support. Their minds are never racked by the excogitation of that too frequently excruciating formality of the Christian church, a sermon. Their natural rest is never broken in upon by calls to minister consolation and comfort to the sick and the dying. Even their leisure is never interrupted to execute the last rites for the dead. They are not ministers of religion, they are monks, and all they have to do is to work out their own deliverance and salvation without regard to any one else.

Latterly, some of them have, indeed, assumed something of the priestly character in performing ceremonies which are supposed to confer merit on those in whose names they are accomplished; and certain duties which most of them assume, such as reading the sacred books to the people, and instructing youth, are of a pastoral nature. All that is compulsory on them is the observation of continence, poverty and humility, with abstraction from the world, tenderness to all living things, and the obligation of certain moral precepts, and numerous ritual observances. As members of the holy Sangha, one of the precious triad, the hpongyees are approached with tokens of worship by the laity, in recognition of their ascetic life. The members of the order lay claim, often with very little ground, to superior wisdom and sanctity, but not to any spiritual powers. Indeed, in a religious system which acknowledges no supreme God, it is impossible for any one to become an intercessor between a creator whose existence is denied, and man who can only attain to a higher state by his own personal exertions and earnest self-denial. Where there are no Gods, no one is required to avert their anger or sue for their pity by fervent prayer. Consequently not even Guadama himself could attain to the position of Peter, and claim to hold the keys of heaven and hell. The doors of the kyounge are always open as well to those who wish to enter, as to those who wish to leave it. As a matter of fact, almost every Burman—certainly every respectable Burman—at some period of his life, dons, for a longer or shorter time, the yellow robe of the monk.

There is but one order, but there are grades in sanctity and approximation to the final release. Most of the scholars, who enter these Talapoinic houses, put on the yellow robe; thus at the same time learning to read and write, and acquiring kutho, or merits for future existences. Some, especially nowadays in British Burma, never do so, or only for a few days; not a few for no longer than twenty-four days. In Upper-Burmah, however, the desire for merit seems much greater, or perhaps we may say, the knowledge of the value of time is altogether wanting, as it certainly exists only in very modified fashion in our provinces. At any rate, in Independent Burmah the adoption of the yellow monkish garments for a season is almost universal. These disciples or novices are called Shins or Koyias. His entry into the monastic orders is perhaps the most important event in the life of the Burman. Only under the robe of the recluse, and through the abandonment of the world, can he completely fulfill the law, and hope to find the way to eventual deliverance from the misery of ever-recurring existences. The common time for the ceremony is just before the Wa, or Buddhist Lent, lasting from July to October, roughly speaking. During Lent no ceremony or feast is lawful, and most of the more respectable Burmans send

their sons into kyoung for these three months. The boy's admission is made the occasion of a great feast. A baydin tsaya, or wise woman, is consulted, and as soon as she has named a day that is likely to be fortunate, preparations are begun. Three or four girls, the intending moungh shin's sisters or friends of the family, dress themselves up in their best silks and jewels—usually borrowing a large quantity of the latter—and go the round of the town, announcing to all relatives, friends, and neighbors when the induction is to take place, and where it will be. At each house they leave a little morsel of let-pet, pickled tea (the tritirated leaves of the *Elaeodendron orientale*), rolled up in a palm leaf, as a kind of invitation card. Every one sends some little present, to help towards making the feast as grand as possible; and very often some one else, whose son is also going to be inducted, suggests that the two should join forces. Not unfrequently half-a-dozen unite in this way. On the appointed day the young neophyte dresses himself in his best clothes, and loads himself with all the family jewels. He mounts a pony, or ascends a gaily-decorated car. A gilt umbrella is held over his head; a band of music goes before, and all his friends and relatives gather round him in their best; the young man dancing and capering and singing, the girls gorgeous with brocaded tameins and powdered faces, and so the party sets out. They go the round of all the boy's friends and acquaintances, he bidding each of them farewell, and they giving something towards the expenses or solace of the band and the supernumeraries. All this *tamasha*, this jovial march round, is meant to represent the moungh shin's abandonment of the follies of this world, and intended to recall Gaudama's triumphal entry into Kapilavastre, amidst a crowd of rejoicing clansmen, on the birth of his child, and just previous to his abandonment of family and home to become a houseless mendicant, ascetic and embryo Buddha.

When the round of visits has been paid, the procession turns toward the monastery; the presents for the monks are brought to the front, and all enter reverently, and, of course, shoeless. The youth's head is shaved, his parents standing by to receive the hair as it falls. He throws off all his fine clothes and jewelry, bathes, and puts on the dull yellow robe of the recluse. Nothing now remains but to present him to the kyoung-pogo, the head of the society. This is done by the postulant's father. The abbebt asks the boy's name, and motions him to take his place among the other probationers. Everything is then over, the friends return home, and probably finish up the day at a *pwai*, or dramatic performance, given by the lad's family in honor of the day. The koyin remains behind in the kyoung, subject—whether his stay be for a few days, or months, or for years—to all the strict discipline of the place. In addition to the five great commandments enjoined by Gaudama on

all Buddhists, there are other five precepts, obligatory on all dwelling in the monastery. The five universal commandments are:

1. Thou shalt not kill.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not indulge in unlawful passions.
4. Thou shalt not lie.
5. Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquor.

The five now imposed upon our *koyin* are:

1. Not to eat after noon.
2. Not to sing, or dance, or play any musical instrument.
3. Not to use cosmetics.
4. Not to stand on platforms or high places.
5. Not to touch gold or silver.

His duties are to attend on the elders of the *kyoung*, and minister to their wants, bringing and laying before them, at stated times, the betel box, etc., and following the *hpongyee* as bearer of his umbrella or fan. The latter is shaped like the letter S, whence the name *Talapoin*s given to the monks by some writers. Most of the shins in Lower Burmah leave almost immediately, in order to enter or re-enter into the English school. In Upper Burmah they stay for some years, to complete their education, and then leave and return to a secular life. Some grow fond of the ways of the monastery, and remain to study and qualify to become monks themselves. When they have acquired sufficient knowledge, and attained the age of twenty, they are solemnly admitted among the professed members of the brotherhood, under the name of *patzin* or *oopatzin*. A few conditions are imposed. The applicant must state that he is free from contagious disease, consumption and fits; that he is neither a slave, nor a debtor, nor a soldier, and that he has obtained the consent of his parents. For those who have not grown up in the *kyoung*, and whose attainments are therefore unknown, a public examination, conducted in a chain, or open, triple-roofed building, near the *kyoung*, or the pagoda, is necessary. The candidate is asked a few simple questions, in the presence of any one who likes to come, by the elders of the house. Any one so inclined may further catechize him; but a rejection on the ground of ignorance or insufficient preparation is almost unknown. In the early days of Buddhism, the aspirant was admitted without any ceremony; merely having his head shaved, putting on the yellow robes of the *yahan*, and thenceforth leading an ascetic life. Later somewhat of an ordination ceremonial grew up. On the appointed day, chosen—like that of first entrance into the *kyoung*—as being a propitious one, a chapter of monks meet together. This chapter must consist of not less than ten monks, and the president must be a *yahan* of at least ten years' standing. Mats are laid down for them in the chief room of the monastery, and they seat themselves in two rows facing towards one another. The president places himself at the head of one row.

The sponsor of the postulant then brings him forward. The sponsor is invariably a monk. The candidate comes up in lay dress, but bearing with him the three garments of the hpongyee. Halting at a respectful distance, he shekhos, does obeisance to the president and deposits a small present, necessary as a sign of respect. Bowing his forehead three times to the ground, he thrice begs for admittance to the order—"Pity, Lord; have pity on me: graciously take these garments, and grant me admittance to the order, that I may escape from sin and misery, and enter on the path to neikban." The head of the chapter then bends forward, and taking up the robes, throws them over the candidate's shoulders, and repeats a Pali rubric, to the effect that the robes are only worn out of modesty, and because the flesh is too weak without them to endure the extremes of heat and cold; winding up with a formula on the transitoriness and misery of all human things. The postulant then retires to put on the monkish vestments, and reappears before the chapter, again reverently shekhoing. The president then repeats "the triple consolation," the novice reciting it three times after him: "My trust is in the Lord, the law, the assembly, the three precious things." H'ayah, Taya, thinga, yaydada, thonba. Then the "ten precepts," mentioned above, are similarly intoned. Three times, once more saluting the head of the chapter, the mendicant humbly begs him to become his superior. This request being granted, the begging-bowl is hung round the ascetic's neck, and he again falls on his knees and addresses the whole chapter: "Mendicants, I seek for admittance into your order; have mercy on me and grant my prayer." The members then question him formally as to his age, his freedom from disease, his name, and that of his intended abbot; whether he has obtained the consent of his parents, and is sui juris. Then three times a monk asks whether any one knows just cause or impediment why he should not be admitted. No objection being entered, the whole body of examiners bend down before the president, and say, "The candidate has been admitted into the order, A. being his superior. The questions have been asked, and none have objected; so we all agree."

A monk then stands up and reads a selection from the full rule of the order, which contains 227 precepts. This done, the ordination ceremonial is over, and the chapter disperses, the newly admitted hpongyee falling into the train of the head of his monastery. The state of oopatzin is, properly speaking, that of hpongyee. Every other step or promotion in the sacred hierarchy is purely honorific. Nevertheless the new member must reside, for some time at least, in the same monastery as his superior. He acts as the abbot's secretary and personal attendant, and treats him with all the respect that a son would a father, while the superior, in his turn, instructs him and directs his studies. In time, however, he moves away to some other monastery, possibly led to do so by its superior collec-

tion of commentaries, or its proximity to some sacred shrine. Or, perhaps, some pious layman who has made his fortune and desires to acquire merit, selects our oopatzin as his teacher and spiritual master, and builds a kyoung for him, dedicated with great ceremony and much feasting. Then the simple hpongyee becomes a kyoung-pogo, or abbot, and gathers round him a following of his own. He has now attained the full rank of his order, but he still remains dependent on charity for his daily food. He is still a hpongyee. He has no new obligations imposed upon him, but neither does he escape from any of the former duties. He simply has power of jurisdiction over all the brethren in his kyoung. The founder of the kyoung gains far more earthly distinction. He is regarded as a loogyee, an elder, and acquires the title of kyounstaga, founder of a monastery, by which name he is thereafter always addressed, and which he prefixes to his signature in all documents. He rests comfortable in the assurance that in a future existence he will certainly not be a woman, and possibly not a man: will at any rate be some estimable animal, such as a pig or an elephant, and not an objectionable creature like a snake or a louse. Our hpongyee probably remains in this position of kyoung-pogo or tsaya for a long time, unless he develops a character for superior saintliness or learning. In process of years, he becomes a "head of assembly," a gine-oke or tsadau. A tsaya is a teacher; a tsadau, a royal, or lord teacher. He now has under his management a cluster of kyoungs, exercising power over their inmates as well as their heads. He gives his advice in all the little affairs of these communities, enforces the rules against malcontents and corrects the abuses. Still, however, unless very old, he is a mendicant, and must go out every morning with his begging-bowl. His dress is the same as the most recently admitted koyin, and in the eyes of the world he is only a little farther on in the path to neikban. When very aged and decrepit he is excused from the daily begging tour, but has to go round every now and again to preserve the letter of the law and show a proper example of humility.

In Lower Burmah there is no head of the hierarchy. Under native rule there was a "pope" whose authority on all matters of religion was recognized throughout the country. This was the tha thana bein tsadau gye. With the conquest of Pegu, however, he has lost all his authority, and the last incumbent exercised control only over the monasteries in the circle of Mandalay. At present the post is, as far as I know, unfilled. The tha thana bein has usually been the preceptor of "the Lord of the Umbrella-bearing chiefs, and Great King of Righteousness;" Golden Foot, in that august potentate's youthful days. Mindone min's (the late King) teacher, however, is dead, and the present young ruffian has but scant reverence for the monks. After leaving the S. P. G. Royal School, in Mandalay, Theebau went into a monastery and remained there almost con-



stantly until his accession to the throne. He passed as patama byan in the theological examination, for ordination as oopatzin with great éclat, to the enthusiastic delight of his pious old father Mindone min, "the Fifth Founder of Religion." The old gentleman could talk of nothing else for a while, and gave the cocks and hens on Mandalay Hill double rations in honor of the event. The Mandalay Theological Tripos is supposed to be a much stiffer business than the examination is elsewhere, and the competitors are placed in classes, young Theebau figuring in the first division. His researches into the three beetaghats do not seem to have done him much good however. Ugly stories went round about the ongoings of Theebau and sundry other young princes in the kyoung-dau gye, the royal monastery. Probably the venerable kyoung-pogo found it necessary to rate the raffish koyin, possibly even to set him to water the sacred bo-tree, or sweep out the rooms, as a punishment for his peccadilloes. However that may be, it is certain that Theebau, as soon as he had ascended to the throne, packed off his old superior, along with a couple of thousand other hpongyees, to Lower Burmah. Thus it comes that there is at present, not even in Upper Burmah, a head of Burman Buddhism.

The account of a day spent in one of the monastic communities may be interesting, as showing how far a little method will go towards making the day pass, with the least possible amount of work and the least chance of ennui. At half-past five o'clock in the morning all rise and perform their ablutions. The proper time, according to the dina chariyawa, is before daylight, which in these low latitudes never comes in much before six. After washing, they all arrange themselves before the image of Buddha, the abbot at their head, the rest of the community, monks, novices, and pupils, according to their order. All together intone their morning prayers. This done they each in their ranks present themselves before the kyoung-pogo, and pledge themselves to observe during the day the vows or precepts incumbent upon them. They then separate for a short time, the pupils to sweep the floor of the kyoung and bring the drinking water for the day, filter it, and place it ready for use; the novices and others of full rank to sweep round the sacred bo-tree and water it; the elders to meditate in solitude on the regulations of the order. Some also offer flowers before the pagoda, thinking the while of the great virtues of the teacher and of their own shortcomings. Then comes the first meal of the day, after which the whole community betakes itself to study for an hour. Afterwards, about eight o'clock, or a little later, they set forth in an orderly procession with the abbot at their head, to beg their food. Slowly they wend their way through the chief street of the town or village, halting when any one comes out to pour his contribution into the big soup-tureen-like alms-bowl, but never saying a word. It is they who confer the favor, not the givers. Were it not for the passing of

the mendicants, the charitable would not have the opportunity of gaining for themselves merit. Not even a look rewards the most bounteous donation. With downcast eyes and hands clasped beneath the begging-bowl they pass on solemnly, meditating on their unworthiness and the vileness of all human things. Of course there are certain places where they receive a daily dole; but should the open-handed goodwife have been delayed at the market chatting with the gossips, or the the pious old head of the house be away from home, the recluses would rather go without breakfast than halt for a second, as if implying that they remembered the house as an ordinary place of call. It is a furlong on the noble path lost to the absentees, and the double ration of the following day is noted without a phantom of acknowledgment. So they pass round, circling back to the monastery after a perambulation lasting perhaps an hour or an hour and a half. A portion of all the alms received on the tour is solemnly offered to Buddha, and then all take their breakfasts. In former days this used to consist solely of what had been received during the morning, but the majority of monasteries have, sad to say, fallen away from the strictness of the old rule. Only a few of the more austere abbots enforce the observance of the earlier asceticism. Most communities fare much better than would be possible if they ate the miscellaneous conglomerate which is turned out of the alms-bowls. That indiscriminate mixture of rice, cooked and raw; peas boiled and parched; fish, flesh, and fowl, curried and plain; gnapee (a condiment made of decayed fish, smelling horribly and tasting like anchovy sauce gone bad, but nevertheless wonderfully esteemed by the Burmans), and let-hpet (pickled tea), is but seldom consumed by the ascetics of the present day. It is handed over to the little boys, the scholars of the community, who eat as much of it as they can and give the rest to the crows and the pariah dogs. The hpongyees and poyins find a breakfast ready prepared for them when they return from their morning's walk, and are ready to set to with healthy appetites. Breakfast done, they wash out the begging-bowls and chant a few prayers before the image of Buddha, meditating for a short time on kindness and affection. During the succeeding hour the scholars are allowed to play about, but must not make a noise; the monks pass the time in leisurely conversing; the abbot usually has visits from old people, or the kyoung-tagn, the patron of his benefice, who comes to consult with him on various matters, or to converse about religion. About half-past eleven there is a light refection of fruits, and then their work begins again. If no one of his own choice cares to teach the lay scholars, some one is selected by the abbot. The monks and novices take up their commentaries, or perhaps copy one out, asking the abbot or one of the yahans about passages which they do not understand. This goes on till three o'clock, when the shins and scholars perform any domestic duties which may be required about

the monastery. The scholars are then at liberty to run home and get some dinner, as nothing solid is eaten in the monastery after noon tide. They return at six o'clock, or sunset, recalled by the unmelodious sounds of a big wooden bell struck with a heavy mallet. This serves also as a summons for the regular members of the order, who have probably been out for a stroll to some neighbors, or to visit the pagoda. From nightfall till half-past eight, scholars and novices stand before the abbot and some of the yahans and recite all that they have learned, the whole sum of their literary knowledge, from the letters in the them-bon-gyee, the A, B, C, up to the book which was last committed to memory. The Pali rituals are chanted with surprising energy, abundance of sound supplying the place of a knowledge of the sense.

Few even of the yahans have any but the most superficial knowledge of the sacred language. Afterwards, if there is time, or if the kyoung-pogo is an enthusiast, that dignitary delivers a homily, or an exposition of some commentary. The evening closes up with devotions in the presence of Buddha's image; and when the last sounds of the mournful chant have died away, a monk stands up, and with a loud voice proclaims the day of the week, the day of the month, and the number of the year. Then all she-kho before Buddha thrice, and thrice before the abbot, and retire to rest. The same routine gone through day after day may become monotonous, and lose some of its effectiveness; but such a school, presided over by an abbot of intelligence, and held in reverence by the people, cannot fail to have a powerful effect upon the minds of an impulsive people like the Burmese; and when we remember that the entire male population of the country passes through such schools, we can well understand how the mere teaching of Western secular knowledge has but little results in shaking the power of Buddhism among the people. Their manners may be softened and civilized, but they remain as firm as ever in their ancient faith, and more and more convinced that no other creed would suit them so well. The great number of the monasteries in all parts of the country render it perfectly easy for every one to obtain entrance for his children, and the poorest need have no fear that he will be refused admission. Every one, too, must learn. The discipline is exceedingly strict. If a boy is obstinate, or stupid, his hands are tied to a post above his head, and a stalwart mendicant lays on to him with a rattan till the weals stand out like ropes, and the blood trickles down the victim's back. Many a grown-up man can show you the scars he got in the hpongyee kyoung, because his head was too dense, or his memory too feeble, to get hold of the Pali formulas, which had and have not any comprehensible meaning to him. Nevertheless, he bears no malice; on the contrary, he is rather proud of it, as being likely to stand greatly to his credit in some future existence, or at any rate as atoning for the obfuscated brains with which he has been endowed in this existence. A

Turanian plagosus orbilius is therefore regarded with especial favor, and a Dotheboys Hall would be extensively patronized in Burmah, as considerably shortening the way towards Neikban.

The life of the hpongyee kyoung is about as lazy a round of existence as is to be found anywhere in the world. A few of the monks, seized by a sudden desire to do something, occasionally enter one of the zayats, the rest-houses round the pagodas, on a feast day, when there are a number of people gathered together, and read and expound passages of the law to such as care to come and hear them. Occasionally, too, devout laymen will go to the monastery to talk over points of theology, or to ask for elucidation of some passage in a commentary; but there are only a few who are troubled in this way, and unless the monk is an enthusiast, he need never be troubled with doing anything. They learn long passages of Pali ritual and dogma when they are preparing for admission to the order, and can always rattle it over with surprising glibness when occasion requires. I have never yet, however, met with one who had more than a parrot-like knowledge of the sacred language. There are a few tsadaus in Mandalay who are said to have a just comprehension of the sacred books, and certainly have most valuable collections of them, but they do not make much use of the learning claimed for them. They spend their time mostly in multiplying copies of Cinghalese commentaries, occasionally adding a note or two of their own, more or less peurile or superstitious, for they never venture to hint at modifications of doctrines. As an almost invariable rule, the monk is densely ignorant and far below the most ordinary layman in knowledge of every kind. Prompted by the establishment of government vernacular schools, a few monks in Lower Burmah have been induced, by the fear of losing their power over the youth of the country, to learn and commence teaching in their kyoungs a small amount of secular learning, and occasionally a little arithmetic. The latter accomplishment, however, is regarded with great suspicion as being cabalistic, and therefore opposed to the regulations of the wini. It is therefore only in the kyoungs, in and near our large towns, where the competition is great, that ciphering enters into the monastic curriculum. Nevertheless, though teaching is all the hpongyees do for the people, and many of them do not even do that, there are no signs that they are losing their power over the Burmese. The public feeling against a want of recitude in life in a monk is certainly very strong. A mendicant who committed any one of the four cardinal sins would be forced to leave the order by the unanimous vote of the people, supposing his abbot did not unfrock him—deprive him of the tsiwayan, the yellow, monkish robe. As long, however, as he lives an orderly life, no matter how little he does, the veriest drone may be assured that the people will not withhold their alms or respect. From the time when he first ties the patta, the begging-bowl round his neck, till

the end, when his body is embalmed and burned on a funeral pyre erected at the public expense, he meets with the utmost veneration. The people make way for him when he walks abroad. The oldest layman assumes the title of disciple to the last inducted koyin and with clasped hands addresses him as hpayah, the highest title the language can afford. The monk's commonest actions—walking, sleeping, eating—are referred to in language different from that which would be used of a layman, or even of the king, performing the same thing. The highest officials bow before them, and impose upon themselves the greatest sacrifices, both of time and money, to build kyoungs for them and minister to their wants. Finally, the monk's person is sacred and inviolable. There are but two motives for this high veneration. First, the admiration entertained for their austere manners and purely religious mode of life; secondly, the merits and rewards they hope to derive, in a future existence from the plentiful alms they bestow. Nevertheless to an unprejudiced stranger the hpongyees appear the least deserving of mortals. They spend the entire day sitting cross-legged chewing betel, or lying at full length endeavoring to fall asleep; when they go abroad during the day, it is because they are utterly ennuyes with sitting at home doing nothing and cannot find sufficient relief in merely standing up and yawning. But in their incomparable idleness, they are only an apotheosis of their countrymen, and perhaps not a little of the respect paid them is due to a secret admiration for their supreme objection to doing anything at all.—*SHWAY YOE, in The Cornhill Magazine.*

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## HEALTH AT HOME.

### PART VI.

IN preceding papers in the "Health at Home" series we have studied the healthiness of the bedrooms and the staircase landings. We have considered how these should be lighted, warmed, ventilated, and cleaned. We have passed from these to the water closets, the housemaid's cupboard, and the closet which contains the water-cistern, and have considered the defects which they commonly present, together with the improvements which are required in them. Lastly, we have moved into the bath room, and while, on the one hand, we have studied the simplest and cheapest means for rendering daily general ablution easy, we have glanced at what may be called "luxurious household bathing," the plunge-bath, the shower-bath, and, luxury of luxuries, the hot-air or old Roman bath.

We will at this point change our course of study by making a

descent into the lower part of the house, and will consider what are the more important improvements in those regions of present domestic insanitation. Before making this descent, however, let me be allowed to add one word of an explanatory kind.

Two classes of readers accost me on the subject of the practical application of the lessons conveyed in these papers. One class expresses that while all that is suggested should and ought to be carried out, the carrying out would be so great an expense that none but those who are blessed with many hundreds a year are able so much as to contemplate any of the proposed improvements. The other class takes quite a different view; it tells me, as each progressive article appears, that I am not sufficiently radical in suggestion; that in respect to every detail something more could and ought to be done; that some entirely new system, out and out new and perfect, should be described; and that to plant new or improved methods upon old foundations is alteration without corresponding improvement. My answer to these friendly critics is, that the aim of this series consists in trying to propose as much as possible in the way of practical improvement on that which at present exists. I know very very well that, to insure perfection, our great cities require to be pulled down altogether, and reconstructed on new and better plans. But then, again, I know that this is utterly impossible. The point, therefore, to be arrived at, as it seems to me, is to make the best of what exists, and to implant the necessities in the best manner attainable, even in the midst of current faults and blunderings. By this method necessary reforms will not only be introduced into houses that already exist, but will in time be introduced, *de novo*, into houses that are undergoing construction, and which, from their very foundations, will be laid out with a view to perfection of sanitation. This is a point earnestly to be struggled for at the present time. In this great metropolis houses are springing up in all directions by the hundred. We go into them during the various stages of progress, and really in not one in a hundred is there any advance at all. The idea of the old class of house is molded, as it were, in the mind of the builder. If you dare to tell him of an improvement, he replies instantly that it "won't work." If you ask him whether he has ever tried it, he tells you that he "don't want." And resting his argument on these two phrases, as if they were final, he pursues his sullen and ignorant course of wooden wit and unhealthy adaptation.

It appears, therefore, better to begin with improvements in existing houses than to fight a perfectly useless battle in respect to new construction. A man is master of his house when he gets into it, not before, and he may expect half a century to elapse at least before improvement *de novo* is the order of the day. Still more to the point is the serious fact that whole cities-full of houses actually exist which cannot be pulled down, and which may remain forever as they

are, unless some new plans be introduced into them as they at present stand. In London itself it is not the most difficult thing to find a house that may be demolished and rebuilt. Unless a house be positively "doomed"—that is to say, in plain words, until it is dangerous to those within and those without—it must remain; the most that can be done for it is to transform it, as far as possible and safe, into something better.

To suggest some of these improvements in the existent house is my present purpose, and that is the answer to those who complain of deficiency of suggestion for more radical changes. As to the others who complain of the expense that is necessary to carry out the proposed alterations, all I can say is that in every particular I have taken the utmost care to reduce the expenditure to the smallest amount. Some expense is necessary of course; but if those who wish to carry out the various plans that have been put forward will go over them carefully, they will be surprised to find at how small a cost they may all be effected. There is nothing costly in the way of material; there is nothing complicated in the way of reconstruction—nothing, in short, that an ordinary good workman cannot carry out. And now let me proceed with the next head of my description.

#### AN AIR-SHAFT THROUGH THE HOUSE.

In arranging a house so as to give to it fair sanitary advantages it is a most desirable plan to make an air-shaft that shall extend from the top of the house to the basement. There is scarcely any house in which this cannot, with a little trouble and a little expense, be done. The shaft can as a rule be cut out of a partition wall, and can run in a straight line from the upper floor down to the passage leading into the area. If it can be cut six inches square, all the better; but a four-inch square is not at all bad. The shaft should be lined with deal all the way it extends, and on the landings the piece of wood that covers it in should be screwed to the wall and made movable, so that it may be easily taken down and replaced.

The value of this shaft is very great in the house. Down through it the water-pipe from the upper cistern can be carried from floor to floor, so that each floor can have a tap for the supply of water, if necessary. Through this shaft, at a small expense, speaking-tubes can also be carried, and speaking communication secured all through the building without the use of the bell, by which arrangement nearly half the waiting-service of the house is saved. Through this shaft the tubes conveying the gas, where gas is used, can be most safely and conveniently carried, instead of being laid, as they now usually are, in every possible dangerous place, under floors of rooms and bedrooms, along cornices, behind book-shelves, and in every conceivable place where it is most difficult to get at them for repair or purification.

In addition to these uses the whole of the remaining space of the shaft can be utilized for the admission of air into the house from the top of the shaft. In the basement the shaft should be closed off, so that the air from that part may not ascend; but at the top the shaft should communicate with the open air, either from an opening under an upper window, or by an opening into and through the roof to the outer air. By side openings from such a shaft as I now describe into the rooms throughout the house air can be freely admitted at all times. When the room is made warm by the fire a current of air streams into it from the upper opening, and a free supply of air is obtained from the best source of supply that is attainable. If between the floors or ceilings of each story there is open communication with the outside air, the air shaft may be open also in the space between floor and ceiling; by which an additional supply of outside air will be obtained at every floor.

#### THE BASEMENT.

It is a pity that any one should have to write a word about the basement of a house that is a place of residence for human beings. The existence of a basement, containing a kitchen, a scullery, a housekeeper's room, a store room, a water-closet, a place for the lower water-cistern, the larder, a butler's pantry, it may be, and even a pretense for a bedroom, is one of the most deplorable of facts in our modern life in large towns. The difficulty, however, stares us in the face everywhere where there is a large and closely-packed community. The price of space is so great that the chance of doing away with the basement is the most unlikely of all probabilities, and the difficulty, even when the mind is ever so willing, to find a new place for the various offices of the basement, is so great we cannot, I fear, but agree to submit to what at present is a necessary evil.

Happily the basement in most cases need not be so bad as it is. It is very much worse as a general rule than it has occasion to be. It is left too exclusively to the care of servants, who look upon it as their domain, and as a domain which must not be trespassed on; and it is too often treated by the master and mistress in the same spirit. Why should they put themselves to the trouble of going down-stairs? Why should they annoy the servants by troublesome inquiries? What can they do if they go down, unless they go down every day to order what ought to be done, and then pay a subsequent visit to make sure that what has been ordered has been duly attended to and accomplished?

There is felt, without doubt, a certain kind of gloom, causing a dispirited frame of mind, in the basement; so a visit to it is, in truth, rendered very disagreeable. Those who are accustomed to live and work upstairs find it extremely unpleasant to go down to the dull-



ness in which the servants are obliged to work. The art of living there must be gained by training, and then it is said to become endurable—nay, some say comfortable. But the very circumstance that these objections are felt; the very fact that the comparative stranger in the best basement feels it cold, dismal, dreary and unnatural, should lead the conscientious owner and superior to enter the same, and see at regular intervals that the best that can be made out of a bad system is made and kept up, and that all the requisites for securing the very best are faithfully supplied.

The first thing, then, to look after in the basement story is to secure as much sunlight for it as can be admitted into it. Every window, every available point where a window can be placed, should be found and utilized. The windows of the basement should be kept at all times scrupulously clean, and they should be encumbered as little as possible by blinds or by curtains. If from the position of the window direct sunlight cannot be admitted, the difficulty should be at once met by the use of a Chapuis daylight reflector. It is not easy to speak too favorably of these admirable appliances. Kitchens, store-rooms, pantries, nay, cellars that are practically lightless, may often be made quite bright and cheerful by the use of these reflectors. When light is admitted into every room in the basement story it is astonishing how easy it becomes to effect a number of improvements which would otherwise be considered impossible.

#### THE AREA.

The next point to be thought of after the due lighting of the basement floor is the cleanliness of the area in front and rear of the basement. Too much attention cannot be paid to this matter. It is common for the front area to be the place in which the dust-bin is situated. It is common for the back area to be the place where the larder is situated. We must therefore be very determined to have these parts specially well looked after, for if the dust-bin be neglected there is a constant source of impurity entering the house; and if the area containing the larder be kept unclean there is a constant source of impurity affecting the food which is used in the house. I do not think it a good practice for the front area to be made a constant scene of traffic in and out of the house. There are advantages certainly in letting tradespeople and others come down the area steps to the lower door. At the same time I doubt if the advantages counterbalance the disadvantages. When persons are all day traversing the area; when various articles of food and other household requisites are being brought at different and many times of the day into the area, there is left very soon a dirty condition, which it takes a long time to remove. The area steps get loaded with dirt, which in wet weather washes down upon the stones beneath, and in an incredibly short space of time the well, which the area floor really

is, becomes a floor of dirt and refuse, which is rarely, if ever, completely cleansed away. The houses in which the area is not used contrast, consequently, most favorably with those in which the area-gate is at all times open, and through which a constant flux and influx of persons is taking place. The area left free of custom and traffic is easily kept very clean; and if the walls of it be limewashed once or twice a year it is rendered as healthy as such a place can be, one offense in it excepted; I mean the dust-bin.

In London the dust-bin system is one of the worst and most unnecessary of sanitary grievances, in winter unpardonable, in summer intolerable and detestable. In the hot weather the odor of the dust-bin is all but universal in our modern Babylon. We enter the best houses in the best localities to become conscious of it. When we advance to it the sense of smell is oppressed until the stomach also learns the story. The sense of sight gathers up the same. Wherever, in deserts wild, carrion is outlaid, there also will be animals of prey; and in occupied towns and cities where carrion is laid, there also will be animals of prey—not, truly, in the shape of birds, but in the shape of those little winged, ravenous insects which we call flies, which haunt the dust-bin in hosts, and by their presence indicate the putrescence that is near. Or, bring near to the place an ounce or so of strong hydrochloric acid on an open dish, and the dense white fumes of chloride of ammonium which will arise will testify clearly enough as to the decomposition that is in progress under the very doors of the habitation. Into the dust-bin there is too frequently thrown everything that can give rise to this insalubrious air. Every kind of useless organic substance the house can throw out—parings of potatoes, leaves of cabbages, remnants of salads, faded bouquets and other dead flowers, dust from the house, and portions of rags or shoes, together with the only substances which ought under any circumstances to be there, and which alone are innocuous, the cinders and ashes from the grates and stoves. The gases which pass off from the dust-bin under these conditions are all injurious to health. There is carbonic acid; there is sulphureted hydrogen; there is vapor of water charged with these gases; lastly, there is a series of ammonias, all of which are not merely objectionable to the sense of smell, but injurious to the health of those who inhale them.

The dust-bin nuisance and danger ought to be met in all towns by the local authority, which should provide that every morning, before the streets are occupied by passengers, the dust and refuse of every house should be removed. In some towns this is done. In Scotland, in some places, the old and once filthy system of throwing all the refuse into the gutter is re-modeled into an actually good working method, which consists in the placing at night all the refuse of the house in a closed pail or pan outside the house, and in the collection of it each morning in a dust-cart while the streets are

empty. The plan serves a doubly useful purpose; it keeps the houses free of the accumulation of dust and dirt, and it prevents the poisonously large dust-van of London from going in the daytime from house to house on its business of collecting, concentrating the emanations from the refuse of all the houses into the air of the whole of the street, and so out of a series of local nuisances generating a wholesale nuisance.

Until such time arrives as shall see the local authorities everywhere carrying out the sensible plan for removal of the refuse of the house that has been recorded above, it is essential in places where the dust-bin has to be retained to be careful in using it, so that it shall do as little evil as possible. In the exercise of this care it is essential not to have put into the bin anything that decomposes, unless the substance can be completely and fairly buried in the ashes that are thrown in with it. All combustible substances, and those include pretty well everything that is organic and putrescible, should be burned in the kitchen fire day by day, burned as they are made ready to throw away, so not at any time to accumulate into a heap or a store. Cabbage leaves, potato parings, remnants of fruit, remnants of flowers, and all such commodities should be in this manner immediately destroyed. Bones, if they be put into the bin, should be well buried in ashes, and care should be taken at all times to have a good and even layer of ashes over the whole of the contents of the bin, whatever they may be. The bin under all circumstances should be cleaned out once a week, and a good watch should be kept that it is cleaned to the very bottom. Unless it be cleaned so that the stone at the bottom be clean, a dense mass of putrescible matter mixed with damp ashes and dust is sure to accrete on the floor and become a kind of secured floor of decomposing material, which will keep the bin as a nuisance however frequently it may be emptied.

The dust-bin as it is commonly constructed is very indifferently arranged. It is made usually of wood, which soon gets saturated with organic fluid, and so is rendered offensive. The lid is too often left open, or when closed is but an imperfect covering. At the lower part of the bin, in front, is a sliding door, which lifts up that the bin may be emptied of its contents, and which should fit closely down when the emptying is finished, but which in five or six cases out of ten not fitting closely by any means, lets some of the contents of the interior fall out upon the pavement of the area.

To remedy as far as possible these evils connected with the dust-bin I have constructed a new kind of bin which answers uncommonly well, and which I would strongly recommend. It has been made for me and fitted by Messrs. Ewart & Son, of the zinc works, Euston road, from a model which I made for them to copy from. This bin, instead of being one large fixed box, is composed of a series of iron boxes of small size, which stand side by side in a recess in the area, and all are covered by one frame to which is attached as

many lids as there are boxes. The boxes, in my area, are five in number, are about eighteen inches high and fifteen square; they stand on a small platform of wood raised three inches from the ground, and they are separated by a three-inch bar of three-quarter inch wood, screwed vertically to the platform. The little bins have each a strong iron drop-handle before and behind. When they are all placed in their proper places they stand in a row against the wall, and are level in height throughout. To a bar in the wall just above them a frame is attached which drops over all the bins at once, covering them all in; but in the frame there are five zinc doors, or flaps, one over each bin, in order that one bin may be open while the others are closed, and each one be, in short, separate from the rest. The mode of use is as follows: All the bins being empty, and all the lids down, the refuse of the house is cast into the bin farthest from the house until that is rather more than half filled; the lid of this bin is then closed down and the refuse is cast into bin number two, until that is charged in the same degree, and so on with the rest. Having five bins, it does not often happen that all the bins are fully charged at the same time, but if they are, they are closed in sections, and one section being open does not expose the whole surface to the air. When the dustmen come they have no occasion to bring baskets or to make any dust at all in the area. They have merely to lift up and throw back the frame containing all the lids, when the bins stand before them ready for removal. Each bin is carried up the steps, with the dust in it, to be emptied into the cart; and when all are in this way emptied they are brushed out and replaced. The frame is then let down, the five doors are closed down, and the arrangements are made for a new start. By this means the dust is always removed effectually; nothing remains concealed to infect the air; and, best of all, no bad odor is diffused through the house by the process of emptying the contents of the bin into baskets into the area.

In addition to the dust-bin in the area the cellars and other recesses there require to be frequently tended. The coal-cellar is a common place for the accumulation of refuse, and unless a vigilant attention is paid to the coal-cellar it almost certainly becomes at some time or other a supernumerary dust-bin. Even a coal-cellar calls for an occasional cleansing, and a good coating of lime-wash on the walls and roof is an excellent sanitary provision; it insures the complete cleansing out of the place, and the removal of accumulated organic debris, which is sure to be present in two or three years. These same recommendations apply to all other places in the basement.

Of late years the art of growing creeping and climbing plants in the front areas of London houses has become somewhat fashionable, and we see even in poor neighborhoods this plan sometimes carried out. I refer to it because it is so very commendable, when it is

properly done, and on so many grounds. It is an excellent recreative industry, filling the minds of those who plant the flowers with pure and healthy thoughts and lessons. It is good artistically, the effect on the eyes of passers-by being itself instructive and pleasant, while the cheeriness of effect on those who live in the basement, and are compelled, where there are no flowers or plants, to contemplate day after day nothing but white walls and dark railings, must be an untold blessing. In place of sameness there is introduced to the eye—in small amount, it is true, yet in amount much better than nothing of the kind—some measure of those changes and variations which nature in her splendid fertility offers spontaneously to the more fortunate of her children, and out of which variety much relief of mind must needs be found from the killing monotony of viewing one object and one prospect narrowed to the extremest range, and ever in sight. Lastly, the plan of growing plants, and whenever sunlight can be obtained flowering plants, in the area, is good in a purely sanitary point of view, if the proper care be taken to cultivate what is grown, so as not to defeat the objects that are desired, viz.: lessons of recreation, beauty, and health. The proper care consists, first, in not overdoing the attempt to do. Whenever trailing plants are cultivated from the area, so that they climb the walls and extend over the windows excluding the light, then the thing is overdone. Whenever plants which require much water are too abundantly set about, so that water-vapor charges the air and makes the area wall and front-room damp, too much is done. Whenever plants which require a good deal of soil, so that large barrels or boxes of soil have to be used for them, are introduced too freely, too much is done. Room is in this way unduly taken up; and the soil, from its confinement in a case, gets so wet during wet seasons that it becomes a source of damp and dirt, and is apt to cause the plant itself that is set in it to wither away and die.

For these reasons the number of growing plants placed in the area ought to be limited; nor does the healthy provision in regard to them and entirely with that attention. It must be made a matter of consideration frequently to tend to all the plants; to see that they are in good condition of growth; to keep up the supply; to provide that all round about them is clean, and to remove everything that is dead and useless before it can have a chance of becoming decomposed and offensive.

The great obstacle that lies in the way of cultivating areas of town houses, so as to carry out the system I am now advocating, in all its wholesome purity, is the instruction of those who have charge of the area, and the tone of their peculiar tastes and dispositions. I have had attendants who have, of their own accord, planted the area and kept it in good taste and condition. I have had others with no taste or desire for anything of the sort, and whom it was vain to instruct. We must not, therefore, I fear, trust to home work for the

carrying out of this object. But in every locality there are florists who might undertake such duty regularly at a small cost if they were fairly patronized, and who I am sure for a small rental a year would keep every area beautifully set with the healthiest and most seasonable plants, at all times and seasons. The boon would be incalculable in London, especially in the crowded parts. The plants would purify the air in the worst places, and in winter, spring, summer, and autumn would bring with them a changing gladness that would fully compensate for all the expense and all the trouble incident to the improvement.

## SECOND SERIES—PART I.

[No more gratifying proof of work appreciated could fall to an author than the widespread request that I should continue a second series of the "Health at Home" papers in Good Words. I enter on the task in this new year with a pleasure that is only equaled by the gratitude I feel for the public favor that has been extended to this effort for the public health.]

The area at the back of most houses of our large towns is the place in which the meat safe or larder is situated. For this reason the area is a place of the utmost importance to the household; here, in state of rest, waiting to be consumed, lies the very body of the householder and of all who depend on him.

How many householders in our great centers ever trouble themselves for a moment to inquire into the condition in which their preliminary selves, the food they are about to eat, is lodged and cared for. When that food has passed the vital portal of their mouths, when it has been distributed all over their bodies, when it becomes bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, then they may have to take some trouble about it, more trouble perhaps than they ought to take in certain ways. But while it lies in the safe or larder of the back area, waiting for its vital transformation into man, it might too often be the dust in the dust-bin for the care that is taken of it. Even wives and mothers, who should specially take an interest unceasing, though less negligent than the sterner master, are not always too careful of this great treasury of health or of disease.

I believe a general negligence is felt in respect to this subject, and that servants who are often not half so bad as they are represented to be, but who are, I am not wrong when I say it, by necessity ignorant on the questions now under our consideration, are left far too much in authority in respect to the storage of food. It is right that the food of the house should be kept out of the house itself, and in an open or cool place, and as the area at the back is, as a rule, the only safe open place, it is necessary that the food be put there and kept there until it is wanted. For this reason, how-

ever, it is the more essential that the area, of all places in the house, should be open, light, clean, and wholesome.

The area in which the food safe or larder is situated should be thoroughly well lime-washed at least twice in the year, namely, at spring and fall time. If in the middle of the summer the same process can be repeated all the better is it to have it done. The floor, which will usually be of stone, should be so laid that water will never accumulate in it, and the floor should at all times not only be kept free of the rubbish and *débris* of the household, but as clean as the floor of the kitchen itself. It ought to be cleansed every day of the week. I need not, one would think, impress that in this retreat for the food there should be no open drain from the sewer, no drain partly closed, no drain in the least suffocated with its own contents. Yet I am obliged to impress these obvious facts with all the force I can, for it is too true that the drainage of the back area is, as a rule, about the worst in the house. The back area may be an actual open receptacle for the sinks from two or three parts of the house, the scullery, the kitchen, the pantry. The water and other slops from some of these are often allowed to run over the floor of the area and imperfectly to flow away by the grating of a drain in the center, or in a corner, into the drain below, by which unwholesome processes the place is kept in a state of perpetual damp in wet weather and in a state of foul vapor when the heat of the day is sufficient to evaporate the fluids that are cast out of the house. It is little wonder that in an atmosphere such as this the animal structures in the safe, and the vegetables that have been cooked, should soon become moldy and tasteless, and unfit for human food until the outer surfaces are pared away and great waste produced. It is little wonder that in such atmospheres there should be rapid decomposition of food when the air itself is close and damp.

The drains from the house leading into the area should therefore be well trapped and well inclosed, so that the fluids they convey away may empty into the escape drain from the house without coming into contact with the floor of the area.

Besides taking care that the walls and floor of the open space are kept scrupulously clean and that the drainage is perfect, it is necessary to keep a sharp lookout that the place does not become a receptacle for the *débris* from the kitchen. The temptation is very great to make it such a receptacle. It is close at hand; the bad odor of things in the kitchen or other lower room, which is insupportable in those confined spaces, is tolerable in the open space, and thereupon the odorous things "are put out to sweeten the house." In such an area at the back of a house as is here referred to I have found, in proximity with the viands on which the unfortunate family subsisted, many of those viands being already cooked, and set aside—as cold meat, custard, opened pie, cheese and other

articles—a box filled with the bones the cook was saving up as her perquisite, bones already sour and on their rapid way to decomposition, pots of fat, stew pans set out to be cleaned, disused flower pots filled with damp mold and holding the rotting stems of flowers; and, to complete the whole, across a clothes line a few clothes that had just gone through a “dab wash” hanging out to dry. These are the kinds of impurities from which the open air food-closet requires to be cleansed, and from which it should at all times and seasons be kept entirely free. Let each paterfamilias who reads these papers look for once into the nook in his house from which the greater part of his breakfast is each morning extracted, and then, though he may not relish the prospect, he will not be the less obliged to me for directing his attention to it so earnestly.

The space purified and made ready to receive it, the larder or safe that is used for holding the food has to be considered. No one, as far as I know, has up to this time invented or constructed a good and convenient larder that can be set up in every house at a moderate cost; but the arrangements for such a necessary article of domestic utility would be extremely simple after all. The walls of the safe should be constructed of iron which should properly be glazed or enameled on the inside. It should be placed quite across the area at one end, so that three sides of it are included in the walls of the building. It should be about seven feet high and thirty inches wide, and it should have a sharp-set sound roof of metal, composed of two layers either of zinc or of galvanized iron, between which should lie a three-inch layer of felt, to cause an equal temperature. Three feet from the roof on the inside there should stretch across a glazed iron slab, above which should be a series of shelves reaching about half-way across and separated about a foot from each other. This shelf, dividing the larder into two parts, should be closed by two perforated iron or zinc doors, so as to admit air freely. Beneath the iron slab at the upper part of the lower compartment of the safe should be three sliding ten-inch drawers which might be of glazed iron internally cased with felt and wood. These drawers would be for holding ice during hot weather. Beneath them would be a large recess, which may be divided vertically into two equal parts, so as to form a couple of large iron glazed and shelved cupboards, closed with perforated doors, the bottom line of which should be about eight inches from the ground.

A safe constructed in this manner would be easily kept at the same temperature in winter and in summer, and food would be well and freshly and wholesomely preserved. I wish I could inform my readers where such a safe for their provisions could be obtained; but at any rate I have indicated how they may direct the construction of such an improvement, while I hope I have suggested to the manufacturers a household requirement on which they may at once employ their ready skill.



The safe or larder as at present formed is made usually of wood, the panels of the doors perforated with a few holes, or filled with perforated zinc. It is best in modifying the present safe to remove as much of the woodwork as possible, and to construct walls of stone or brick rather than of wood, except in the front. These walls can then frequently be limewashed and the shelves, coated with a good layer of paint, can be frequently cleansed.

It is good practice, whenever the air of the safe is closed and tainted, to have it fumigated with antiseptic gas or vapor. Iodine does not answer well in this case, because it gives a taste to the food; but there is a simple agent which answers singularly well, because it is not only a purifier of the air from bad smells, but also a preservative of animal and vegetable substances. This agent is sulphurous acid, one of the best—shall I say the best—of agents of its class for destroying decomposing organic substances. It may be used in two or three ways. As it is a gas very soluble in water—one volume of water at a temperature of fifty degrees Fahr. dissolving a little over fifty volumes of the gas—a watery solution of the gas, which can be obtained of any chemist, may be employed. The solution may be put into a light spray bottle and be sprayed freely into the safe until the air is charged strongly with the vapor. If the gas in a drier state be desired it can be made by merely burning sulphur in the air and letting the vapor diffuse. If a larger or steadier supply is wanted, a little cottonwool or lamp wick dipped in the bisulphide of carbon and inflamed like an open spirit lamp can be set on a shelf, so that while burning the gas, which is evolved freely, may diffuse. Or if a larger supply still be required, it can be obtained by putting copper filings or pieces of copper into a Florence flask, and after pouring upon them strong sulphuric acid applying a gentle heat to the flask, on which, in a very short time, the gas will be given off in free quantities. On the whole, for practical purposes in the household I think the simple spray process is the best. Any servant can at any time use the spray; the apparatus is inexpensive, and is easily put together for use, and the solution is to be had everywhere where there is a drug store with a fairly intelligent man at its head. To this readiness of application is added the freedom of all danger from fire, a freedom not altogether certain when chemical operations, however simple they may be, are intrusted in the house to clumsy or inexperienced hands. The spray bottle manufactured by Messrs. Krohne & Seseman, to which I have previously drawn attention, answers well for his application of sulphurous acid.

#### DRAINAGE IN THE BASEMENT.

And now from the areas we must enter the basement proper of the house, whither being led, the first thought of all that occurs to the sanitary inquirer is the state of the drains in that locality.

Good drainage is the basis of domestic sanitation.

Let the drains of a house be bad in their construction—I mean bad in relation to the material of which they are made; let the laying down of the drains be in such a manner that there is no sufficient flow into the main sewer or other outlet; let the outfall of the soil pipe or pipes, or other pipes leading from the house into the main drain of the house, be bad and defective; let the trapping be indifferent; let there be stoppage anywhere, so that the gases of decomposition from the substance which is held in the drain or in its tributaries cannot find free escape out of the house; let anything lead to this arrest in the escape of poisonous drain gases, and all else in the way of management of the house is rendered largely nugatory. In a house well and completely drained, a very sloven of a housekeeper may hold on for years and meet with so little accident of disease in it as to lead her to suppose that her very slovenliness is the whole art of prevention. Let the drains be faulty, and the best and cleanest of housewives may labor in vain, may practice the most perfect order and cleanliness, and still be so terribly tripped by the development in her beautiful house of one of the contagious diseases, as to feel inclined to throw sanitary science aside altogether as a fiction, a delusion, and a snare.

We sanitary reformers know these facts too well. We have learned them from a long and a bitter experience. The ignorant and critical have thrown the results of them in our teeth day after day. "See," they have said, "here is a specimen of your fine doctrines. There is old Hypo with his vast wealth and his horror of fever. He built himself a house, and fitted it with every fidfad that could be suggested, and he had not been in the new place six months before two or three of his unfortunate family were stricken with fever. On the other hand, there is that filthy old woman in the cottage hard by, who has neither drain nor closet in her house anywhere, who scorns ventilation, and looks upon sanitary inspectors as lunatics whom their friends send forth to do mischief everywhere except at home, and see, she has no fever, and never has had, although a large family and endless lodgers have occupied her dwelling for years past."

The argument, false as it is—and it is false from beginning to end—is not without its value. It puts us more on our guard, and it makes us feel the necessity of being more explicit and plain-spoken with the public than men of science generally consider it necessary to be. We are bound to explain that where a house is removed from the perils of drainage, it is so much, comparatively, safer from the risks of fever and other great plagues than less fortunate houses are, that it can afford to bear a great deal more of other internal uncleanness than houses which are cursed with indifferent drainage, but are otherwise perfect in their other arrangements, at any time can bear. Why this is not understood is due to the circumstances that

the dangers of drainage are not visible to the eye. Because the contents which are carried away by the drains are impure and repulsive to the sight, they are hidden from the sight. But if, by some magic spell, all the drain tubes and pipes in a large city could be transformed from tubes of metal into tubes of glass, so that in every house the decomposition they cover could be made manifest to the eye, the wonder of the simplest minded would be, not that we had disease in our houses, but that at any moment we were free from the self-inflicted curse of diseases of the most fatal nature, in their worst and most mortal types and consequences. From the upper closet, through the whole of the soil, into the chief drain; from the pipe of every sink into the main drain; from the main drain at its commencement, through all its courses to the outlet trap; from the earth all around the main drainage pipe; from the exit of the main drainage pipe in the trap to the termination of the trap itself in the sewer or cesspool; in all these parts there would be seen such a line of decomposing disease-producing material as would make every one, I think, for once declare that, bad as it may be, sanitary reform is not quite such a fanaticism as it is commonly accredited to be.

In a large and well-built house in the West-end district of London, the main drain of which was exposed in order that a new drain might be laid down, the stoppage of water from the house being inconveniently frequent, the workmen, acting under my instructions, found, on opening the old main drain, a square drain shaft eighteen inches deep and fifteen wide, so charged with sewage matter, most of it semi-solid, that fifty barrow-loads had to be conveyed away. The drain of this house extended from the back kitchen in the rear, along and beneath the floor of another large kitchen, and along and beneath the floor of a passage leading to the front area door, in all a length of fifty feet, and in this entire length it was charged with sewage. It was, in fact, a vast sewer under the house, into which the various pipes from the house opened. What housewifery could keep that house free of disease? It was a house almost as dangerously undermined as it would have been if gunpowder had filled the place occupied by the sewage.

In two other houses in the same district a somewhat similar condition came recently under my observation. In one of these dwellings, which had been newly drained at great cost, and which was considered to be completely drained, the soil-pipe which ran through the house behind an angle in the wall was a persistent source of sewer odor. After a time an inquiry was made, and then it was discovered that the drains of this house and of its neighbor, which had also been redrained, had no connection with the main sewer at all, but that both poured their sewage into a large cul-de-sac, which once had been a large drain leading either into a disused sewer or into an old cesspool. Thus the owners of these two houses, although they had paid their rates for the great sewage system of Lon-

don, though they had continued to pay sewage rates, and had both of them drained in a scientific modern way, as they supposed, into the grand outlet from their houses, were really draining into a foul cess-pool, closely charged with putrid air which, despite the intervening trap, could not fail to escape back into the house at almost all times and seasons.

Among many other instances of this kind which crowd upon me, let me give one more because of its extreme character. I was summoned professionally by his medical adviser to visit a gentleman living in a fine large house in one of the most open and beautiful parts of the north-western districts of the metropolis. The gentleman was reported to me as suffering from gastric fever. I, being a minute or two before my time at the visit, was shown into one of the drawing-rooms, in the air of which I detected at once the sewer odor. I picked up a cushion from the ottoman on which I sat; the cushion was saturated, I might say, with the same odor. When my learned brother arrived, I referred at once to the condition of things, on which he told me that the whole house was in the same plight, and that one of the female servants at the lower part of the house was suffering from the same symptoms as the patient upstairs. The house was, indeed, charged with sewer gas, and I lost no time in recommending that the risk of removing both the sick persons should be carried out without a moment's delay, a proceeding which furnished a successful result. When they were removed the house was cleared of all its occupants, and air was admitted by every window. Then the work of inquiry as to cause was commenced, and ended in the discovery that the very soil-pipe had been transformed into a sewer, that the connection between the drain from the house to the main sewer had never been completed, that the trap was closed up, and that the soil-pipe itself was charged with sewage along the greater part of its extent, so that the water from the closets escaped with the utmost difficulty.

Some one will say that these are selected illustrations of domestic uncleanness. I wish, indeed, that I could say they were. I cannot give notice of such good news. On the contrary, from the evidence which has lately been collected at the society of Arts, at the instance of that indefatigable veteran of sanitary science—whose age seems only to add more experience to his vigorous intellect—Mr. Edwin Chadwick, it would appear to be too true that hundreds of houses in London, if not thousands, are in nearly as bad a condition, great numbers quite as bad. The best engineers, including such men as Mr. Rogers Field, Mr. Field, Mr. Eassie, and Mr. Griffiths, gave in the most convincing manner, and from their practical knowledge, such evidence of the dangers that still beset the town house, that the mind is bewildered with the thought of the immunity from disease that prevails generally. To state that there are not five hundred houses in the great metropolis of Great Britain

properly drained or safely drained, would probably be to state what is under the actual fact. The sewers are there, and so are the houses, but the sewers wait for the service they ought to render to the houses.

This is not the place to comment on the grand question of the removal of sewage from great communities. I am bent on indicating how the house, and nothing more, is to be purified of sewage matter. An engineering feat has been so far advanced, at all events, that in our large centers of life some kind of general arrangement has been made by which a receptacle of some sort or another has been constructed out of the house for the reception of the sewage that has to be sent away. The receptacle may be a large main sewer, it may be a cesspool, but it is in existence outside the dwelling, and the point the housekeeper has to settle is how he can empty into that common center and have his house behind it free of pollution. Happily, this can be accomplished, and I will now proceed to explain the easiest way towards the accomplishment.

*Imprimis*, it is necessary in every house to secure that in the basement floor there shall be at least one thorough good drain which shall pass from the back of the house to the front, and shall be certain to enter the sewer with a good and efficient fall throughout its entire course. The drain thus laid should never be excessively large; the greatest mistakes are often made on this matter—for if it be too large it is never properly flushed, and then it becomes itself a receptacle, or sewer. For a house that will hold a family of twenty persons, a six-inch pipe is, in my opinion, amply sufficient. Some would tell us—and I think Mr. Chadwick would—that a four-inch pipe is as large as could be needed for such a domicile. The pipe throughout should be so well laid that between the joints there is no leakage. This is one of the most difficult details to overcome, but it can be overcome by care in the laying, and by embedding the joints of the tube thoroughly in cement. To test whether the tube after it is laid is true and safe, it is requisite to close up all the outlets in it except the one at the highest point and then to determine whether from the highest point the tube can be filled with water, and if, being filled, it will remain full. That determined affirmatively, the tube may be considered sound. How many of such sound tubes exist it would not be difficult to tell; they might as yet be counted almost on the fingers of one's hand, for it requires much skill to lay them with sufficient accuracy to secure what is desired. The difficulty is, however, now, I hope, nearly overcome, for I have seen two specimens of tubes newly invented which promise to make it so easy a task to lay their joints evenly, that the most commonplace workmen may carry out the work.

The tubes must not only be laid so as to be water-tight, they must be laid in such a manner as to be very smooth on their inner surface. If they present projections from the inside, those projections be-

come so many points of obstruction, and at them the cylinder is apt to block. A nucleus is then laid for the stoppage of the solid material, and that once laid is sure to increase rapidly and become a firm obstruction. It has been a subject of dispute of late years of what the surface of the interior of the house-drain should be composed. It is customary to use the glazed pipe composed of earthenware. It would seem at first sight that nothing could be more adaptable to what is wanted than the smooth earthenware tube. In practice it is nevertheless found that the glazed surface is not altogether desirable. One of the chief obstructing agents in the house-drain is the fat which, in the fluid state—dissolved in the hot water in which dishes are washed—cools on entering the drain, and, becoming solid as it passes along, adheres to the side of the tube, and by accretion closes it very much or altogether. On the glazed surface the fat accretes more closely than on any other; it becomes as it were a part of the surface itself, and, like two pieces of glass which tightly pressed together are like one, it and the surface on which it lies are like one. There is nothing to separate them, and one layer of fat laid down, it becomes a foundation for any number that follow, until the diameter of the tube is, in the most scientific way, reduced to the smallest dimensions. A somewhat rougher tube is, therefore, more desirable, and a tube of a structure like cement, with a joint which locks in a very ingenious manner, is now becoming a favorite tube for the house-drain. The safest and, up to this time, the best tube is one of iron, in good lengths, or in one entire length, the interior lined, and the joints completely sealed. To this the expense is the one serious objection.

The main tube laid and tested, and a free communication established between it and the sewer, the other tubes from all parts of the house, from the soil-pipes, sinks, and subsidiary drains, should be brought into the main, the utmost care being taken that the connections between them and the main are secure. In carrying down the smaller pipes, it should be a matter of caution to avoid all sharp angles; where an angle has to be turned, it should be turned with a good round corner, and with as full a fall direct from the angle as can be secured; then there is less chance of lodgment of solid substance at the angle.

Of the pipes that are laid to enter the principal house-drain, the soil-pipe is the most important. It is requisite, it is even urgent, that this pipe should, whenever it is in any way possible, be carried down on the outside of the house. I know this is not always possible in houses which have been built long ago, and I regret to observe that it is not always carried out in houses that have been built in the present day, but this does not alter the advisability. If the soil-pipe must be inside the house, it should be fixed with special care that the joints be closed—should there be joints—and the joints should be as few as can be. I do not agree with the view that

the pipe should be imbedded in the wall, and so be made inaccessible. On the contrary, it ought, in my opinion, to be perfectly accessible at every point of its course, and only kept out of sight by a movable wooden or metal panel.

All the tributary drains having been brought into communication with the chief drain of the house, and all closely sealed into it, the chief drain has to be trapped outside the dwelling, a little way before it reaches the common sewer. I shall deal with the question of the best general trap farther on, but at this moment I only refer to the fact that the main drain has to be trapped securely. By this means it is to a large extent cut off from the sewer; but not entirely, for no trap has been invented which absolutely shuts off the sewer air. As a consequence it is necessary that the main drain should be provided with what may be designated a safety-valve arrangement; in other words, it has to be ventilated in such a way that if any gas shall escape from retained decomposing matter, or shall return from the sewer, it shall not enter the house to pollute it, but shall find its exit into the open air. How this may be effected will appear in my next communication.

[NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS—COSTLESS VENTILATION.—I have to thank Dr. Banning, of Gateshead-upon-Tyne, for an explanation of an improvement in carrying out Dr. Peter Hinkes Bird's "costless ventilation," which in building a new house can be adapted to all windows without additional expense. The plan is simply to make the lower part of the bottom sash twice the depth that it is usually made, with a corresponding deeper socket in the sill. The advantages are that the amount of ventilating space can be adjusted with the utmost exactness, that there is no draught at the bottom of the window, that there is no bar of wood to remove or replace, and that the sash is perfectly sightly and unobtrusive.

Further "Notes to Correspondents" will be given in future numbers.—B. W. R.]—B. W. RICHARDSON, M. D., in *Good Words*.

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## A FORGOTTEN EMPIRE IN ASIA MINOR.

It was a warm sunny morning towards the end of September when I left the little town of Nimphi under the protection of an escort of soldiers. Nimphi lies about twenty miles inland from Smyrna, at the foot of a lofty crag, the sides of which are hollowed into tombs. We rode up the steep, narrow street of the little town, and, leaving behind us the stately shell of a ruined Roman palace, turned eastward towards the plain of the Hermus, where the kingdom of Lydia once grew up and became great. On our left was the huge mass of Mount Sipylus, the rounded form of its eastern

shoulder descending abruptly into the plain below, while on our right rose a rugged line of hills, the furthestmost spur of Tmolus, broken into ravines and dark with forests. Our path led along their slope, past bushes each of which had to be examined in advance to make sure that no brigand was hidden behind it, until, after a ride of some two or three hours, we forded the Kara-su, or Black Water, clambered up the bank on the other side, and, forcing our way through a thick undergrowth of shrubs, found ourselves in the gorge of the Karabel, the object of the morning's ride. The gorge is a narrow one, opening out on the north opposite the eastern shoulder of Sipylus, and leading on the south, by a rude and little frequented track, into the plain of the Kayster and the once fertile district of Ephesus. On either side rises an almost precipitous cliff, covered with trees and bushes, and tenanted only by brigands, while a similar cliff shuts in the pass in front, and gives good reason to the Turkish name of the place, the Kara-bel, or Black Forest.

But this Black Forest conceals some of the most curious and interesting monuments in the world, monuments that takes us back to a long-forgotten day, when, as yet the Greeks were destitute of culture and art, when Gyges had not founded his dynasty hard by at Sardes, or Croesus ruled over the Lydian empire. They have risen up from the dead, as it were, during the last two years to tell us of a power which had its seat far away on the banks of the Euphrates, but which carried its armies to the very shores of the Ægean Sea, and helped the Phenicians in communicating to the nations of the West the civilization of Assyria and Babylon.

In the year 1839 the Rev. J. C. Renouard discovered, high up above the path on the eastern side of the valley, a carving in the rock. The stone has been hollowed out into a niche, within which stands the figure of a man, six feet high, with the Phrygian cap on the head, boots with turned-up ends on the feet, a quiver slung at the back, and a spear in the left hand. The whole carving is of a very marked and peculiar character, and the art to which it testifies must have had a long and independent development.

But, as we now know, it does not stand alone. Step by step, region by region, we can trace it along the two high roads that traversed Asia Minor and met in the Lydian capital, the one running from the Halys through Phrygia, the other passing the Cilician Gates and the rugged mountains of Lykaonia. At a place called Ghiaur-Kaleesi, "the fortress of the infidel," near the villages of Hoiadj and Kara-omerlu, about nine hours to the southwest of Angora, the ancient Ancyra, and upon the old line of road which led from Armenia to Lydia, M. Perrot has discovered an ancient fortress, and beside it a rock carved into the likeness of two men, nine feet in height, who reproduce even to the smallest details the art and peculiarities of the sculpture of Karabel. Here, too, each figure carries



his spear and quiver, wears the same short tunic and Phrygian cap, is shod with the same curious kind of "tip-tilted" boot, and has the same thick limbs and stunted growth. The walls of the fortress also that stand hard by have a style of architecture quite their own. The stones of which they are composed are polygonal, but the lateral joints and external faces are dressed. The architecture, in fact, is that termed the third polygonal. The same style of building characterizes the walls of another prehistoric fortress at Boghaz Keui, supposed to represent the ancient Pteria, about fifty miles to the east of the lower Halys. At Boghaz Keui, too, there are sculptures which at the first glance will show us belong to the same peculiar style of art, and were, perhaps the work of the same people, as the sculptures of Karabel and Ghiaur-Kalessi. But they are on a far larger scale, and are intended to represent divinities rather than men. The flat surface of an amphitheater of rock has been covered with these remarkable figures. There they stand, figure after figure, as it were in a triumphal procession, the goddesses crowned with mural crowns, the feet of some among them resting on leopards and lions, like certain deities on the carved gems of ancient Babylonia, while the gods appear in lofty tiaras or Phrygian caps, and all bear in their hands the symbols of their attributes and divinity. In one spot we see the double-headed eagle which in later days was chosen by the Seljukian sultans as their crest, and has since been made familiar to ourselves by the two empires of Central Europe. In another place is the winged solar disk, imported originally from Assyria, but given a new and characteristic form of its own.

But the rocks of Boghaz Keui bear upon them something more precious than even these sculptured deities and their strange symbols. At one place an inscription of ten or eleven lines has been cut in relief upon the stone, while close to each divinity are other inscriptions cut in a similar way and containing the names of the gods to whom they are attached. The inscriptions are composed of a number of curious hieroglyphics, some resembling the hieroglyphics of Egypt, others altogether peculiar, such as tip-tilted shoes, tiaraed human heads, or the heads of animals in profile, while others again have lost all likeness to the objects of which they were originally the pictures.

These hieroglyphics, though still undeciphered, have already let us into the secrets of the sculptures they accompany. The figure at Karabel has exactly the same hieroglyphics, cut in relief, attached to it. Texier first detected them, but his drawing was incorrect, and the chief object of my visit to the spot last year was to obtain a facsimile. Now that the facsimile has been obtained, we have positive proof that the race which produced the sculptures of Karabel, of Ghiaur-Kalessi, and of Boghaz Keui, used everywhere the same system of writing.

We now know what this race was. It was the race called Hittites

in the Old Testament, Kheta and Khatti on the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, whom Mr. Gladstone would identify with the Keteians of the Odyssey. Their wars with Egypt are pictured on the walls of the great temples of Thebes and Abu-Simbel, and we may read at Karnak the text of a treaty made by the Egyptian monarch Ramses II., the Sesostris of Herodotus, with the king of the Hittites, after long years of inglorious struggle. The Hittites entered into alliance with Egypt upon equal terms, and the two monarchs agreed not to punish the political offenders who may have fled from the one country to the other during the period of mutual conflict. The Hittite text of the treaty, we are told, was engraved upon a tablet of silver; and although this was done more than 3,000 years ago, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the tablet may yet be found.

For the northern capital of the Hittite prince has been discovered, and is now being excavated at the expense of the British Museum. It was called by the Hittites Carchemish, the city which commanded the fords of the Euphrates, on the high road from Assyria to the west, and the spot where Pharaoh Necho was foiled by Nebuchadnezzar in his attempt to win for Egypt the sovereignty of Western Asia. Its ruins are now called Jerabis, or Jerablus, an Arabic perversion of the Greek Hierapolis, "the sacred city" of the Asiatic goddess. Here, about sixteen miles to the south of the modern Birejik, was the chief seat of Hittite power and wealth, down to the time when its last king, Pisisir, was overcome by the armies of Sargon, and the Hittite capital became the seat of an Assyrian governor.

The first fruits of the excavations at Carchemish have reached this country in the shape of two fragments of stone, thickly covered with inscriptions in relief, and one of them still showing portions of the figure of a king. The dress of the figure, as well as the style of art to which it belongs, are identical with those of the figures of Karabel and Boghaz Keui, and what is more, the hieroglyphics by which it is accompanied are identical with those I copied on the Lydian monument. The Hittite origin of the monuments of Asia Minor to which I have been drawing attention is thus put beyond question.

Mr. George Smith, to whom along with Mr. Skene is due the credit of identifying the site of Carchemish, found a broken statue on the spot, with another inscription on the back in what we may now term Hittite characters. A leading peculiarity of these characters is that, wherever they have hitherto been met with, they are always in relief, never incised. This points to the fact that plates of metal must have been the first writing materials used by the Hittites, a fact which is further confirmed by other evidence.

The inscriptions disinterred at Carchemish are not the only ones that have come from the territory of the Hittites. Another exists at Aleppo, and five others in a hieratic form of the characters were

noticed as long ago as 1812 by Burckhardt, built into the walls of houses at Hamath, where careful copies of them have since been made. Clay impressions of seals, too, were discovered by Sir A. H. Layard in the record-chamber of Sennacherib's palace, inscribed with strange characters, which long remained a mystery. But when attention was at length directed to the hieroglyphics of Hamath it turned out that the strange characters were Hittite hieroglyphics, and that the seals on which they were inscribed had probably been attached to treaties signed by Hittite kings.

In Lykaonia also, on the road traversed by Xenophon and the Ten Thousand, Hittite sculptures and hieroglyphics have been found carved on the rock. In the neighborhood of the silver-mines of the Bulgar Dagh, Mr. Davis has come across them at Ibreez, or Ivris, a little to the south of Eregle, the ancient Kybistra, as well as at Bulgar Maden (near Chifte Khan), while Mr. E. Calvert has told me of another in the same vicinity, where the characters are accompanied by the figure of a god clothed in the Hittite tiara, and the two smaller figures of his worshipers.

The Paschal Chronicle, too, has preserved a curious passage, quoted probably from a writer of Asia Minor, which states that a figure of Perseus\* carved in the rock, existed just outside the walls of Ikonium in Lykaonia, once called Amandra. It was in this same Ikonium that a legend was preserved of an ancient hero, Nannakos or Annakos, who, like the biblical Enoch, lived before the age of the Flood; and here, too, M. Texier saw the colored image of a warrior, half Hittite, half Greek, in style, beneath which are the fragments of an inscription in Kypriote characters.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all these Hittite monuments are the sculptures at Eyuk near Boghaz Keui, first discovered by Hamilton and since photographed by Perrot. Here on the slope of a low hill are the remains of a palace, built not of limestone, like the other monuments of Asia Minor, but of dark granite. Ruined as it is, sufficient is left to show that it was modeled on the plan of the palaces of Assyria. At its entrance are two huge monoliths, with the faces carved into the likeness of sphinxes. But the sphinxes, though inspired by the art of Egypt, are profoundly different from the sphinxes of the valley of the Nile, and only their feet and faces are hewn out of the stone. One of the monoliths further bears upon it the same double eagle that is portrayed on the rocks of Pteria; but this double eagle once supported the figure of a god. The monoliths were flanked by walls, one of which is still fairly preserved. Along it runs a line of sculptures which carry, each one of them, the

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\*Pasch. Chron. ed. 1688, p. 39. It would seem from this that a figure similar to those at Karabel must have existed at Ikonium. There is another curious statement in the Chronicle, to the effect that the Dardan of the Troad were the descendants of the Hittites.

impress of Hittite art. Here we may see the Hittite warrior in his peculiar dress, there the Hittite priest robed as he is at Boghaz Keui. Elsewhere the building of the palace itself is brought before our eyes, and the workmen are represented ascending a ladder, or otherwise assisting in the work. Elsewhere, again, it is a bull, mounted on a sort of pedestal, and drawn with the skill that characterizes the delineation of the animal forms occurring among the Hittite characters; or again, it is a musician and a snake-charmer. Hard by is a man leading a monkey, a picture we might think somewhat out of place in so cold and northern a country. But, curiously enough, it is with monkeys that the Assyrian monuments associate the kinsmen of the Hittites who inhabited those very regions. On the walls of the palace of Assur-natsir-pal at Nimrud or Calah, an attendant in peaked boots is leading a monkey, just as he is at Eyuk, and following his lord, who wears the characteristic cap and shoes of the Hittite race. The black obelisk of Shalmaneser, the son of Assur-natsir-pal, tells us that he too received apes and monkeys from the people of Muzri, in Western Armenia, and among the tribute-bearers are some represented in the familiar Phrygian cap and tip-tilted shoes.

It is thus that we now know how, at an age of which history and tradition are alike silent, the influence and art and writing of the Hittites were making their way to the far West, carrying with them the elements of Eastern civilization. The two-fold road they traveled over became one at Sardes, which was thus predestined to be the future center of power and civilizing influence throughout the Western world. The interest that envelopes the rock-carving of Karabel is accordingly very great; the fact that the onward march of Hittite civilization was stayed only by the waters of the *Ægean*, is there engraved, as it were, in stone. But this is not the only interest that attaches to the sculpture. Long before the days of Renouard or of Texier, the Ionic settlers in Lydia had gazed upon the sculpture and wondered whose it was. "The father of history," Herodotus himself, guessed, though vainly, at its origin. He tells us that "in Ionia are two figures carved on the rocks, one by the road that leads from the Ephesian territory to Phokæa, the other by that which leads from Sardes to Smyrna; in each case a man is sculptured, three feet in height, the right hand armed with a spear and the left with a bow, and the rest of his clothing to match, for it is Egyptian and Ethiopic; and the sacred characters of Egypt run carved across the breast from shoulder to shoulder, with this meaning: 'I won this land with my shoulders!' But who he was or whence he came," Herodotus continues, "is not known in Lydia, though it has become clear to me in Egypt," where the Greek historian had been listening to the tales told of Sesostris or Ramses II, the great antagonist of the Hittite princes, and of the sculpture Sesostris had engraved on the rocks of the valley of the Lycæa in Syria.

The accuracy of the description of the figure given by Herodotus has, however, been called in question. The figure of the pseudo-Sesostris discovered by Renouard holds the spear in the left hand, not in the right, and the inscription does not run across the breast, but is at the side above the left arm. Moreover, the second figure was long sought in vain; the paths that led from Ephesus to Phokæa were all examined, and the search proved a fruitless one.

But at last all the difficulties have been cleared away. The second pseudo-Sesostris has been discovered, not, indeed, where it was sought, but in the pass of Karabel itself, not twenty yards to the north of the first and better-known figure. It is the old story over again: we never find what we seek where we expect it to be; discoveries always come upon us where we least looked for them.

The second figure is the double of the first. But instead of being carved high above the road, it is sculptured out of a huge monolith that stands on the edge of the old path, traces of which I was still able to follow for some distance. Here it has been exposed to mutilation of all kinds; the face and part of the body are quite gone, and it has been soiled by the smoke of a Yuruk's fire, whose tent was pitched under the shelter of the stone when it was seen by Mr. Spiegelthal three or four years ago. It looks the reverse way to the other figure, the spear being held in the right hand and pointing towards the north. In fact there can be no doubt that this is the very figure described by Herodotus, whose chariot may have helped to wear away the ruts I detected in the old road at its side. In the days of the Greek traveler it was far more conspicuous than the other sculpture more than seventy feet above him. The inscription may well have been carved across the breast, since this part of the figure is now totally destroyed, and there are no characters anywhere else on the stone. The two figures must have served as sign-posts, standing as they did at the junction of the two main roads from east to west and south to north, and the direction in which they looked served to point the way.

But they were more than this. They were a visible sign of Hittite conquest and empire. The power which caused them to be sculptured held the pass that led to the great cities of the extreme west. Ephesus, Smyrna and Sardes must have been in Hittite hands. Here were the centers to which the art and civilization of the Euphrates were brought, and from whence they could be spread over the islands of the Aegean and into the still barbarous Grecian world.

An echo of this Hittite dominion survives, I believe, in the legends of the Amazons. The Amazons are to be found wherever the Hittites have left memorials of their presence. The Thermodon, where their kingdom was supposed to be, flowed in the near neighborhood of the Hittite sculptures of Eyuk and Boghaz Keui. The foundation of Ephesus was ascribed to them; Smyrna and Myrine, varying forms of the same name were, given an Amazonian origin; and though

no legend has survived which connects the Lydian capital with the name of the warrior-maidens, the Assyrian art and mythology, that flourished there, must have been brought by Hittites rather than by Phenicians, while there is much to show that Omphalê, the bride of the Lydian Herakles, was but the Hittite name of the Asiatic goddess. This Asiatic goddess, indeed, though of Babylonian origin, had one of her chief seats at Carchemish, where she was worshiped in later days under the title of Atargatis of Derketo, and the Amazons of Greek story, the handmaids of the Ephesian Artemis, were her Hittite priestesses. The rocks of Boghaz Keui have already taught us that the mural crown of Artemis or Kybêlê was of Hittite descent.

The faint echo of Greek tradition has been confirmed by the contemporaneous records of Egypt. From the sixteenth to the twelfth centuries, B.C., as we learn from them, the Hittites were at the zenith of their strength and glory. They held the balance of power between Egypt and Assyria, and were long the most formidable foe the Egyptians had to confront in Asia. Time after time did the Egyptian armies besiege their southern capital of Kadesh on an island of the Orontes, from which they were subsequently driven by the encroachments of the Semitic tribes, and once, at least, their northern capital of Carchemish was seriously threatened. But whether it were Kadesh or Carchemish that was attacked, the allies of the Hittites thronged to their aid from the most distant regions of the empire at the first sound of alarm. Colchians from the far north, Mysians from the far west, alike sent their contingents. In the reign of Thothmes III. we find the Hittites summoning to their aid the Masu or Mysians and the Dardanians of the Troad with their towns of Ilion (Iluna) and Pedasus (Pidasa). Two centuries later the Tekkri or Teukrians come to their help against that very Sesostris whose monuments Herodotus believed he saw in the records of the empire of his foes. And Sesostris, after twenty weary years of fighting, had to confess that "the mighty people" of the Hittites were of equal power with himself.

It is probably about this period that the figures of Karabel were carved, and the Hittites began to aid the Phenicians in carrying the torch of Eastern culture to the Greek world. Already in the nineteenth century B.C. the astrological reports, preserved in the library of the Babylonian monarch Sargon I., speak of the Hittites as dangerous rivals in the West, and, if Mariette-Pasha is right, they had led one at least of the dynasties of shepherd-kings who had conquered Egypt some centuries before. As we have seen, their influence extended as far as the Hellespont in the age of Thothmes III. (B.C. 1600-1560), and this influence was still strong four centuries later. About B.C. 1130 the Assyrian king Tiglath-Pileser I. states that they were in possession of Syria, having subjected the Semitic Arameans to their sway, and Pethor, the city of Balaam, at the junc-

tion of the Sajur and the Euphrates, continued to belong to them until its capture by the Assyrians several centuries afterwards. It is possible that their occupation of Lydia may explain the statement of Herodotus, which derives the dynasty of the Herakleids from Ninus, the son of Belus, whose date is placed by the Greek historian about B.C. 1200. We now have monumental evidence that the Assyrians never penetrated beyond the Halys, or even knew the name of Lydia itself, until Gog or Gyges sent an embassy and a present of two captive Kimmerian chiefs to Nineveh in the year 665 B.C. But just as the legend of Herakles was brought by Hittites to Lydia from Assyria and Babylonia, so, too, the names of Ninus, or Nineveh, and Bel-Merodach of Babylon may well have been distorted reminiscences of Hittite supremacy.

The objects and forms of early art are surer evidences than these doubtful names of the westward extension of Hittite power. The art of Assyria, which was itself derived from that of Babylonia, came to Greece along two different channels. One of these channels were the Phenicians with their trading ships and colonies, the other the Hittites moving along the high-roads of Asia Minor. The influence exercised by the Phenicians was essentially commercial; it was at first purely maritime, subsequently colonial. The influence of the Hittites, on the other hand, was that of a conquering race; consequently it chiefly affected the mainland of Asia Minor, and only indirectly the islands of the *Ægean* and the shores of Greece. Of this we have good proof in the fact that the first system of writing known in Greece was that introduced by the Phenicians, whereas in Asia Minor and the adjacent islands the Phenician alphabet had been preceded by another mode of writing, which I believe can be traced back to the hieroglyphics of Carchemish. But the very circumstance that the Hittites were a conquering race, not a body of merchants and sailors, caused the culture they brought with them to sink all the more deeply into the spirit of the nations of the West. Early Lydia became impressed by it in a way that early Greece never was impressed by the culture of Phenicia. And the influence and impression were handed on to the feudal principalities of Archæan Greece. On the one hand the coasts of Asia Minor were occupied by *Æolian* and *Ionian* and *Doric* colonies; on the other hand the inhabitants of Asia Minor took possession of the islands and founded dynasties in the *Peloponnese*. The *Karians*, according to *Thucydides*, once dwelt in the *Cyclades* and buried their dead on the sacred isle of *Delos*; and tradition brought *Pelops*, the eponym of the *Peloponnese*, with all his wealth and luxury, from the golden sands of the *Paktolos*. Nay, Greek mythology itself was inextricably intertwined with that of Asia Minor. *Omphalê* and the *Amazons*, *Midas* and *Gordius*, *Tantalus* and the *Khimæra*, not to speak of the "tale of *Troy* divine," were all integral parts of old Greek story. Greek mythology and Greek art were equally

indebted to the Phenicians of Canaan and the natives of Asia Minor.

The fact becomes self-evident if we turn to the treasures of ancient Hellenic life and art which have been recovered from Mykenæ. The lions that guard the gate of the Akropolis are the counterpart of those discovered by Perrot on a rock-tomb at Kumbet, in Phrygia. The tombstones disinterred by Dr. Schliemann are wholly Hittite in their style and conception. So, too, the lion and bull made of gold-leaf, and excavated from one of the tombs, remind us of the lion and bull sculptured at Eynuk. Among the patterns, again, met with at the Mykenæ are several which go back to a Hittite original. Thus the palm-leaf is not only common on the terra-cotta dishes excavated by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik but is embroidered on the robe of the figure found at Carchemish, and may be seen in its earliest form engraved upon Babylonian cylinders. A certain class of early Greek vases, as is well known, present us with a type of drawing which cannot be referred to a Phenician model, but which has much in it that suggests Hittite inspiration. The thick round limbs and tall helmets come from Asia Minor, not from Canaan, like the Hittite tiara on the ivory head discovered in the prehistoric tombs of Spata.

Art and myth, however, were not the only means whereby Hittite influence made itself felt in the distant West. Mr. Head has pointed out\* that the Babylonian silver mina of 8,656 grains troy, which formed the standard for the money coined in Lydia and other parts of Asia Minor, as well as in Thrace, is identical with what the Assyrians called "the mina of Carchemish." It was received by the Hittites from Babylonia, and was carried by them to the nations of the distant West. Gyges and Croesus struck electron and silver coins according to standard, and in times long before them the Trojans of Hissarlik had used it for purposes of exchange. Six wedges of silver, about seven inches long by two broad, were discovered in what Dr. Schliemann has christened "the Treasure of Priam," and each of these wedges weighs about a third of the Babylonian maund. The hope of procuring silver seems to have been one of the main attractions of the Hittites to Asia Minor; at all events it is almost always in the neighborhood of silver mines that their memorials are found.

But the chief debt owed by the Western world to the Hittites still remains unsaid. They were distinguished as a writing people; Kirjath-Sepher, or "book-town," was the primitive name of one of their cities in Palestine; Khilip-sar, "the Prince of Aleppo," is specially mentioned on the Egyptian monuments as "the writer of books of the vile Kheta," and the hieroglyphics they used show that they were what it has fallen to the lot of but a chosen few among mankind to

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\* Academy for November 22, 1879.



be, the inventors of a system of writing. This system of writing they carried with them to Lydia, and it is, I believe, the source of that curious syllabary generally called Cypriote, from the number of Cyprian inscriptions found written in it, but which was employed throughout Asia Minor before the introduction of the simpler Ionic alphabet. Conservative Cyprus alone retained this syllabary long after it had passed out of use elsewhere; though most of the alphabets of Asia Minor kept certain of its characters to express sounds not represented by the Greek letters, and a short inscription found by Hamilton at Eyuk, in the close vicinity of the memorials of the Hittites, almost entirely consists of letters that belong to it.

And now who were these Hittites who played so important a part in the history of Western Asia, and whose very name had been well nigh forgotten until but the other day? Unfortunately that is a question, the answer to which we can for the present only guess at. The inscriptions they have left behind them are still undeciphered, and more are needed before the key that will unlock them can be found. We must therefore be content with the evidence of the proper names that occur on the monuments of Egypt and Assyria. These point unmistakably to the fact that the language of the Hittites was neither Semitic nor Aryan, but belonged to a group of dialects spoken in early times by Cilicians, Comagenians, Moschians, proto-Armenians, and other neighboring tribes, and of which Georgian is probably a living representative. It is among this group that we must include the language of the cuneiform inscriptions of Van, which are still but partially deciphered.

Whatever may have been their language, however, the Hittites had very marked physical characteristics, peculiar dress and arms, and a spirit and policy that clearly separated them from their neighbors. Their peaked shoes indicate that they originally came from a cold country such as the highlands of Armenia, and this indication is confirmed by our finding the inhabitants of this very country represented on the Assyrian monuments in the same costume as the Hittites. They must have established themselves on the Euphrates at an early date, and spread from thence southward and westward. Their westward extension brought them into contact with the Lydians and Greeks, their southward extension with the Egyptians and Hebrews. To this is due the prominent place they hold in the Old Testament, but for which the scholars of Europe would have been as ignorant even of their name as were the writers of Greece and Rome. Ezekiel declares that Jerusalem was born of an Amorite father and a Hittite mother, and Uriah the Hittite was one of the officers of David. It was for the kings of the Hittites that Solomon imported horses from Egypt, and from among their princesses he sought himself wives, like the Egyptian monarchs before him. Israel and Heth, indeed, long continued in alliance against the common Syrian enemy, and when Benhadad broke up the siege of Samaria it was be-

cause he thought that the King of Israel had hired against him "the kings of the Hittites and the kings of the Egyptians." Hamath, too, which at one time was included within the Hittite territory, was the ally of David, and at a later day, as we learn from the records of Assyria, of the Jewish prince Uzziah also. Up to the last the existence of the Hittites depended on the success of their long struggle with their Semitic neighbors, whom they severed in two; and when their power and independence at last fell, it meant the final victory of the Semitic race.

Future exploration in Asia Minor, and above all the excavations that are being carried on at present on the site of Carchemish, have doubtless many more surprises for us. But no surprise can be greater than the resurrection of a forgotten people, who nevertheless played as important a part in the history of the world as Assyria or Egypt themselves. Brugsch-Bey has said, with justice, of "this cultivated and powerful people," that their "rule in the highest antiquity was of an importance which we can now only guess at." To us, perhaps, their chief importance lies in their influence upon the nascent civilization of the Western world. The clue has at last been found to the old problem of the origin of art and culture in Asia Minor, and of that perplexing yet well-marked element in early Greek art, which was neither of home-growth nor of Phœnician importation. We may now trace this element back to its first home on the Euphrates, where Assyro-Babylonian art profoundly modified and intermingled with the forms and conceptions of Egypt; and we may watch its progress northward and westward until it meets the art of Phœnicia, sprung from the same ancestry, though less deeply changed, on the shores of the Ægean Sea. What it was at home we may still study in the lineaments of a bas-relief, brought from the Turkish castle of Birejik to the British museum, on which is portrayed a Hittite monarch, robed in the peculiar costume of his people and overshadowed by the winged solar disk.—A. H. SAYCE, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

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### SHAKESPEARE AS A PROSE WRITER.

It is related of Lord Mansfield, one the profoundest and acutest lawyers who ever adorned our bench, that he found himself very much impeded in his early career at the bar by the reputation which he had acquired for polite learning. A young man who associated with Pope, supped at the "Grecian," and could turn an Ode of Horace, was obviously quite incompetent to wrestle with the technicalities of Coke. It was in vain that he showed convincing proofs of the range and accuracy of his legal attainments. It was in vain that he surrounded himself with the ponderous tomes of Glanvill and

Bracton. His plodding brethren would not believe him. They shook their heads at him "as a wit." They could conceive of no alliance between Themis and the Muses—between the idealism of poetry and the plain prose of the law. A fate somewhat similar seems to have befallen our great national poet. We have so long contemplated Shakespeare as a writer of verse, that it seems never to have struck any of his myriad commentators to contemplate him as a writer of prose. During the last century and a half his works have been studied from almost every point of view. Eminent theologians have discussed his theology, eminent lawyers have discussed his legal acquirements. Physicians have illustrated his knowledge of the phenomena of disease. Scholars have estimated his obligations to Greece and Rome. Psychologists and metaphysicians have been busy with his philosophy, historians with his history, and philologists with his language. But from the appearance of Rowe's preface to the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's *Essays in England*, and from the days of Lessing to the days of Gervinus and Delius in Germany, we cannot call to mind a single attempt to estimate his position and merit as a writer of prose. Delius has indeed dealt at some length with this portion of Shakespeare's work, but his essay is almost entirely confined to an examination of the text itself. His criticism is not comparative, and he has therefore failed to realize the great services which Shakespeare rendered to English prose. He has not shown in what points his prose essentially differs from that of contemporary writers. He has not traced with sufficient minuteness the history of its development in the great dramatist's hands. He has not distinguished with sufficient precision its various styles.

The truth is that Shakespeare's prose is a phenomenon as remarkable as his verse. In one way, indeed, it is still more remarkable. The prose of Shakespeare stands alone. It was his own creation, as absolutely his own as the *terza rima* was Dante's, as the Spenserian stanza was Spenser's. For everything else, with the exception only of pure comedy, he had models. English blank verse had been all but perfected by Marlowe and Peele before it passed into his hands. That he added much to it is true. He varied the pauses; he made it more flexible; more perfectly adapted to catch, with exquisite subtlety, the ever-changing phases of thought; but he was not its creator. The historical play had been formulated before he took it up. Tragedy had been formulated. If we except three, all his plots were borrowed. His lyrics, matchless as they are, differ nothing in form, tone, and style from the lyrics of his immediate predecessors. But his prose is essentially original; and how greatly he contributed to the development of this important branch of literature will be at once apparent if we compare his prose diction with the diction both of those who preceded and those who followed him. In two qualities, and in two qualities alone, had English prose

excelled, and those qualities were harmony and majesty. For these it had been indebted to Hooker, and Hooker had learned them from the Latin classics. Such a style was, however, only adapted for subjects which admitted of rhetorical treatment. It provided only for one mode of expression. The rhetorical diction of Hooker and the theologians; the pedantic epigrammatic diction of Lyly and the euphuists; the coarse colloquial vulgarity of Nash and the author of the *Martin Mar-Prelate* tracts; the loose and slovenly prose dialogue of Peele and Marlowe; the diffuse, involved, and Italian periods of Puttenham and Sidney; the curt and somewhat awkward condensation of Bacon,\* in his earlier style, represent very fairly the schools of prose which were flourishing when Shakespeare entered upon his task. Daniel, Donne, Hall, and Raleigh, who are beyond question the best prose writers—we are speaking merely of style—in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, had not begun to publish when Shakespeare was engaged in composition. The translation of the Bible did not appear till 1611. Now, it must be obvious to any one who will take the trouble to consult them, that these writers, so far from furnishing Shakespeare with a model, do not even contain the germs of those qualities which constitute good prose in a tolerably advanced stage of its development. In one or two passages in his comedies, where they border closely on farce, Shakespeare may, it is true, have borrowed something from Nash and Peele, and he has of course employed occasionally the “three-piled hyperboles and spruce affectations” of Lyly, both seriously to enrich his diction and half-contemptuously to point his parodies. But here all influences from, and all imitations of, his predecessors cease.

What, then, did Shakespeare do for English prose? He gave it ease, he gave it variety and grace; qualities in which, till he took it in hand, it was entirely deficient. He showed for the first time how it could be dignified without being pedantic, how it could be full and massive without subordinating the Saxon to the Latin element, how it could be stately without being involved, how it could be musical without borrowing its rhythm and its cadence from the rhetoricians of Rome. He made it plastic. He taught it to assume, and to assume with propriety, every tone. He showed its capacity for dialectics, for exposition, and for narrative. He purified it from archaisms. Indeed, his diction often differs little from that of the best writers in the eighteenth century. The following passage, for example, will, in point of purity, rhythm, and composition, bear comparison with any paragraph in Addison:

“First my fear, then my courtesy, lastly my speech. My fear is

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\* We make no exception in favor of the *Advancement of Learning*, which was published in 1606, for its style is as Latin in its rhythm and structure as that of Hooker. Bacon's best prose compositions, and of very high order of excellence they are, are the *Essay on Adversity* and the *Fragment on Death*; but they, it must be remembered, did not appear till 1625.

your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardon. If you look for a good speech you undo me, for what I have to say is of my own making, and what indeed I should say, will I doubt not, prove my own marring. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercy. Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? But a good conscience would make any possible satisfaction, and so must I. [Epilogue to second part of "Henry IV."] "

In light and fleeting dialogue he is not inferior to Vanbrugh and Farquhar. In point and terseness he is not inferior to Congreve. Indeed, it is easy to see that Congreve frequently modeled his prose dialogue on that of Shakespeare. A more magnificent piece of rhetoric than Hamlet's reflections on man was never penned either by Milton, Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne. A finer specimen of grave and logical disquisition than the dialogue between Bates, Williams, and the king, in the fourth act of "Henry V." it would not be easy to find in the whole range of our prose literature. The dialogue between Rosalind and Celia, and between Rosalind and Orlando in "As You Like It," bear the same relation to our prose drama as the dialogues of Molière bear to the dramatic prose of France. The speech of Brutus ("Julius Cæsar," act ii. scene 2), the two monologues of Iago ("Othello," act i. scene 3), of Henry V. ("Henry V.," act iv. scene 1), the soliloquy of Edmund ("Lear," act i. scene 2), of Hamlet ("Hamlet," act ii. scene 2, and again act v. scene 1), the speech of Speed ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," act ii, scene 1), are, regarded merely as compositions, masterpieces. The only dramatist who could for one instant stand comparison with Shakespeare as a prose writer would be Ben Jonson; but Ben Jonson's best is far inferior to Shakespeare's best. Jonson's most ambitious prose is cast in a Latin mold. His dedication, for example, of "The Fox" to the two Universities is infinitely more Latin than English; the prose of his "Discoveries" is no advance on that of Sidney; and his dialogue, even at its lightest, is seldom free from stiffness and pedantry. In a word, Shakespeare carried prose composition not only further than any writer during the Elizabethan age,\* but further than any writer previous to Hobbes, Cowley, and Temple. In the comparative infancy of our prose literature, he achieved one of the rarest triumphs of its maturity—the union of the graces of rhetoric with the graces of colloquy. He attempted several styles, he excelled in all. Since his time many eminent poets have distinguished themselves in prose composition. At and before his time, such a

\* We are speaking, of course, of the extent and variety of his powers of expression. In certain qualities he is excelled perhaps both by Hooker and Bacon, and by Samuel Daniel, whose style is, for the age in which he lived, wonderful.

double triumph was unique; for who could compare the "Vita Nuova" with the "Paradiso," the "Tale of Melibœus" with the "Knight's Tale," or the "Dialogue on the State of Ireland" with a canto of the "Faery Queen"? Nor is this all. He was the first of our writers who perceived that the mechanism of prose differs essentially from the mechanism of verse, and who discerned how far the laws which govern the rhythm and cadence of meter might, without confusing the lines of demarkation between the two modes of expression, operate beneficially on the rhythm and cadence of prose.

In examining Shakespeare's prose more particularly it is, we think, possible to discern five distinct styles. First will come the euphuistic; secondly, the coarse colloquial prose, modeled on the language of vulgar life; thirdly, the prose of higher comedy; fourthly, prose professedly rhetorical; and, lastly, highly wrought poetical prose.

The style which Lyly had, both by his celebrated romance and also by his comedies, made popular—a style which was almost universally affected by the court circles, and which continued to taint our literature till it received its death-blow from Sir Philip Sidney—has left considerable traces on Shakespeare's diction. Euphuism is employed, as we observed before, sometimes seriously and sometimes satirically. Some of the dialogue in "As You Like It," in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and in the "Winter's Tale," offers obvious illustrations of the first, though we may observe how the poet's tact and taste has led him to soften down the glaring extravagance of his model. His wit has all the flavor of Lyly's but, unlike Lyly's, it is seldom forced; with all the point and epigram of his model, he has none of his monstrous conceits, none of his false imagery, none of his frigid puerilities. A very good specimen of this modified euphuism is to be found in the second scene of the fifth act of the "Winter's Tale." Who does not recognize the genuine Lyly in such a sentence as "Thero might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears;" or again in "one of the prettiest touches of all, *and that which angled for mine eyes caught the water* though not the fish, was," etc.? His satirical parodies of Lyly are to be found not so much in entire scenes and dialogues, as in particular passages—though "Love's Labor's Lost" is from beginning to end one mass of euphuism. An exhaustive catalogue of the characteristics of euphuism might, indeed, be compiled from this single play. Don Adriano de Armado is a euphuist of the first water, and so also, in their way, are Moth and Holofernes. Again, Osric, in "Hamlet," is evidently intended to ridicule Lyly's young gentleman. The speeches of Falstaff and Henry when they are acting the King ("Henry IV." part i. act ii. scene 5) are obviously in the same vein. "For though camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth the more it is wasted the sooner it wears," sounds like an

extract taken verbatim from "The Anatomy of Wit." Shakespeare's obligations to Lyly were therefore of a comparatively unimportant character. His satirical parodies proved that he fully recognized the puerility of euphuism, and where he directly imitates it he imitates it, generally speaking, for the purpose of laughing at it, though he has, it is true, occasionally enriched his diction with some of Lyly's characteristic peculiarities.

We now come to the second of our five divisions—the realistic colloquial prose, modeled on the language of common life. This is the language of the clowns, of the fools, of the citizens, officers, and of all the baser characters; the language of Touchstone, Launce, Bottom, Bardolph, Mrs. Quickly, Thersites, Dogberry, Trinculo, Stephano, Cloten, and of the rabble when the rabble are brought on the stage. It is, as a rule, studiously garnished with slang and proverbs. It will admit of many varieties, as it is the expression of many moods and the instrument of many different characters. Sometimes it is made the vehicle of such jargon as that in which Dr. Caius, Fluellen, or Evans express themselves, or of the broken English of Catharine. Sometimes it embodies the ribald invectives and licentious facetiousness usual in the wit combats between the prince and Falstaff, and is seen to perfection in the pot-house scenes in "Henry IV.," or in Kent's onslaught on the Steward in "Lear." Sometimes it is a mere transcript from the diction of ordinary life, as in that wonderfully realistic scene in which Silence and Shallow meet ("Henry IV.," part ii. act iii. scene 2), or in the scene between Henry V. and Catharine ("Henry V.," act v. scene 2). At other times it expresses the comments and grievances of good Mrs. Quickly, or the incisive common sense of Michael Williams and Menenius, or the bustling ambition of Bottom and his crew; at other times it rises to a sort of rhythmic dignity, as in some of the soliloquies of Falstaff, and occasionally in the speeches of Autolycus; but whatever phase it assumes, it is always the exact unidealized speech of the people. The dramatists who preceded Shakespeare, notably Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, had indeed employed it but in their hands, except where it is mere fluent scurrility, it is usually struggling with that kind of awkwardness incident to a style which is partly literary and partly studying to be dramatically appropriate. The prose scenes, for example, in Marlowe's "Faust" and "Jew of Malta;" in Gr en's "Looking Glass for London;" and in Peele's "Old Wives' Tales," cannot for an instant be compared to Shakespeare in point of style. He is as much superior to them in power of colloquial expression as he is superior in creative genius. We must go forward more than half a century to Bunyan, before we shall find any author who displays such perfect command over the speech of the vulgar, and who can reproduce it with such exactness. We make no exception in favor of Dekker, Heywood, Middleton, or any of the representatives of the plebeian school. They have, it is

true, great skill in the conduct of homely dialogue, but it is not the skill of Shakespeare.

We now come to a kindred but different style—the prose, that is to say, of the higher comedy; and this is in our opinion, a style of which Shakespeare was the absolute and immortal creator, a style in which he has never been surpassed. This is the diction of his ladies and gentlemen when they do not express themselves in rhyme or blank verse. Though it is occasionally marred by the coarseness which was in the days of Elizabeth and James not merely venial but habitual, it is as a rule essentially refined. Its coarseness never degenerates into vulgarity. Its tone and spirit are those of an aristocratic society. It is generally polished and graceful. It abounds in wit and epigram. When it rises it is never stilted; when it sinks it is never mean. It reflects every shade and every tone of thought with exact fidelity. As the vehicle of light and playful irony it is eminently happy. Its persiflage is not inferior to the best which can be found in Molière or De Musset. Its rhythm is sometimes so musical, its cadences are so exquisitely modulated, that it may be fairly questioned whether the most finished paragraphs in Addison could, in point of composition, be pronounced superior to it. Let us illustrate our meaning:

“Jacques—I have neither the scholar's melancholy which is emulation, nor the musician's which is fantastical, nor the courtier's which is proud, nor the soldier's which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's which is politic, nor the lady's which is nice, nor the lover's which is all these. But it is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

“Rosalind—A traveler! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your land to see other men's; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.”

What could be more perfect than the lexis and the rhythm of this passage? It is a piece of prose without a flaw, from whatever point of view it may be examined, whether we regard the arrangement of the words, the evolution of the sentences, the pauses, the cadence of the final sentence, the harmony of the whole paragraph. Again, take Speed's speech in the first scene of the second act of the “Two Gentlemen of Verona”:

“You have learned like Sir Proteus to wreath your arms like a malcontent, to relish a love-song like a robin red-breast, to walk alone like one that had the pestilence, to sigh like a schoolboy that had lost his alphabet, to weep like a young girl that had buried her grandam, to fast like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont when you laughed to crow like a cock, when you walked to



walk like one of the lions. When you fasted it was after dinner, when you looked sadly it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, so that when I look on you I can hardly think you my master."

These extracts might indeed, so far as diction is concerned, be extracts from one of Gray's or Cowper's letters, so melodious, so easy, so elegant, so free from all taint of archaism are they. And yet Dr. Johnson could say that Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave harmony to English prose! We cannot afford to extend our quotations further, but we would exhort any one who is inclined to dispute what we have said to examine carefully the following passages: "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act ii. scene 1; "Much Ado About Nothing," act i. scene 1, and act v. scene 2; almost all the prose dialogues in "As You Like It," but particularly act i. scene 2, the beginning of scene 3, with the whole of the first scene of the fourth act. "Twelfth Night," act iii. scene 1; and it would be easy to extend our references. In this particular style of Shakespeare's prose there is one very obvious peculiarity. In addition to the colloquial ease which marks it, there is seldom wanting a sort of literary eloquence, as though he were striking a double chord, as though he were creating a language which is at once real and ideal, at once the speech of the beings amongst whom we are moving here, and of the beings of that world which exists only in the imagination of the poet. And yet the two styles are in perfect unison with one another.

Of prose professedly rhetorical Shakespeare has not left us many specimens, for he has of course usually expressed himself in blank verse, whenever his subject made it necessary for the style to be more than usually elevated. The two best illustrations of this division of his prose are perhaps the speech of Brutus over the body of Cæsar, "Julius Cæsar," act iii. scene 2; the fine dialogue between Bates, Williams and the King in the first scene of the fourth act of "Henry V.," and the closing description of the shipwreck in the "Winter's Tale," act iii. scene 3. It is, indeed, very difficult to see why the poet has on these occasions selected prose in preference to verse. The subject is impressive, the treatment is serious, the plays in which they occur are for the most part in verse. Of this, however, we purpose to say something presently.

We now come to the last of our five divisions. This is the style where Shakespeare has raised prose to the sublimest pitch of verse, and is, it must be confessed, the rarest of all his modes of expression. The finest and most obvious illustration of this is to be found in "Hamlet," act ii. scene 2:

"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory. The air, look you, the brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me than a fine and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work

is man! How noble in reason! In form how moving! How express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust!"

It would be hard to cull from the whole body of our prose literature a passage which should demonstrate more strikingly the splendor and the majesty of our language when freed from the shackles of verse. Of all De Quincey's many inaccurate assertions, he never made one more inaccurate than when he asserted that he—the English opium-eater—had been the first to introduce English literature to what he calls poetical impassioned prose. He might have pretended to forget, possibly he might really have forgotten, Raleigh, who furnished him with the model for one of his finest apostrophes;\* he might have overlooked Milton, Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, but it is strange indeed that he should have overlooked Shakespeare. Another very eloquent example, but in diction more subdued and less ornate, may be found in the jailer's speech in "Cymbeline," act v. scene 4; in Lear's speech, "Why, thou wert better in thy grave," etc., "Lear, act iii. scene 3.

The above classification, necessarily arbitrary and imperfect, and adopted rather for purposes of convenience than proceeding on any fixed critical principle, leaves of course much of the poet's prose still unspecified. We have still to take into account his grave didactic style of which we have several examples in Hamlet—his many soliloquies and reflections where the language rises and falls in exquisite unison with the sentiments embodied in it, as in Benedick's speech, "Much Ado About Nothing," act ii. scene 3; Launcelot Gobbo's, "Merchant of Venice," act ii. scene 2; the speeches of Falstaff; the speech of Autolycus, "Winter's Tale," act iv. scene 4; of Thersites, "Troilus and Cressida," act ii. scene 4; the Porter's, "Macbeth," act ii. scene 3; Edmunds, "Lear," act i. scene 2; the serious and set speeches, which might be amply illustrated from "Measure for Measure," from "Othello," and from "Cymbeline"; the epilogues, as at the conclusion of "As You Like It," and the second part of "Henry IV."; the various documents and letters cited by the characters.

It is interesting, for it is, we think, quite possible to watch the stages by which Shakespeare's prose arrived at maturity, and to see how it became, by degrees, a favorite instrument of expression with him. At first he used it very sparingly. In some of his earlier works it finds no place at all. There is no prose, for example, in the first part of "Henry VI."; there is none in "King John" or in "Rich-

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\* Compare the concluding paragraph of the History of the World—"O eloquent, just, and mighty Death," etc.—with the celebrated apostrophe to opium, beginning, "O just, subtle, and mighty Opium," in the second part of the Opium Eater.

ard II."; there are only about a dozen lines in "Titus Andronicus"; there is only one short scene in "Richard III." In "Romeo and Juliet" the proportion of prose is very small, and in the conversation between the Nurse and Lady Capulet (act i. scene 2), where we should have expected to find it, we find blank verse. In the two parts of "Henry IV.," on the other hand, prose and verse are used in almost equal proportions, but the prose portions are, without exception, confined to the comic scenes. In "As You Like It" the tone of the prose is raised; in Hamlet it begins to encroach on the province of blank verse, that is to say, it is employed in grave and serious passages; and in this way the poet continues to employ it through the whole series of his maturer works, except in the "Tempest," where it is confined to the baser characters, and in "Henry VIII.," where we find it only in one short scene. The stages in the development of Shakespeare's prose are, we think, as clearly discernible as the stages in the development of his verse. It appears for the first time in the second and third part of "Henry VI.," and here it differs in no respect from the style of Marlowe and Peele—it has all their characteristics, all their stiffness, all their archaism, all their coarseness. In "Love's Labor's Lost" it is, of course, and is intended to be merely parody. In "All's Well that Ends Well" we find it in a state of transition. It is frequently rough, involved, and uncouth, but it is also occasionally compact and musical. Side by side, for instance, with periods like—

"Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose."

we find periods like—

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues."

In "As You Like It" the composition of the prose is as perfect as that of the verse.

"How delicately the poet understood and how carefully he studied the rhythm of his prose may be seen, not only in his use of expletives, in the arrangement of his antitheses, and in his introduction of balancing clauses, but in the nice measurement of his subordinate sentences, and in his frequent inversions of the natural order of the words. When he is at his best, Isocrates and Cicero were not more solicitous about the harmony of their periods. Take the following passage from "Henry V.":

"Now if these men have defeated the law and out-run native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his bandle. War is his vengeance. So that here men are punished for before breach of the king's laws in the king's quarrel. Where they feared the death they have borne life away,

and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own."

Longinus has observed of a celebrated sentence in Demosthenes that so absolutely perfect is the construction, that if a synonym be substituted, if the slightest alteration be made in the order of the words, the whole is ruined, the music is a discord. What is true of the sentence in Demosthenes is true also of the paragraph we have just quoted, and of many other prose paragraphs in Shakespeare. Alter or omit a single word, invert a sentence, strike out a clause, change in the smallest particular a particle, and you would jar the ear of a sensitive critic, as a false note would jar the ear of a musician. Now, we do not believe that, with the exception of the translators of the Bible, any other Elizabethan prose writer had so fine a perception of the native harmony of our tongue, as distinguished from a harmony borrowed from Rome.

And now it remains to say a few words on the question whether we are justified in supposing that Shakespeare was guided by any fixed principle in his employment of verse and prose, or whether he employed them, as fancy suggested, for the sake of variety and relief. On this subject it would be dangerous to dogmatize. It must, of course, be obvious to every one that, as a general rule, he employs prose when he wishes to be emphatically realistic, when he is dealing with commonplace characters, and is embodying commonplace sentiments. There is always an instinct in a true artist prompting him, even at the cost of literary grace, to attain complete harmony between spirit and expression. We find this to be the case even in those schools where a rigid regard to form is the primary canon. We find traces of it in Euripides: we find it still more marked in Aristophanes and in the later schools of the Greek drama. We find it in Terence; we find it pre-eminently in Plautus. As a general rule, Shakespeare's poetical conceptions, naturally, and, as it were, spontaneously, clothe themselves in verse, while all that appertains to the familiar side of real life as naturally slides into its appropriate prose. The line of demarkation thus drawn between verse and prose is indeed another proof of Shakespeare's delicate appreciation of style, another proof that he was what the French critics deny—a reflective artist. Many of his disciples have written plays in a mixture of verse and prose, but the employment of the one or the other mode of expression is with them purely arbitrary, and appears to have been introduced simply to vary the dialogue or to save the trouble of yoking thought to meter. This is evident, not only from the fact that conceptions eminently and essentially poetical are often clothed in prose, but that their prose is very commonly nothing but loose blank verse. Webster, in his two great tragedies, con-

stantly selects this mode of expression for his grandest and most striking images. The prose of Massinger and Tourneur is so rhythmical that their respective editors have boldly printed it as blank verse. And what applies to these poets will apply, with the exception of Fletcher, to all the other Elizabethan dramatists when writing tragedy. In Shakespeare's prose there is never such ambiguity. His prose is as clearly defined as his verse. However rich, however highly wrought it be, its rhythm is never the rhythm of meter, the style of its rhetoric is not the style of the rhetoric of verse. But it would not be true to say that the poet reserves prose simply for cases where prose is dramatically appropriate. True as a rule, it is a rule which admits of many exceptions. In "Hamlet," in "Antony and Cleopatra," and in "Cymbeline"—see particularly the scene between Posthumus and the jailer, in parts of "Henry V.," and in parts of "Othello," several speeches are in prose where we might, so far as the subject-matter is concerned, have expected verse. In some cases it may possibly have been used to heighten the effect of the verse immediately following. The magnificent soliloquy of Henry V. is preceded by a scene in prose. Antony's splendid rhetoric in "Julius Cæsar" is ushered in by a prose speech from Brutus. In many cases which will at once suggest themselves to the student it is undoubtedly used for the purpose of relief and variety, and for that purpose only.

It would be idle to draw any parallel between the merits of our great poet in these two branches of composition; but we may observe that in one or two points his prose contrasts very favorably with his verse. His verse, in his later style at least, is frequently obscure, perplexed, and abrupt; his prose is uniformly smooth and lucid. His verse abounds in solecisms and anacolutha: his prose is, with a very few exceptions, singularly correct, and is marked by much greater purity, both of idiom and phrase. His verse is full of mannerisms, and of mannerisms which are not at all times pleasant: his prose is easy and natural. In a word, his most characteristic prose is, regarded merely as composition, decidedly superior to his most characteristic verse.

Margaret Fuller tells us in one of her letters that in a conversation at which she was once present, Mr. Carlyle gave it as his opinion that Shakespeare would have done far better if he had confined himself to prose. Such an opinion may well be put down as one of those paradoxes in which, in his younger days, the author of "Sartor Resartus" loved to indulge. Even a collection of such delightful stories as the "Decamerone," even a romance like "Don Quixote" or "Tom Jones," would have been a poor exchange for such works as "Lear" or "Othello." And yet, in one way at least, we share Mr. Carlyle's regret. What student of Shakespeare could doubt that that omnipotent genius might, had he so willed it, have accomplished for prose fiction what he has accomplished for the drama—

have been the first of prose novelists, as he is the first of poets? Had he taken up the novel where Greene and Lyly left it, it is not likely that England would have had to wait a century and a half for a genius like Fielding, and more than two centuries for a genius like Walter Scott.

But we must bring this sketch to a conclusion. A careful examination of Shakespeare's prose is still a desideratum, and it would, we are convinced be a welcome accession to our present stock of Shakespearean criticisms. Unless we are much mistaken, such an examination would be, moreover, of inestimable value in affording internal evidence bearing on the chronology of the poet's works. His verse has been scrutinized with ludicrous minuteness: his prose remains virtually without a critic. Our literature has not yet found its Tiraboschi. Indeed, the history of our prose literature has never even been adequately sketched; but of one thing we feel very certain: that whenever such a work appears, the name of the greatest poet the world has ever beheld will be found to hold a high place, not only among the fathers, but among the masters of English prose. To judge him properly, we must judge him relatively.—  
J. CHURTON COLLINS, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

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### IN CHINA TOWN.

A PILGRIMAGE by night, under police escort, through the back slums and the opium-dens of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco did not appear to us a tempting prospect. It conveyed unpleasantly vivid ideas of various offenses to eye, ear, and nose. Darkness and dirt and evil odors did not seem the elements of an enjoyable evening. But we had always understood that it was the duty of every tourist in San Francisco, of whatever age, sex or condition, to undertake this little excursion, and we determined valiantly that the good old motto of "Fais-ce que dois!" should be ours, and in our duty as Englishwomen and tourists we would not fail.

An American gentleman, one of the leading residents of the city, made arrangements for the expedition, and kindly volunteered to share with the police officer, whose company he had secured, the onerous duty of protecting us against the possible dangers of the dens. It was a fine starlight night; such a beautiful, bracing, balmy winter night as only California knows. Kearney street was bright and crowded, its gay shops all a-blaze with lights. But within a stone's-throw of that fashionable thoroughfare lie dingy Dupont and Jackson streets, the main arteries of China Town, and thither led our road.

The first place we visited was a restaurant—the best Chinese restaurant in the city, our escorts informed us. The hour was too early for its habitués to sup, so we walked through “banquet-halls deserted,” and saw an array of empty benches and tables blank as unwritten pages. It was very much like any other first-class restaurant, except for the hieroglyphical Chinese inscriptions on the walls, and the alcoves with cushionless couches for the retirement of opium-smokers. We saw trays full of cakes very like soap; and pats of bright yellow butter, pleasing to the eye; but their rancid odor decided us not to partake of refreshment there.

Our next move was a descent by means of a ladder-like staircase into a cellar where our London breeding led us to expect coals or beer-barrels. Instead of these, lo, a barber's shop! a sleek Chinaman seated like a statue under the barber's hands, two or three other Celestials, newly shaven and shorn, standing around. We passed through this subterranean tonsorial saloon to a subterranean pawnbroker's, very close and stuffy, and dimly lit by one feeble flaring lamp. The pawnbroker smilingly recognized the police officer who led our little company, and invited us behind the counter. The customers, Chinamen all, smiled upon us blandly, as “is their nature to.” If you look at a Chinaman, his face beams with the “simple and childlike” smile immortalized by Bret Harte. Sometimes we wonder what lies behind that smile; sometimes we are suspicious as to the meaning of the words spoken in our presence, amongst themselves, in that to us most incomprehensible tongue. We remember that a favorite epithet of theirs for us is “white devils”—we recall what we have lately often heard about their hatred especially of white women—grounded on an old prophecy handed down from traditional times, that a white woman should be the cause of the downfall of the Chinese empire. We had grown well accustomed to “John” with his pigtail and blouse, his skull-cap and slippers, his feline step and smooth-shorn face, long before we set out upon our evening peregrinations through the Chinese quarter; but although the presence of our Mongolian brothers was nothing new now to us, the insight into their mode of life which we were to have this night had all the bloom of novelty upon it.

The pawnbroker's shop was crammed with every possible object on which a dollar could be raised; there were old clothes by the heap, a goodly array of clocks, and an armory of deadly weapons, pistols, knives of all kinds, from the pocket-penknife up to a pair of murderous-looking blades, with which, our police guide informed us,—exemplifying meanwhile the method of wielding them, one in each hand,—he had known a man to be literally sliced to pieces. We inspected also a handy pocket weapon not unlike a short stout poker bent into a convenient curve for braining an antagonist.

“Almost every one of those fellows has one of these under his

blouse," our escort observed, indicating the group of shaven olive faces which were regarding us with stolid curiosity.

We passed on through this subterranean pawnbroker's into an apartment behind it, unlit, unventilated, very like the steerage cabin of an emigrant steamer, equally evil-odorous; and, if not quite equally crowded, still with more human beings inhaling its heavy, opium-laden atmosphere than the limited amount of room warranted. A double row of wooden shelves, some screened by ragged curtains, ran along each wall; the passage between these comfortless berths was only wide enough to permit us to pass one at a time; and in each birth lay a Chinaman, coiled up or stretched out—like wild animals in their lair, it seemed to us—each with his little lamp and pipe and pot of opium. We watched them take a pinch of the dark jelly-like substance on a wire and melt it over the lamp, then smear it over the aperture in the pipe, and draw it with great deep breaths into the lungs, their long eyes dilating and fixing like a crouching cat's the while.

Everywhere our escort seemed to be known, but the opium-smokers were too much absorbed in their occupation to take any great notice of us. We returned through the adjoining cellars, and climbed up gladly into the lighted street and breathed fresh air again.

We were next led down a long narrow black alley, so black that we had to grope our way, so narrow that we could only walk in single file, so long that by the time we reached the end of it we felt as if we had left the bright busy city of San Francisco a world away. The ground was slimy beneath our feet; the strip of sky was so far above our heads, that we seemed out of sight of the stars. We groped at last to a door whose worm-eaten planks seemed crumbling to decay. A Chinaman with a little oil lamp admitted us—not too willingly, it appeared to me.

We went through room after room, back, back, burrowing back along narrow passages, under low rafters, over slippery and rotting floors. We saw no door, no window, no aperture through which the blessed pure air might find its way. The air that entered with us by the door we had left so far behind seemed to be the first fresh breath that had entered there for hours. Everywhere, dirt and rags and squalor. Everywhere the wretched cupboards or shelves wherein the opium-smokers lay, often two on a shelf; everywhere the strange sickly Oriental opium smell kindly overpowering worse odors; everywhere the strange secretive eyes leering at us cat-like as we looked into their lurking-place.

It was Tophet! We felt we had been carried down into some lower world. The memory of those scenes came back like an evil dream. The various opium-dens, whose dark and repulsive recesses we penetrated, bore a strong family resemblance to each other, the only difference perceptible to us being that we entered some by subterranean, and some by level ways. There appeared, however,



to be grades of reputation among them which we should not have distinguished. Our escort took a pride in pioneering us through the worst places.

"*This*," he said confidentially, with an air of relish, "is a regular den of thieves!"—looking round an underground gallery whose aspect and odor suggested the contents of a London dust-hole, or a New York ash-barrel, but for the kindly overwhelming scent of opium—"and *that*," he observed, when we had emerged into the fresh pure starlit night, indicating a narrow crowded street, "is Murderer's alley! and it's rightly named! That's the haunt of all the most dangerous and desperate characters. From that place we've carried out twenty-three murdered men within the last year or two; and all shot or stabbed in the back!"

During our walk down Murderer's alley we kept closely to our escort, and felt more comfortable when the light shone on his gilt buttons than in those shadowy corners, where it occurred to us as unpleasantly probable that the majesty of the law—under whoseegis we walked confiding—might happen not to be recognized.

We agreed that to create a truly flattering stir and sensation amongst our fellow-creatures, if we count the Mongolian as a man and a brother, we should come to China Town. Nowhere else in the civilized world would our presence have caused so much curiosity and interest—*excitement* is totally incompatible with the Celestial calm. Outside every house as we came out, we would find a crowd of blouses and pigtailed waiting to get a look at us, not staring, nor shoving, nor pushing, but surveying us with a serene and critical gaze.

Our duty in China Town would have been only half done if we had not visited the women's quarters, and such an omission our courteous and attentive escort would by no means have allowed. With the exception of half-a-dozen ladies of high caste, wives of the principal merchants, there are few or none except the most degraded class of women in all the Chinese quarter. These poor creatures are in reality slaves, bought and sold and sent over the sea in slavery, and apparently sunk too low for shame—yet no, not *sunk*; they never sank, they were always down. They sat behind little grated windows, each face pressed curiously against the lattice as we passed. They were all inoffensive, smiling and civil; we saw not one antagonistic look, heard not an unpleasant tone from any of them.

We went into one house where they welcomed us most cordially, smiling and crowding around us, and offering willing hands to help us down the uneven steps. Some of them had their hair elaborately dressed, and were really good-looking young women; others were to our eyes repellently plain. One pretty little girl in a dark-blue blouse, with the loveliest pale olive complexion, and a certain innocence of look that was strange indeed to meet with then and there, especially attracted us. "How old is she? and how long have you

had her?" we asked of the woman who appeared to be the head of the establishment. "He fifteen; him mother sell him two years ago," was the answer; the gender of the pronoun being apparently the last thing in the language the Chinese learn.

In another house of the same class we found some really very nice neatly furnished little rooms; the place was crowded as a rabbit burrow; from every doorway calmly curious faces peered out to inspect us, and into every room we were hospitably invited to enter. They all laughed and chatted amicably. Two young girls, by order of their chief, were exemplifying the use of the chopsticks in a bowl of rice for our entertainment—when a low shrill whistle cut through the buzz of laughter and chat, and in an instant a crowd of Chinese, babbling and gabbling, came rushing from all corners. Our escort turned promptly to the staircase. "That's a fire-alarm," he said quietly. "Come!" We needed no second bidding. Down two flights of narrow stairs, and through a labyrinth of low-ceiled passages, we made the quickest time I ever remember. It turned out to be a false or distant alarm; but in the brief minute since the signal whistle, half-a-dozen policemen seemed to have sprung out of the ground, and the street was crowded.

We visited two or three joss-houses. They were all much alike, dingy carpetless apartments up one or more flights of stairs, with tables covered with handsome vases, candlesticks, and other offerings; panels of rare and curious carving in bas-relief, protected by a grating; tinsel, trays of joss-sticks, incense, a huge gong in one corner, which, when we ventured lightly to touch it, gave forth a deep sepulchral toll; and on the altar, "Joss" in state—a life-sized idol, gorgeously clad, and more or less ugly. In one room was the shrine of a goddess. She was a good woman, "heap good woman," who had been dead three thousand years, and at whose altar women come to pray. We were gratified, and surprised, to find that a woman had been deemed worthy of canonization, and that women were presumably admitted to have souls for which to pray. Perhaps, however, they are supposed only to pray for the souls of their lords.

We had the pleasure of a glimpse into the homes of the higher class of Chinese, the well-to-do merchants, at the celebration of the Chinese New Year, which this year fell on February 9. We set forth to pay a round of New Year visits with two ladies who were well acquainted with one of the merchants, Sam Lee.

Arrived at Sam Lee's residence on the Plaza at the foot of Clay street, our friends sent a China-boy to announce our advent. He disappeared through an open doorway into the dark and mysterious regions below the pavement, whence soon a stout and smiling Chinaman emerged bit by bit, first skull cap and pigtail, then blue blouse, large loose shuffling slippers, till all of him stood on the top-most step, bowing and gracious and full of smiling welcome. This

was Sam Lee. He shook hands with us warmly upon introduction, and invited us down the steep stairs into a large cellar, apparently used as a workshop, only lit of course by the entrance; and consequently sufficiently dark for the various objects in the background to look uncanny and mysterious.

He led us through this into a second cellar, smaller and darker, where several Chinese were sitting and standing about. Our host invited us to be seated, and, blinking through the obscurity, we distinguished chairs and a small table laden with trays, glasses, and decanters. An attendant brought us wine, and a large silver salver, containing various kinds of candied fruit, dried melon seeds, and a delicious white sweetmeat very like Rahat Lokoum or Turkish Delight. The wine, our host informed us, was "Melican wine," adding—"China wine too strong." We should not have been true daughters of Eve if this description had not aroused our curiosity to taste the China wine. We immediately had a tiny glass filled therewith, to which we all just put our lips in turn. We pronounced it good, but a very little of it went a long way. It was like strong liquor, with an orange-peel flavor. We asked what it was made of, and were answered "rice"—our host, as usual, giving "r" the sound of "l."

We passed on into a third cellar, smaller still, where a gentleman reclined on the usual wooden couch, with the usual lamp and pipe, smoking; then into a fourth, which, to complete the *diminuendo* scale, was smallest of all. This was Sam Lee's sleeping apartment. It boasted, for a wonder, of a tiny pane of glass, letting in a feeble ray of light, and actually of a flower, a Chinese lily in a vase. There was rather a handsome bed, a little table, and next to no furniture besides; indeed, there was not room for any. Our friends explained that Sam Lee was only keeping house in bachelor style now.

"He lived in fine style when he had his wives here with him," they said. He has two wives, who are now in China. He has also a history. Some three years ago a reward was offered in China Town for his life, he having given some offense to some unknown person in authority. Such things are not uncommon. We saw one day in a joss-house an inscription, which, being translated to us, was a promise of the favor of the great joss to any person or persons who should remove from this life two given individuals who had the misfortune of being obnoxious to joss. Sam Lee was in the way, and a reward was offered for his being put out of the way. He very sensibly did not wait to be violently removed, but took himself out of the way, and returned to China with his wives.

He came back to San Francisco in time, having, we may presume, received some intimation that he was no longer an obstacle to be got rid of.

Accompanied by Sam Lee, we went to pay a visit to his partner's wife. The streets of China Town were gay with colored lanterns,

and swarming with Celestials in holiday attire. The ubiquitous Eastern tourist, whom we had met prowling about the Joss-houses by night, was here in full force—the male tourist, at least; we saw no ladies in China Town that day but ourselves. They gazed after us with our Chinese escort, especially when we turned up a flight of sawdust-covered stairs, whither one enterprising tourist—whether he was from New York or London I know not—looked strongly inclined to follow us.

Sam Lee led us into a large, airy, well-furnished room—the first such apartment we had seen in China Town—where a little Chinese lady, gorgeously attired, came forward and shook hands with us. She played hostess prettily, offered us chairs, and bade her waiting-maid bring us sweetmeats and wine. She could speak a few words of English, but to our attempts at conversation she only replied by a perpetual ripple of laughter, looking shyly aside, too bashful to talk, but evidently thinking the position an extremely humorous one.

Her hair was wonderful to look upon, brushed off the temples and standing out in large stiff loops like glossy wire. On her head she wore a profusion of gilt leaves and artificial flowers. Her dress, a kind of blouse over a clinging skirt, was of rich blue silk exquisitely embroidered in green and gold. As she became more at home with us, perceiving our interest in her toilette, she showed us that the dress she wore was the outer of five or six similar garments, all of fine silk; she let us look at her wide loose sleeves, sleeve inside sleeve, the under-sleeve of all of white silk edged with pink. She then sent her little maid to fetch some of her other dresses to show us—silks heavy with rare gold embroidery, over which we sighed with envy.

Sam Lee was much pleased at our admiration. He was smoking an elaborate work of art in the shape of a pipe, and on my complimenting him on its beauty, he straightway handed it to me, saying, "You smokee him!" I perceived by his smiling and gracious air that this was a compliment that I was expected to appreciate and accept, and rising to the occasion I took the pipe and doubtfully drew a few experimental breaths. I hoped that it was going to be handed round, and pleased myself picturing the countenances of the other ladies when it came to be their turn to puff at the pipe of peace; but, alas! I was the only one selected for this honor.

Before we left the little Chinese lady kindly consented to show us her tiny feet. If the height of the caste is in inverse ratio to the size of the feet, she must be a lady of very high dignity; for her foot was about as long as my middle finger. The feet are not merely dwarfed, but doubled down at the joint and crushed into a misshapen thing like a hoof, so that the so-called "shoe" they wear is more a bag than a slipper, with a strip of silk wound round and round up to the ankle. The foot is not, as we had previously sup-

posed, cramped in an iron shoe from infancy, but bandaged when the poor little victim is seven or eight years old: the suffering of course is great.

We went next, under Sam Lee's escort, to another apartment on the same floor, to visit a friend of his, a merchant, whose name I forget, but Sing Yang will do as well as any other, and comes quite near enough to the sound. Sing Yang, then, was a very fine specimen of a courteous and dignified gentleman, of a grave and intellectual cast of countenance; he spoke English almost perfectly, and his manner as host might have done credit to any nation. He was clad in a rich blue silk. Sam Lee wore only cotton, being in mourning for his mother, in which case silk is prohibited. In Sing Yang's handsome apartment many guests were assembled, Chinese, of course; some were smoking, all appeared beaming with good nature. As each fresh guest entered, radiant with smiles, and voluble with New Year's greetings, he salaamed, and the host salaamed, and everybody who knew the new arrival salaamed, till a general knocking together of heads seemed imminent, the salute consisting of a clapping together of the hands and bowing forward nearly to the ground. There were two tables loaded with cakes and sweets, and I had a narrow escape of committing a sacrilegious deed. I saw on one table a plate of tempting-looking sweetmeats; and, as others were being handed about and tasted all around the circle, I was about to take one of these candies, when luckily I perceived in time a candle and a joss-stick burning on the table, and realized that these sacred dainties were offerings to the gods.

We mentioned to Sing Yang that we had just had the pleasure of seeing a lady of his nation with tiny feet. "Ah," he responded proudly, "I got one like that! I shall order her come in." He then proceeded to tell us that he had only lately been married; his wife had never beheld a man until she married him, and had never seen a man except himself since. This day, being the New Year, she was to make her first appearance in public, and bring us tea. We waited with interest for the entrance of the bride.

The next time the door opened, however, it was to admit a smiling and salaaming visitor, who led a little white child about three years old. It was dressed as English and American children are, and lisped its pretty imperfect English when we petted it and asked its name. This little Bessie, notwithstanding her English name and English aspect, turned out to be the child of the Chinese who led her by the hand, and who proudly owned the relationship. "Me married Englee lady," he said; and Sing-Yang added confidentially to us that his friend had married an English teacher in a school. Such union is, however, of very, very rare occurrence.

The next arrival who, in answer to Sing-Yang's hospitable "come in" (or the Chinese equivalent to come in!), flung open the door, caused a sensation in the company— that is, as much sensation as

can easily be caused among the calm Chinese. He was a "hoodlum"—that indescribable and especial product of San Francisco, who must be seen to be realized. There he stood, rakish hat, wry necktie, hoodlum from top to toe, while behind him pressed a group of brother hoodlums, all evidently out for a lark. "Come to pay a New Year call!" he said jauntily. Then his eye fell on us, installed in our rocking-chairs, and he hastily took off his hat, from the crown of which fell some cigars. Sing-Yang, to whom the intruders were of course strangers, advanced to them with dignified chill courtesy. "You must excuse me—I have ladies here!" he said, waving his hand towards us. Exeunt hoodlums discomfited, even forgetting to pick up the cigars; but effecting their retreat in good order. Then Sing-Yang bolted the door.

Presently from an inner room the bride at last made her appearance. She was supported by two waiting-maids; she carried a fan in one hand and a tray of little cups of tea in the other. Like her neighbor in the opposite room, she was resplendent in silk and gold embroidery, her cheeks painted with vermilion, and her hair arranged in huge stiff glossy bows. But she was so painfully shy that we could not look in her face, and it would have been positive cruelty to speak to her. She leaned on her maids, and bent her head till her face almost touched the tray she carried, and tried to hide her features entirely behind her fan. Etiquette demanded that she should walk around the circle and offer a cup of tea to every guest, and our hearts were moved to compassion for the poor little bride as she fulfilled her duty, trembling in every limb and hiding her face, her maids guiding her shaking hand as she offered each guest the tea. It was the first time she had seen a man except her husband; and it certainly could not be said that, with her downcast eyes and hidden face, she saw man now.

The tea was served without milk or sugar, with a small plum or raisin in each cup, and was pronounced by such as were epicures in tea—which I am not!—to be delicious.

On our way home from China Town, we passed a group of rough-looking men in soiled and shabby garments, most of them swarthy, bearded and unkempt, standing on the street-corner, apparently having an open-air debate in undertones.

"Kearneyites," whispered one of our party. "Sand-lotters," observed another.

They stared at us as we drew near with rather suspicious than approving glances. We wondered why our party attracted their attention, until we remembered that we all carried in our hands conspicuous red Chinese New Year cards; and that the Kearney cry is, "The Chinese must go!" The Sand-lotters looked at us, and I looked at the Sand-lotters, and speculated inwardly—In whose power would I rather be? in whose power rather see the city that I love?—in that of these men, the Communists of California, the firebrands

of that fair state, the mob incarnate, yet with all of our own blood and our own race—or in that of the smooth, sleek-spoken Chinese, inoffensive, industrious, frugal, patient worker by day, smoking opium in his dark and dirty dens of vice by night—his secret silent life beyond the reach of our laws, beyond the influence of our civilization! It is well that law and order in this city of San Francisco are strong—stronger than either or all of the parties that are struggling for supremacy. For there are turbulent and violent elements here; and the conflict is not over yet.—IZA DUFFUS HARDY, in *Belgravia*.

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### AN EARLY CELTIC COLLEGE.

On the wide space of sea between the south-east coast of Mull and the mainland of Lorne, to the west of Scarba and Jura, there is a group of six small islands called the "Garveloch Islands." They lie out of the steamboat track of tourists to Oban and the Hebrides, and are therefore rarely visited. In the magnificent archipelago which bursts upon the gaze of the traveler as he emerges from the Crinan canal and passes out through the wide portals of the Dorus Mohr, this group of islands may escape notice altogether, and yet when sailing close to them they exhibit some of the finest sea-cliffs on the west coast of Scotland. Rising two or three hundred feet sheer from deep water, they form for nearly three miles, a sublime rampart, on which the elements have carved their grand runes in many a fissure and rugged ledge. Here and there they have crystallized into splendid basaltic columns not unworthy of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway; and at short intervals enormous trap-dykes run up through them, some of which have been excavated by the action of the waves, forming caves and clefts into which the sea dashes with a sullen roar. The natural brown of the basalt is deepened in some places by the beating upon it of incessant tempests into a kind of black bloom, giving to the cliffs a peculiarly stern iron look, repellent of all life; in other places they are brightened by the most brilliant mural vegetation; lichens giving them a golden or hoary appearance, and mosses softening their haggard features with a tinge of verdure. Myriads of sea-fowl have made their nests in the ledges of the precipices; and their white forms may be seen clearly relieved against the dark background, as they rise in clouds frightened by the shouts of the boatmen, and fill the air with their deafening cries. While on some projecting point a scart or green-crested cormorant sits, and stretching forth its long neck looks down at the spectator sailing past with its wild uncanny eye, seeming the very demon of the solitude.

It is hard to realize, what the signs around emphatically indicate,

that this region, so peaceful now, was once the scene of the wildest convulsions. These lofty cliffs were upheaved by subterranean fires, and those mountains of Mull which look so quiet and cold in the serenity of heaven flared as active volcanoes upon the lurid horizon. Soundings here show in one place a sudden abyss six or seven hundred feet deep, and in another a shallow tableland that comes within a few fathoms of the surface, indicating violent plutonic disturbance. The mountains of Mull are supposed to have been no less than 14,000 feet high, excelling Etna in sublimity; and their reduction to their present low level, the highest point having an elevation of less than 3,000 feet, shows to what a tremendous process of denudation they have since been subjected. Judging from the evidence of the curious leaf-beds of Ardtun in the neighborhood, this great volcanic outburst took place at a comparatively recent period of geological history. The fossils found in these remarkably-preserved beds, intercalated between thick deposits of volcanic ashes, are analogous with the existing flora of the eastern sea-board of North America from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Carolina; and they tell us that islands now utterly bare and destitute of wood were at this period covered with luxuriant forests of deciduous trees, ere they were overwhelmed like the neighborhood of Naples with a succession of fiery deluges. If we wish to form some idea how these ancient geological forests looked, we have only to go to any part of eastern North America, where the aboriginal woods have not been cut down. The Puritan fathers saw the very same kind of vegetation when they landed on the shores of New England two centuries ago. Immeasurably older than this volcanic region are Iona and the outer Hebrides with their Laurentian rocks. They are fragments of a lost country, against whose iron shores the unbroken force of the Atlantic dashed at a time when Skye and Mull and the Garveloch Islands lay as mud at the bottom of a wide sound, and the Alps, Himalayas, and Andes, the highest but youngest mountains of the earth, had not yet reared their snowy crests to heaven.

It is most interesting to compare the geological with the civil and ecclesiastical history of this region, and to trace the striking points of resemblance between them. The inconceivable antiquity of the rocks of Iona formed a fitting scene for those primitive Christian missions which go so far back in our short human history, that they seem almost lost in the mists of fable. The later fiery eruptions which played so important a part in the formation of Mull and the Garveloch group were paralleled by the wild scenes of human strife which those places witnessed from the sixth to the fourteenth century. During the time of St. Columba they formed the battleground between the Scots of Dalriada and the heathen Picts, when sanguinary fights between the two rival nations were continually taking place and no human life or possession was safe. Pictish pi-



rates infested the surrounding seas, and ravaged the coasts with fire and sword. On the highest point of one of the Garveloch Islands, called Dunchonnel, perched on the edge of a basaltic cliff, are the scanty ruins of a rude fort, where dwelt a noted sea-robber of the name of Johan, son of royal Conall, who descended from his eyrie at frequent intervals and plundered the island of Mull and the mainland of Ardnamurchan. Then came the Danish and Norwegian invasions, which proved even more disastrous to the inhabitants, and resulted in the subjugation of all the Western Isles to the rule of the Northmen. The whole region is a land of romance, to whose exciting story Sir Walter Scott has given charming poetic expression in his "Lord of the Isles." On almost every projecting trap-rock and prominent headland on this intricate coast, are the remains of strongly fortified castles, erected after the expulsion of the Scandinavians by the fierce Celtic chieftains, whose grim effigies with sword and helmet and coat of mail, we see carved on the tombstones of Iona.

But it is not of fiery eruptions and lawless human passions only that this region witnesses. At the present day the visitor in bright summer weather sees only a paradise of surpassing loveliness reflected in the mirror of a sea as blue as the sky above; and the beauty and tranquillity of nature seem a fit background to that enchanting story of piety and devotion that belonged in the far-off ages to those lonely isles. As out of the faint morning mists that lightly envelope them in July when touched by the rising sun, the islands and coasts emerge, and with a subtle witchery of shyness and boldness reveal their hidden charms, so out of the dim misty ecclesiastical legends that hover around them, shine before the eye of the student of church history the heavenly lives of saints and hermits, who helped by their faith and zeal almost to perpetuate into uninspired times the apostolic age. It is of an episode in this romantic half-fabulous period, which has a charm to the imagination that never palls, that I have now to write.

At the western extremity of the Garveloch group there is a small island separated from its larger neighbor by a narrow strait. Its cliffs are lower, more broken and rugged; and far down over their beetling brows appear patches of grass and wild flowers, which give them a softer appearance. Fronting the mainland, the island rises abruptly in a wall-like face, but at the back it slopes gradually down to the level of the sea. In some places its trap-dykes have been isolated by the action of the tides, and project from the rocks like Cyclopean walls; while at the south end there are deep caves mantled with ivy and huge arches like the fantastic rock scenery of Carisraig, on the opposite shore of Mull. A fringe of rugged rocks, with sharp teeth-like projections, standing out in the water, guards it on the western side; with tortuous channels, running in among them to the shore like the reef around a coral island. By the natives of

the district this island is called "Eilean na Naomh," or the "Isle of Saints." It has been identified almost beyond doubt as the "Insula Hinba" or "Hinbina," to which Adamnan refer in his "Life of St. Columba," as one of the islands on which the great Celtic apostle had founded his earliest monasteries. From time immemorial it has enjoyed a sacred reputation, a "religio loci." Before the time of St. Columba it was probably, like Iona, the seat of so-called Druidic worship, of whatever kind of nature-cult the primitive inhabitants had favored. St. Brendan, whose name is still commemorated in that of the neighboring parish of Kilbrandon, had placed upon it a Christian establishment, supposed to have been a college for training preachers of the gospel, previous to its occupation by the monastery of St. Columba; and this establishment was in all likelihood swept away in the severe struggle between the Picts and the Dalriadic Scots in the year 560, which ended in the defeat of the latter. The old Gaelic word for college, viz., Aileach, is still preserved in the name of Elachnave, by which the island is best known in our guide-books. Between it and Oronsay there was once a close ecclesiastical connection; its parsonage and vicarage teinds having, previous to 1630, belonged to the celebrated priory of that island, which in its turn was an appanage of Holyrood Abbey near Edinburgh. Latterly it has been included in the parish of Jura. For many centuries it has been uninhabited; and with the exception of shepherds who pay an occasional visit to it to look after their sheep, and a few zealous antiquaries who land on its shores at long intervals—its stern silence is never disturbed by the presence of man.

Owing to this seclusion the island has almost entirely escaped the notice of the world; but next to Iona it is one of the most interesting places in Scotland to the student of sacred archaeology. Having heard incidentally of its wonderful ecclesiastical ruins, I determined to see them for myself. Happening to be staying two summers ago at Easdale with Mr. Whyte, the hospitable and intelligent manager of the famous slate quarries there, he placed one of the company's steamers at my disposal. We went first to Oronsay, and spent the day in inspecting the interesting remains of the priory there, with its well-preserved cloisters, grand cross, and richly sculptured tombstones, not much inferior to those in the famous churchyard of Reilig Oran. Returning late in the afternoon to Elachnave, the steamer lay at the back of the island, at a safe distance from the jagged outer rocks, over which the swell of the sea broke in foam. Descending into a small boat, we rowed a long way to shore, entering in between the rocks by a narrow lane of water which shallowed gradually, and was paved at the bottom with white pebbles. The primitive wicker boats covered with hides, in which the early Scottish saints went from island to island to carry on their missionary work, could land here without running any risk from the surf of the Atlantic. Landing on the soft turf, we saw before us looming

vaguely through the evening shadows that were beginning to fall, the objects of our quest. In a wide hollow, between two parallel ridges of rock that stretched across the middle of the island, formed by the erosion of several closely contiguous trap-dykes, when the island was at a lower level and the sea broke over it, we saw a series of gray walls ascending one beyond the other up the slope. One could tell at a glance that this spot had been long inhabited, for the grass on the terraces was green as an emerald and smooth as velvet, contrasting strikingly with the bare rocks that everywhere came to the surface. The nettle and the dock, too, grew in the sheltered places, those strange social plants that follow everywhere in the footsteps of man, and indicate even in the loneliest wilderness where his home had been. Close to the shore, at the foot of the slope, we came upon the well, to which the reverence of ages has given the name of Tobhair. Columkill, the well of St. Columba. It was just beyond the reach of the tide; but the winter storms doubtless often dashed the salt spray into it. Around its margin, almost touching the olive seaweeds, the products of another element, grew the wild thyme, crimsoning the turfy bank with its blossoms, and the little euphrasy with its mystic associations; and in the very baptism of the water was a bed of wild cress and a tuft of blue-eyed forget-me-nots, keeping alive at the same time the memory of the azure sky from whence their beautiful tints had come, and of the saintly men whose devoted lives had consecrated the spot. Like the patriarchs who encamped around a well in the desert, the Celtic hermits had built their monastery near this well, the only fresh water on the island. Still and quiet, deep and cool as that well was their own life here; like the margin of flowery verdure which its waters nourished was the influence which that monastery exercised amid the dreary pagan waste. All around had changed; but this silver link with the remote generations remained the same. We could drink from its clear refreshing cup to-day, as St. Columba had done thirteen centuries ago,

Above this well in a sheltered nook we found a cluster of ruins, which looked at first sight like the wrecks of a long-neglected sheep-fold, or a rude farm-steading. But a closer inspection revealed their true character. They were evidently ecclesiastical remains of great antiquity. Nearest us was the largest and most perfect building, beyond doubt a primitive chapel oratory. The walls were roofless and destitute of gables, but were otherwise almost entire. They measured twenty-five feet by fifteen, and were fringed at the top with large hanging tufts of sea spleenwort and polypody, and shaggy with masses of gray filamentous lichen, such as grows upon rocks at the sea-shore. They were built without mortar, in the most compact and admirable manner, of squared pieces of slate, procured from one of the neighboring islands. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of the structure, presenting no architectural detail except a square-headed

doorway in the west end, a small window, splayed on both sides, in the east end, and on the south side a projecting shelf, which probably indicated the site of an altar. To the east of the chapel were several square inclosures, communicating with each other, which formed in all probability the domestic part of the establishment. A little way beyond, on the rising ground, we found a very curious building in a good state of preservation, with one end semicircular and the other square and gabled. It had a doorway on each side, but no traces of windows. In the inside the floor of the semicircular part was considerably raised above the rest; another had a round hole in the center communicating with a small chamber below. This has been identified as a kiln for drying corn. Below the chapel in the middle of the greensward we nearly stumbled into what seemed an underground cell of irregular oval shape and very small dimensions. Its roof was formed by heavy slabs of stone laid across the walls and covered with turf, and the entrance was by a hole almost level with the ground. In rainy weather it is often half full of water.

We examined this little group of buildings with profound interest; for there is every reason to believe that they are the very ruins of the first monastery which St. Columba himself founded after that of Iona. Upwards of thirteen hundred years have passed quietly over them in this forgotten ocean solitude. They are among the very oldest ecclesiastical remains in Scotland; and their preservation is owing not only to the seclusion and loneliness of their situation, but also to the fact that, contrary to the custom of the time, they were constructed of stone. The religious edifices which St. Columba and his followers had erected in Iona were built of oaken planks, or consisted of strong wooden stakes driven into the ground, intertwined with wands, and plastered on the outside and inside with clay. The monastery was called by an old writer "*gloriosum cœnobium*"; but its glory certainly did not lie in its architecture. The church was simply a log house, and the dwellings of the saints clustered around it were mere wigwams. Adamnan speaks of St. Columba sending forth his disciples on one occasion to gather bundles of twigs, and to cut down stakes to build his hospice. St. Ninian had, indeed, a hundred and sixty years earlier, constructed at Whithorn in Galloway, by the aid of masons whom he obtained from St. Martin of Tours on his way home from Rome, a little church and monastery of stone, called *Candida Casa* from the whiteness of its walls. It was built twenty-three years before the final departure of the Romans from Britain, and could not therefore have been the first stone building erected in this country, for the houses and temples of the Romans were all constructed of solid stone or brick. But it was in all likelihood the first native structure built of stone, and must have been a great wonder in those days of wattled huts and wooden stockades. St. Kentigern originated the cathedral of St. Asaph in Wales in the sixth century as a wooden church, after the

manner of the Celts. And even the missionaries who went abroad carried with them this custom of building churches of wood. In the wooden oratory of Bobbio, afterwards famous for its collection of ancient manuscripts, St. Columbanus, early in the seventh century, reproduced in classic Italy the rude type of Scottish and Irish ecclesiastical architecture. The Celts were woodlanders, finding in the extensive forests that covered the country their houses and their food. Occupied with the chase, and supported by the spontaneous produce of the earth, they never dreamed of stone edifices or felt the want of them. The first Christian missionaries therefore endeavored to estrange the minds of the natives from their old idolatry by building wooden churches after the model of the native dwellings, differing from them only in being larger and more substantial. And when afterwards the fashion of building them of stone came in, the innovation was resented by a large conservative party. Constructed of such perishable materials, the primitive ecclesiastical buildings speedily disappeared, being set on fire in those troublous times, or yielding to the natural process of decay. No trace can now be seen in Iona of the original monastic buildings which St. Columba had founded; their very site can only with the greatest difficulty and uncertainty be made out, and the grand cathedral ruins which now dignify the spot are the remains of stone buildings, constructed at a much later date and especially adapted to the Romish ritual. The ecclesiastical remains on Elachnave which have survived to our own day are therefore important as indicating what must have been the nature and relative position of the parent institution at Iona, upon the plan of which they were modeled.

To the west of the oratory there are two large square inclosures covered with long coarse grass. The walls that surround them in most places are embedded in the turf, and only rise a foot or two above the ground. The one nearest the church was evidently an old garden where the monks cultivated a few simple herbs which they required for food. The fact that there was a kiln for drying corn in connection with the buildings indicated that the brethren cultivated this grain, a task which must have been attended with considerable difficulty, considering how scanty was the arable soil on the island, and how rainy and boisterous the climate. Agriculture and the tending of cattle were the principal out-door pursuits with which they diversified their sacred exercises. With the labor of their own hands they procured their food—which was very simple, consisting of oaten or barley bread, milk, eggs, and fish, enriched on festal days, or on the arrival of special guests, by an addition of mutton or beef to the principal meal. The inclosure beyond was undoubtedly an ancient churchyard. This was an essential feature in the monastic establishments of St. Columba. Every one of them, like the original one at Iona, had its cemetery adjoining the church. And while all else belonging to the primitive Celtic church has dis-

appeared, the numerous old burying-grounds throughout the country, which it had consecrated beside the cells of its saints remain to this day hallowed by the memories and affections of many generations. Some of these burying-grounds, however, have a history of their own, and an antiquity far more venerable than that of the saint's cell or the church connected with them. They were hypæthral temples consecrated to pagan mythology long before the introduction of Christianity; and in Christian times they were open-air sanctuaries in which our forefathers worshiped centuries before any of our parish churches were built. The oldest architectural erection upon them was the cross of wood or stone, which the wandering preacher set up as a rally-point for the people, and to hallow the place of their meeting. If Elachnave, as we have every reason to believe, was a primitive seat of pagan worship long before the time of St. Brendan or St. Columba, then the burying-ground beside the oratory must have been the consecrated part of the island. And in all likelihood the Celtic saints erected their own structures on it because of its immemorial sacredness, displacing the original dark superstitions by the blessed rites of Christianity. Only a few rude stones covered with gray lichens, without date or inscription, now mark the spot where some unknown dust reposes. The cross is carved on some of them; and its simple shape, contrasting so strikingly with the elaborate sculptures of the Iona tombstones and the sepulchral monuments in the priory of Oronsay, shows that this graveyard is of far more ancient date than anything that can now be seen in those famous haunts. On a subsequent occasion we took with us a pick and shovel and excavated some of the most promising graves, when we came, between two and three feet below the surface, upon more ornate headstones of slate of a later date, some of which had the Celtic cross and the other well-known Iona sculptures. There is one large massive slab of slate lying near the oratory, unfortunately broken in two, with the tree of life and some other elaborate patterns carved upon it, which must have been taken from the burying-ground, where it doubtless covered the grave of some prominent dignitary of the church. Macculloch mentions that when he visited the island there were numerous richly sculptured stones standing in the place. These must either have been removed or have sunk out of sight in the soil during the interval, for there are now none above ground. Rank grass mixed with luxuriant bracken and the common weeds of the waste cover the inclosure, which is indeed God's acre, for it has long passed out of the keeping of man, and no human hand for ages has tended the graves of the forgotten dead. We can hardly suppose that the use of the cemetery was restricted to the members of the monastic institution on the island. It is filled from end to end with graves, and it seems improbable that so many interments could have been furnished by the monastery alone during the comparatively short period of its history. The holy reputation of the

place would make it widely attractive; and it would be eagerly sought as a burying-place by the inhabitants of the mainland and of the surrounding islands, just as Iona was sought. Island-churchyards besides were always favorite burying-places, originating doubtless in the greater security from the ravages of wolves which they afforded; the mainland in primitive times being covered with impenetrable forests and swamps, in which roamed wild beasts from which no grave could be secure. Layman and cleric, saint and serf, may therefore have here mingled their dust together; and over them all alike the lonely wind, as it sweeps through the blades of the long grass, sings its requiem. There is nothing mournful, however, in such a cemetery. The breath of the ages has winnowed away all the sadness; the wounds which death inflicted have long ago been healed by his own hand; and the weepers for many centuries have been with the wept. Human sorrows here are but as the inarticulate sounds of the desert; human affections but as the fleeting tints on a sunset cloud; human memories but as the lights and shadows that flit over a mountain slope. We can think of man's death here as we think of the decay of nature; and the life that has been lived so long ago that it is to us but a bodiless dream, seems like the herbs of the field that grow out of its dust, which flourish in the morning and in the evening are cut down and withered. Human remains and the relics of past summers seem here to have the same value; and in vain is the inclosure separated from the common hillside. Nature has trodden down its walls, obliterated its suggestive mounds, effaced its carvings with her lichens and mosses, and brought all that was human in it back to the level of her own universal bosom; and over all, her own life and man's death, she breathes her benison of changeless peace. It is the cross alone that distinguishes the unconsciousness of human life from the unconsciousness of nature. And what a trophy of everlasting victory is that! Nature cannot keep for ever in her embrace, though she has done so for many ages, the life for which Jesus died. While we muse here upon the decease which was accomplished at Jerusalem, we feel indeed that none who fall asleep beneath the shadow of the cross can perish; for the shadow of the cross is the shadow of God.

At the top of a green grassy hillock in the neighborhood, overlooking the shore, there is a heap of loose stones, in the midst of which a square slab of stone projects, marked with a simple incised cross. Local tradition points out this spot as the grave of Eithne, the mother of St. Columba. This remarkable woman was the daughter of Dima, son of Ner, descended from Cathaeir Mor, King of Leinster, and afterwards of all Ireland. Her family for several generations seems to have been distinguished for their piety and talents, and shone in that rude remote age like lights in a dark place. Her brothers, Ernan and Virgnous, were among the most devoted supporters of their illustrious nephew in his missionary en-

terprise. Her nephew, St. Conan, was also a distinguished pupil of St. Columba, and his name still appears on the cross at Campbeltown, and is connected with the church of Kilchonan in the Rhinns of Islay. Like Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, Eithne, the mother of St. Columba, had a powerful influence in determining the bent of her son's inclination towards the Church. Indeed, as we learn from the interesting book called the "Félire of Aengus the Culdee Saint," written in the ninth century, nearly all the Scotch and Irish saints were indebted to their mothers for their training for a holy life. Before her child was born Eithne made him the subject of constant prayer. She dreamed one night that an angel presented to her a garment of the most beautiful texture and varied hues. This gift, however, he afterwards took away; and as it flew through the sky it continued to unfold and extend itself over mountains and plains, until at length it covered a space which her eye could not measure. Finding what she had once possessed thus gone out of her reach, she was grieved exceedingly at her loss, but the angel comforted her by saying that the expanding garment was a symbol of the teaching of the child that should be born to her, which would spread over all Ireland and Scotland and be the means of bringing an innumerable company of souls to heaven. Like Hannah of old, she dedicated her little Samuel to the Lord from his very infancy; and one can imagine with what tender solicitude such a mother would watch over and mark the early indications of piety and talent in a child, whose birth was heralded by such wonderful auguries. We know nothing regarding her subsequent career except that she lived to see her son fulfilling the promise of his childhood, and fully justifying all the predictions concerning his future greatness.

It must not be forgotten that the brethren at Elachnave were not monks in the sense in which the word is usually understood. They were not associated together for the express purpose of observing a certain monastic rule; but they imposed special regulations upon themselves for the promotion of order; and their chief object for living in fellowship was to impart instruction and prepare candidates for the post of the ministry. The institution was therefore, properly speaking, not a monastery, but a seminary of sacred learning, a center of missionary enterprise. From time to time suitably qualified men were sent out from this island in all directions to preach the gospel, to baptize converts, to visit and heal the sick, and to instruct the ignorant. Theirs was not the idle life of mere recluses who had abandoned the duties of society for the sake of selfish ease. Not for purposes that terminated in themselves did they cultivate in seclusion their natural gifts and spiritual powers. Like a streamlet that diffuses to the populous dwellers on its banks far down in the valley the blessings it has gathered from the clouds in the lonely places among the hills, so these monks retired from the



world that they might communicate to men in their own busy haunts the high thoughts that had come to them from the inspiration of the desert. But this use of solitude as a preparation for an active missionary life in the crowd soon gave place to the love of it for its own sake as a means of personal holiness. An increasing asceticism was regarded as a high type of Christian virtue, and this influence gradually led the brethren to sever themselves from the common or coenobitical life of the fraternity, and either to build for themselves solitary cells near the monastery, or to retire altogether into the wilderness. At first many ecclesiastics were married men, although partially separated from their wives by their religious duties; but at the close of the age of St. Columba and subsequently, a more pretentious morality made its appearance, and complete celibacy was practiced by those who aspired to the highest degree of perfection. In the sixth and seventh centuries the old monastic church had become almost entirely eremitical in Scotland. No other type of excellence save that which was developed in complete solitude was prized, or even existed, and to become religious in those days simply meant to become a recluse or hermit. The teaching and example of the first great hermits—St. Paul of Thebes and St. Anthony—had reached the Western Isles and had there awakened an enthusiastic response. We read of Cormac na Leathan and other disciples of St. Columba sailing forth over the northern ocean to find in some far-away island a desert spot where there might be no trace or recollection of man, and failing in the attempt—so widely had the eremitic fever spread and taken possession of every available place. The famous legend of St. Brendan and his seven years' voyage in search of "the land promised to the saints," which stirred up many an adventurous spirit to navigate the western seas, and perhaps filled the mind of Columbus, long afterwards, with the hopes which led to the discovery of America, was, as Kingsley well observes, but a dream of the hermit's cell—of the ideal of an earthly paradise where no echo of man's life ever intruded. It was this intense craving for solitude that induced the disciples of St. Columba to forsake the parent institution at Iona and build an establishment in the deeper seclusion of Elachnave. But, as Dr. Skene has remarked, even the little society immured on that desert island was too large a world for some of the more meditative and ascetic spirits of the fraternity. While still living in the island, and retaining their connection with the monastery, they sought frequent opportunities of retiring for a time to a separate building for solitary prayer or for penitential exercises, during which they held no intercourse with their brethren.

Of this curious mode of life there is a very interesting relic still preserved in the island. A short distance below the cluster of monastic ruins, on a grassy slope not far from the shore, are the remains of two circular, dome-shaped buildings joined together. They

are built of loose stones, without any cement, overlapping each other and coming to a point in the roof. The walls are very thick and strong, and have been so firmly and artistically constructed that part of the beehive-roof of the smaller one still suspends its curve in the air, having defied the storms of centuries. On the outside it is covered with mold and sods, and blends almost insensibly with the turf hill-side. The larger structure, which is half demolished, is internally fourteen feet in diameter, and opens upon the outside by means of a square-shaped doorway facing southwest, another similar doorway communicating between the two buildings at the point of junction. So low was the entrance, that one was required to creep on all fours in order to gain admission. The walls were blackened with the smoke of fires kindled by fishermen, who from time to time were forced to take refuge in this place by stress of weather. By them these beehive cells are well known as "The Ovens," to which, indeed, they bear a considerable resemblance. The place in which this curious building is situated seems, according to Adamnan, to have been anciently called Muirbulmar; and in one of the cells, as we learn from the same authority, St. Feargne, or Virgnous, the maternal uncle of St. Columba, led a hermit's life for twelve years, "as a victorious soldier of Jesus Christ," after having lived for many years previously "without reproach in obedience" among the brethren at Iona. Similar eremitical remains, belonging to the same or to a subsequent age, still exist among the Hebrides, in the islands of St. Kilda and Rona, in the Flannan islands to the west of Lewis, and in Inchcolm in the Firth of Forth. Lord Dunraven, in his magnificent work entitled "Notes on Irish Architecture," exhibits most interesting photographs of those which have been found in Ireland. These singular dwellings are called by the modern Irish "clochans"; in ancient times they were known as carcair, a word identical with the Latin carcer, a prison. In some places only one cell is found, where the lonely inmate lived a life "by heaven too much oppress." In other places two or more cells were built beside each other. In the island of Ardoilleen, off the west coast of Ireland, several separate cells are seen inclosed by a circular uncemented stone wall, in which a number of hermits lived an individual recluse life, as distinct from the coenobitical life of the monastery. The two cells joined together at Elachnave are a striking example of the transition between the solitary abode of the hermit and what may be called the social eremitical establishment. We are reminded by the social life of these "solitaries" of the parallel instance in the romance of King Arthur, where Sir Bedevere and Sir Launcelot, after they lost their lord, lived with seven other noble knights for six years in great penance in a hermitage between two hills. To the single cell of the solitary and the clustered cells of the congregated hermits, the common name of disert was given, a name which survives in Dy-

sart, a small town in Fifeshire, so called because of the eremitical cell of St. Serf in its neighborhood. At Iona there is a small burying-place, south of the ruins of the cathedral, still called "Cladh an Disear," near which is a harbor called "Port an Disear." These local names preserve the memory of a hermitage which once existed in this place, to which some of the brethren of the monastery retired for a time into a deeper solitude. In after ages cells were built against the wall of a church, called reclusoria or anchorholds, where the devotee immured himself for life. Traces of such living tombs, in which women as well as men spent their whole life in prayer and meditation, may still be seen in connection with many of the old parish churches of England and Ireland, such as Ritten-don in Essex, Clifton Campville in Staffordshire, Chipping Norton, Oxon, and Warrington in Warwickshire. The position of such anchorholds as have entirely vanished is often indicated by curious little windows which occur in many old churches in various situations and at various heights, called "low side windows." Some of these windows are simple square openings, which were never glazed, and were closed only by shutters; others have a stone transom across, the upper part of which is glazed and the lower closed by a shutter. The hermit who lived inside the church could have light from the glazed portion of the window, while through the unglazed part he could receive his food from those appointed to wait upon him and hold communication with the outer world. Others of these low side windows would enable an anchorite living outside the church to watch the worship of the sanctuary within, and to receive the holy communion through the opening. It is some window of this kind that is alluded to in the romance of "Prince Arthur." "Then Sir Launcelot armed him, and took his horse, and as he rode that day he saw a chapel where was a recluse which had a window that she might see up to the altar; and all aloud she called Sir Launcelot, because he seemed a knight errant." Rules were laid down for the construction of such anchorholds. Bishop Poore describes in his "Ancren Riewle" the kind of life that was lived in these cells; and a special liturgical service was appointed in connection with the immuring of the occupants, as we find in the "Salisbury Manual," and in the pontifical of Lacy, bishop of Exeter.

The two beehive cells at Blachnave remind us of a curious custom in connection with the discipline of the St. Columban Church. When any one of the brethren was guilty of some grave offense, he was obliged to seclude himself, with a member of the fraternity distinguished for his piety, whom he made his anamchar or soul-friend, and implicitly obeyed in the performance of the special exercises prescribed for his restoration. Perhaps these cells were made use of for this penitential purpose, as well as for the practice of extreme asceticism on the part of those who led blameless lives.

Another punishment often inflicted for light offenses was the recitation of the whole or part of the Psalter, with the body entirely immersed in water. This penance may have been carried out in the curious underground cell near the oratory, which, as I have said, is often half filled with water during rainy weather. I was informed by some of the old people at Easdale that thirty or forty years ago, a curious stone was found near these beehive cells with a narrow aperture in it, which was used in the administration of justice. The accused was required to put his hand through it, when if innocent he could withdraw it easily, but if guilty his hand became swollen to such an extent that he was held fast. This Celtic ordeal recalls the similar one in connection with the famous marble mask, known as the "Bocca della Verita," in the portico of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin in Rome. Doubtless both were derived from the same primitive source, and belonged to the original pagan symbolism which underlay alike the Christianity of Rome and of this remote island of the Hebrides. We searched diligently for this interesting relic among the cairns of loose gray stones lying around, but were unsuccessful.

Besides the performance of their religious duties, two other occupations diversified the monotonous existence of the brethren of Elachnave. One was the practice of the healing art. And just as the heads of monasteries in the St. Columban Church, like the Aaronic priesthood were descended from the same family, and attained to their office by hereditary succession, being known for several hundred years as "the Coarbs of Columcille," so those who practiced medicine among them perpetuated a family of doctors, in which medical skill was an inheritance of birth. Certain families in Islay and Mull, the "Olla Heach" and "Olla Muileach," produced famous physicians up to the end of last century. The other occupation alluded to was the copying of manuscripts. St. Columba had inspired all his followers with his own ardent love of books. No labor in the monastic institutions was regarded with greater honor than the writing of service-books for the use of the various churches which rapidly sprang up throughout the land. To the elaborate ornamentation of copies of the Gospels and Psalters, many years were devoted by the skillful and patient transcribers. At Elachnave there was doubtless a library of such classic and Christian literature as existed in those days. Possibly some of the manuscripts in this island and at Iona, rescued from destruction at the Reformation, found their way to the colleges of Douay and Ratisbon, or even to the vast literary storehouse of the Vatican, where they may still lie hid along with the unknown spoils of the Celtic monastery of Bobbio in Italy, waiting for some future Cardinal Mai to discover them. A few of the manuscripts of the St. Columban monasteries of the sixth and seventh centuries survive to this day. The famous Psalter called the "Cathack" or Book of Battle, which St. Columba copied without

permission from the original, in the possession of Finnian of Moyville, and which was the cause of the battle that led to his expulsion from Ireland, is now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, inclosed in its silver reliquary. The copy of the Evangelists called the "Book of Durrow," which belonged to St. Columba's principal Irish monastery of that name, in the county of Meath, and the "Book of Kells," traditionally known as the "Great Gospel of Columcille," are preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, where I had lately the pleasure of carefully examining them, through the kindness of the accomplished librarian. Both these manuscripts are remarkable specimens of the vast skill and labor bestowed by the St. Columban transcribers upon the embellishment of the Scriptures. But the "Book of Kells" is by far the more wonderful of the two. The elaborate beauty and extraordinary richness and intricacy of its illuminations, transcend all previous ideas of such work, and fill every one who examines them with astonishment and admiration. It is worthy of the veneration which it has received for nearly thirteen hundred years as one of the principal Christian relics of the western world.

The loss of the manuscripts, chartularies, and treasured records of a remote antiquity at Iona, during the destructive storm of the Reformation, is deeply to be regretted on many grounds. Had they survived they would doubtless have thrown much light upon the history of the institution at Elachnave. As it is, we know very little indeed of the events that transpired in this secluded place, or of its subsequent fate when the Culdees, persecuted by their inexorable enemies of the Romish Church, and expelled from the outposts in the surrounding isles, were finally driven away from their last stronghold in Iona. Of its early history a few dim traces may be incidentally found in Adamnan's life of St. Columba. This author mentions that St. Columba sent Ernan, his uncle, to preside over the monastery he had founded in this island. Being an aged man, however, he did not long exercise his office. Feeling himself seriously ill, he desired to be taken back to Iona, that he might die within the hallowed precincts of the institution he loved so well. St. Columba set out from his cell to the landing-place to meet his aged relative, as he feebly attempted to walk the short intervening distance. But when there were only twenty-four paces between them, Ernan suddenly fell down to the ground, and breathed his last before St. Columba could see his face; and on the fatal spot a cross was raised to commemorate his death. St. Columba frequently visited the monastery at Elachnave, and exercised over its affairs a paternal surveillance. Adamnan speaks of the church where he ministered, and of the house which he occupied on such occasions, which may be identified with the existing remains. It was while living here at one time that he was raised into a rapt ecstatic state like St. John in Patmos, and for three days and nights

he neither ate nor drank, nor suffered any one to approach him. The house in which he dwelt was filled with heavenly brightness, and through the chinks of the doors and keyholes rays of surpassing brilliancy were seen to issue during the night. Certain spiritual songs also, which had never been heard before, he was heard to sing. He came to see, as he allowed in the presence of a very few afterwards, many secrets hidden from men since the beginning of the world fully revealed. Here, too, he received a deputation of four holy founders of monasteries, who had come from Ireland to visit him. Congall of Bangor and Cainneach of Achaboe, the two who had accompanied him in his first visit to King Brude, Brendan of Clonfert, and that Cormac, who, as I have said, undertook in vain a perilous voyage in the North Sea in search of a solitary island in which he might place a hermitage. Here, too, occurred a picturesque incident, told by Adamnan, and poetically adorned by Montalembert in his "Monks of the West." When about to excommunicate the sons of Connal, notorious freebooters and prosecutors of the Church, one of their associates rushed upon St. Columba to kill him with his spear. A monk called Finlughan, clothed in the saint's cowl, stepped in between the intending murderer and his victim. The spear failed to pierce the cowl, as if it had been a coat of mail, and the monk remained unhurt. Lambh-des, the assassin, fancying that he had slain his victim, fled immediately. Exactly one year after this St. Columba, in Iona, said: "This day twelve months ago, Lambh-des did his best to slay Finlughan when he took my place; to-day he himself is slain." And so it turned out. That very day Lambh-des was slain by one Cronan, who, it is said, discharged his weapon in the name of the saint.

A spot more lonely, more secluded from the ordinary associations of human life, from the common sights and sounds of nature itself, than the site of these ruins, it is impossible to imagine. The landscape is reduced to its simplest elements. It is a mere sketch or outline of that which in other places has been filled up. No streamlet animates the scene with its bright sparkle and cheery murmur; no tree or bush makes a sanctuary of shadow and mystery in the naked waste; nothing but the bare rock with its infrequent patches of verdure meets the eye, over which the wind wails with almost human plaintiveness. Everything speaks only of eternal endurance—the rocks around, the sky overhead, the sea beyond. On the shore the wave beats unweariedly in its ceaseless ebb and flow, as it has done for untold ages. It is the throb of nature's great pulse that counts no minutes in its everlasting youth. No conspicuous foliage indicates the passage of the seasons by its kindling buds in spring, and its fading tints in autumn; and the weeds and wild flowers are too small and hidden to register to the eye the changes of the year. Save by a tenderer tinge that comes upon the herbage in the early year, and a sadder brown that overshadows it at the close—save by

the wilder or softer voice of wind and wave, by the darker or brighter aspect of sea and sky, by the longer or shorter light, the seasons are indistinguishable, and one perpetual autumn broods over the place. Man's life here becomes a part of the eternal monotony of nature. The repose of body and spirit, the conformity of the order of human life with the beautiful order of God's works, which weary hearts out of monasteries consider the ideal blessedness, could here be enjoyed in fullest measure. The life of the lichen on the rock could not be more impassive. The great world comes only to the verge of the mainland; and the larger islands loom so faintly in the distance, that they bring no suggestions of human tears and strife to disturb the solitude. The toiling generations that in long succession sow, and reap, and struggle are forgotten. Only with God's sea and sky, on which man can make no impression and leave no trace, is the wide horizon filled. The sunrise opens up every day its mystic visions of the apocalyptic city; the sunset flecks its path of gold over the placid waters leading to the gates of the west, where human vision ends in the blinding glory; and the far mountains flushed with the dying daylight awaken thoughts of the everlasting hills "beyond which God's divinest secrets lie."

It may be that the Celtic monks had no power of admiring natural scenery. They lived long before that faculty, which is a product of modern times, was developed. The solemn purpose of their lives might have put into the background all thoughts of beauty either in the works of nature or of man. But still they could not be altogether unconscious of the romantic surroundings of their retreat. St. Columba selected Iona for its convenient position, and the special advantages which it offered for carrying on his mission; but we have reason to believe that he who was in other things so far before his time, was not insensible to the picturesqueness of the spot itself, and the incomparable views of the archipelago of islands of which it formed the center. And something of the same mind must have possessed the disciples of this gifted seer who lived in the monastery of Elachnave. Dreary and monotonous as was their narrow home, it had a grand outlook. Following the broad rift occasioned by the erosion of the trap-dyke, in which the ruins are situated, to the summit, a great window opens up there between stupendous walls of rock that plunge sheer down into the sea. This window frames, for one half the horizon, one of the grandest views in Scotland. But from the height above it the eye can see all around the horizon—and nothing can exceed the magnificent sweep of sea and shore which it embraces. Eastwards Ben Cruachan and the shoulder of Ben Nevis appear in view. In the south-west the rocky ramparts of Scarba and the twin Paps of Jura alternately appear and disappear through their wreaths of clouds. Due west the dark blue line of Colonsay breaks the monotony of the Atlantic billows at their utmost verge. And northwards the shores of Mull, with their near

basaltic cliffs and distant far-extending headlands, slope up to the lofty cone of Ben More in the interior. That wide horizon to the monks of old must have been a transfiguration scene in which the most varied effects of light and shade, peace and storm, would be constantly displayed. Every sound would be in harmony with the transcendent vision; and after the still small voices of the wind on the height and the wave on the shore would come at intervals through the solemn silence thus accentuated the thunder roar of the vexed whirlpool of Corryvreckan; and the spectator would be irresistibly urged—like Elijah at Horeb—to cover his face with his mantle before the greatness of God.—HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., in *Fraser's Magazine*.

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### THE OLDEST STATE IN EUROPE.

THAT the smallest and the oldest of European governments should be combined in one is in itself a curious fact; that this government should be engulfed, so to speak, in the middle of Italy, with principalities, duchies, and kingdoms whirling around it like leaves driven by a winter's storm, adds force to this political phenomenon; but that so little is known and so little veneration paid to this Methuselah amongst states is perhaps the most extraordinary feature in its existence amongst us in the nineteenth century.

For this is a community whose authentic history dates from the days of Pepin, father of Charlemagne, and whose legendary history carries us back to the days when the persecutions of the Roman Emperor Diocletian drove a pious anchorite to the mountains in the neighborhood of Rimini, there to form a semi-ecclesiastical community, which still retains its primitive simplicity both in constitution and customs.

San Marino is the name of this Lilliputian state; it has a population of eight thousand souls, an area of sixteen square miles; it is governed by two captains, it has secretaries of state for home and foreign affairs, and above all it has a most exemplary chancellor of its limited exchequer, who has invariably an annual balance to place at his country's disposition.

Here, indeed, is a field for a modern Gulliver; the whole atmosphere of the place is, politically speaking, Lilliputian, and one longs to people the solitary mountain which occupies almost the whole of the republic with dwarfs and beings of another world. Strange to say, in Roman days this mountain was known as the "Titanic rock;" here, amongst the upheaval of strata and yawning chasms of tufa, the ancients conjured up a race of giants, ambitious in their greatness to overthrow the King of Heaven; whilst now we



find existing on this very spot the most pigmy of states. As the scene of a fairy tale San Marino would offer the facilities of a Brobdingnag and a Lilliput all in one.

Curiosity led me to this mountain Republic, curiosity led me to examine its history and its constitution, and my curiosity was rewarded by the discovery of a unique instance of mediæval statecraft, the sole survivor of the countless republics which once dotted Italy, still governed by institutions which were hoary with age when Caesar Borgia endeavored to add it to his dominions, and which Napoleon the Great respected and Garibaldi treated with decorum. Let those who feel disposed visit with me this tiny state and discuss its peculiarities, only alluding to its constitution and history with Napoleonic respect when occasion may require.

After a drive of a few hours from Rimini our vetturino made us aware that we were crossing the frontier of the republic, where the road which leads to the little commercial village at the foot of the Titanic rock traversed a stream which formed the eastern boundary, and Gulliver found himself amongst the "ever free" Lilliputians. And indeed there are not wanting numerous signs of this much vaunted liberty which the eight thousand Lilliputians enjoy. The word *Libertà* is chalked up in large letters against every second house: their motto of *Libertas* is forced on your notice at every turn; it adorns their stamps, their coins, their flag; it is engraven over each of the city portals; and before a few days' residence amongst them had expired, the very notion of liberty became irksome in the extreme. I went to the theater and was greeted by a drop scene representing almost naked Liberty. I mounted up to the piazza and found a white marble statue representing the same personage. I ascended still higher to the parish church, and lo! the patron saint stood over the high altar, with a scroll in his right hand on which was written Liberty!

Nevertheless it was satisfactory to learn that this liberty ended not in a display of the simple word, and this boast of fifteen centuries' standing is still genuine in all its branches. Taxation here is reduced to a mere nothing; the voice of the people governs everything. The officials are sufficiently paid by the honor conferred upon them, and receive a mere nominal salary. Property, hence, as compared with Italy, is of enormous value, and a law has been passed enacting that no foreigner can hold land within the narrow precincts of the republic unless he has spent six consecutive years as a citizen within its boundaries, and during this period has conducted himself as a moral and exemplary citizen should.

Very simple-minded are these Republicans; their requirements are but few, and the luxuries they can offer so visitors are exceedingly limited, so that to one anxious to reside amongst them for any length of time the accommodation offered by the little inn in the Borgo or commercial center at the foot of the rock, will be looked

upon with blank dismay. Ankle-deep we sank in mire as we crossed the threshold, to be accosted by every stench with which an Italian pothouse is redolent; the bedroom looked alive with discomforts, and, though breathing an air of freedom far older than any we could find elsewhere, we heaved a sigh, and wished it could be less impure.

Before, however, we decided on establishing ourselves in these quarters, I determined to issue forth and see if the little town, the center of government, built upon a cliff a thousand feet above the center of commerce, could offer us a more inviting resting place. I was fortified in my search by a letter of introduction to a leading Republican, Domenico Fattori by name, no less a personage than the secretary of state for foreign affairs, and brother of a most learned citizen, who had printed a little story of his country's liberties which was exhibited, together with other treasures of the like sort, in San Marino's little room at the last Paris Exhibition.

Thus I stepped up the steep, rugged path which leads to the city, gaining confidence at every step as I left below me the loathsome "Borgo," and saw enchanting panoramas of mountains, plain, and sea, all brilliantly illumined by a rich opalesque sunset over the pinnacled Apennines, which here assume those grotesque shapes delineated by masters of the Umbrian school.

Did my eyes deceive me? No, it was indeed true. Coming towards me down the rugged path, I saw a gentleman in a tall hat, wearing a badly-fitting suit of dress clothes and a white tie, and in attendance upon him was a lackey in gaudy livery. Nothing more out of place could be imagined: a half-naked anchorite or a skin-clad herdsman one would have passed by unnoticed; and my heart misgave me, for into this wild spot I had not thought it necessary to drag my evening toilette. I questioned my conductor as to the meaning of this apparition, and learned to my relief that he was a captain of the most serene republic of San Marino out for a state walk. When engaged in his official capacity a captain always wears this dress, and in the state wardrobe six dress suits are kept to fit all shapes and sizes of republicans who may attain to the dignity of ruler.

It was with some feelings of trepidation that I knocked at Fattori's door, and was ushered into a sitting-room to interview his wife and sister, owing to the absence of the lord. I told my tale candidly. I stated how charmed I was with all I had seen except the inn, and that I craved for a more pleasing habitation. They referred me to a neighboring house, and invited us next day to join their party in witnessing the grand ceremony of the installation of the incoming captains, on which occasion, twice a year, the Sammarinesi shake off their lethargy and appear right merry in holiday attire.

Charmingly primitive were our host and hostess, whom I found inhabiting a little house near the principal gate of the city; perhaps

no two people could be more entertaining in their domestic arrangements. The lady of the house was portly and garrulous; she was, we remarked, most noble in her bearing, and of noble Republican blood she proved to be. Hers was one of the oldest of San Marino's noble families, for, owing to the inconvenience of having two illiterate Captains, certain families are set apart as noble, from amongst whom one of the rulers is chosen. Here their privileges of nobility cease, but not their pride, for old Signora Casali, whose maiden name was Belluzzi, was most proud of her pedigree. She scoffed at the later elevations to the Sammarinese peerage as "*nobilità di carta*," mere paper upstarts, and for her own parental house she claimed the honor of possessing the genuine nobility of blood. She thoroughly despised her lame and drunken husband, who was the impersonation of a henpecked nonentity. Every meal we ate under the shadow of their roof was attended by the talkative pair, and many were the stories they told us of their quaint little country which served as a relish to many a frugal repast.

Though poor, our accommodation was cleanly, and though our food was brought up from the Borgo and invariably arrived cold, yet the keen mountain air assisted us to dispose of most unpalatable dishes. Everything they sent us tasted the same—be it turkey, beefsteak or chicken, the difference was hardly perceptible; but we had come to study the Lilliputians and not our own comforts, so we were content.

How do the Lilliputians amuse themselves? was one of our first questions, and we soon found them a right jovial eight thousand. Religious festivals are common, and so is wine, and the two combined result in many an uproarious scene. The Sunday before we left was the festival of Santa Mustiola, celebrated at a short distance from the town. After the formalities of the mass and procession had been gone through, crowds of men and women collected at a neighboring house to drink and play games. By this time I was well known to most of them, and each exhorted me to put my lips to their brimming jugs of wine. They filled my pockets with walnuts. So intent were they on hospitality, that I was forced to watch my opportunity to effect an escape as fast as my legs would carry me, to avoid involuntary inebriation.

On the day of San Marino, their patron saint, they hold grand festivities outside the walls. The *pièce de résistance* for this day is a refined species of cruelty to animals: a live cock is procured and hung by its legs from a tree; each competitor in turn endeavors by a leap to wring its neck. Great excitement prevails amongst the bystanders, and when success attends the attempt the victor is loudly cheered, he receives the bird by way of reward, and the unsuccessful pay a small sum toward the purchase of the cock.

Winter at San Marino is terribly severe; for months they are snow and frost-bound, and to amuse themselves the republicans

have invented a species of tabogening, and down the main street of the town they whirl themselves on a crazy piece of wood with terrible velocity. Last winter a lady Sammarinese gained for herself an unpleasant notoriety at this game, for she slipped off her liscia or sledge, and performed the rest of the downward descent on her own person, which became wofully contused thereby.

The first of April is a day of general mirth and hilarity. Woe to the Lilliputian sluggard who tarries in bed after sunrise on this morning; he renders himself liable to be dragged from his couch, and in his nocturnal attire placed on muleback with an umbrella in his hand, and, shivering with cold, he is set up as an object of derision in the most exposed part of the town. This disaster one year befell our old host, who had been imbibing freely the night before. His wife entered fully into the fun of the thing, and assisted her husband's tormentors in laying their plans. However, lest her domestic arrangements should be exposed to question, she took care that her spouse should retire to rest with a clean night-gown, so that he might appear before the world to the best advantage.

It is the case at San Marino as it is in other primitive societies, that the marriage ceremony is attended with unusual merriment; the happy pair trip along the street attended by all their friends at an early hour in the day, to be united under the roof of their country's god; or, if the distance be great, the bride rides with her lady friends astride a mule. On the return to the parental homestead the bride and bridegroom are placed aloft on a dais to be the cynosure of neighboring eyes for the remainder of the day, whilst wild dancing and festivities take place around them. It is a keenly contested point among the assembled matrons, who shall have the honor of assisting the bride on retiring to rest; but it is the oldest and most venerated of the Lilliputian mothers who is appointed to the almost sacred office of presenting the "*nouveaux mariés*" with a mess of pottage at sunrise.

They dearly love the Italian game of palla on this mountain-top; they are inveterate theater-goers, possessing two within their territory; an excuse for a masquerade they seize with avidity, and talk incessantly of their success in deception on such occasions. Our landlady told us how her mother, when eighty years of age, had gone to a masked ball dressed as a girl of seventeen and, thanks to her good figure and activity, she was enabled to carry off the palm of being belle of the evening.

Let us now say a word about the constitution of this curious little state. In it we see the lineal descendant of ancient Rome, tracing its pedigree through the vicissitudes of mediæval Italy and her municipal organizations, each of which reproduced a miniature example of the mighty Roman fabric. Here, in the days of constitutional governments and deeply elaborated schemes of legislation, we find two old Roman consuls ruling a speck of Italy. They now

call themselves captains, but one is still patrician and one is still plebeian, as in the earlier days of the Roman republic; they owe their election to the senate, which at San Marino as in Rome still wields the chief executive power, but now it is termed the Council of Sixty. There is yet another power in the state, namely, the general arringo, or gathering of the people, to decide on momentous questions of the day. Each male republican can here make his voice heard; but it is now but seldom convened, and occupies much the same position that Rome's Comitia Curiata did in the latter days of the republic.

I felt myself lucky when one day our host informed me that an arringo would be held on the morrow, and that he would have much pleasure in conducting me thither. My thoughts involuntarily wandered back to the days when Rome's people were summoned to the Comitia to decide on peace and war, but I was not privileged to hear an eager, unanimous decision on the necessity of crushing Carthage or of resisting to the death the invaders from Gaul. No, it was a real blow to my dreams of the past when some forty or fifty republicans assembled to discuss the advisability of opening telegraphic communication with the neighboring town of Rimini, and thus did the degenerate offspring of the Roman Curia on that day recognize its existence in the nineteenth century, and acted accordingly.

This existence of telegraphy I look upon as one of the first symptoms of decay in our veteran state. The simple-mindedness with which they assembled daily around the postman in the borgo at the sound of his bell, and awaited the distribution of his small handful of letters, will rapidly disappear. They resisted to the death a tempting proposition for a railroad, an hotel, and a gambling house, from some energetic company; but will they resist the more insidious innovations which will follow in the wake of the electric wires, and in the train of the feverish excitement incident on having a separate room in the Street of Nations at a Paris exhibition? No, if I could have that day recorded a vote in San Marino's assembly, I should have opposed the introduction of the telegraph. I should have opposed entering into contact with the outer world, and have been content to boast of the greatest claim to notoriety San Marino has, namely, that of being a living fossil of bygone ages.

Let no one who can so arrange fail to visit San Marino on April 1 or October 1; perhaps, if he be not an early riser, for above-mentioned reasons the latter date had best be chosen; for on these days the captains are elected for the ensuing six months, and the visitor will derive much amusement, if not profit, from being present at the ceremony. Their dress is rich; they are resplendent with the cordon of San Marino's military order around their necks, and moreover a eulogistic address is delivered to the bystanders, entering deeply into San Marino's historical lore. On this day is to be seen the little

republican army of eighteen strong, drawn up to the best advantage. Though the soldiers have no notion of drill or of military bearing, though their gaudy uniforms fit them like sacks, nevertheless they are unique in themselves; there are only eighteen such in the whole wide world, and they represent the smallest standing army in existence. However, San Marino is not entirely dependent on them for its defense; every male citizen is presumably a soldier, and they are divided into several regiments; but their uniforms have long since been worn out, and in these days of peace the prudent lawgivers have not seen fit to replace them. Yet the law obliges each man to keep a gun and a cockade in case of a rupture with some foreign power.

I feel morally convinced that Lord Cardwell must one day have been at San Marino and, whilst sighing over the extravagance of the British lion, have mentally resolved to follow the humble example set him by Europe's smallest state.

The traveler who is not fortunate enough to be present at the installation of the captain, may any day get an order to inspect their state wardrobe, where are seen their rich velvet cloaks, their insignia of office, and the above-mentioned collection of dress clothes; he will then feel thankful that he was not born a Sammarinese, with a chance of the captaincy, for it would require an acute archæologist to decide on the date of these raiments, and an entire disregard for cleanliness to allow of putting them on.

For the lovers of legendary lore and wild fantastic beauties, San Marino is a perfect paradise. Legends are attached to each weird spot, principally connected with the history of their patron saint, and the scenes of his spiritual labors in the days of Diocletian. There is his bed of hewn stone, his garden in an almost inaccessible cliff, his head and face in the parish church; but perhaps the heritage he has left his successors most worthy of remark is their skill in stone-masonry. Himself a quarryman employed in building Rimini, S. Marino gathered around him on his mountain a colony of his comrades, and for fifteen centuries these men of San Marino have hewn and toiled in their natural workshops for a means of livelihood.

They are most expert too in the rearing of cattle, and from far dealers come to the fairs of San Marino to purchase the far-famed oxen fed on the slopes of the giant mountain.

Very excellent grapes are produced on the sulphurous soil around Mount Titanus, and the wines produced from them are sparkling and pure. Their cellars beneath the mountain are warm in winter and cool in summer; no wonder then that they exceed occasionally in their libations. There is a well-known character at San Marino, an old beggarman, who gains his livelihood by means of a poem he once wrote; he has spent his patrimony on drink, and now subsists on the enthusiasm excited by his stirring verses. This poem is en-

titled "Che Tremenda Repubblica," and, intoxicated with their love of liberty, the Sammarinesi at their festivals will listen again and again to the pompous refrain of the old man's song. He is the hero of their oft-repeated festivals and the minstrel of their board.

It was with many feelings of regret that we left this old-fashioned little country, and it was with infinite pleasure that shortly after my departure I received an intimation that for the interest I had taken in the republic they had thought fit to make me a citizen. For in these days of craving for novelty it was satisfactory to me to look through the list of citizens, and find myself the only Englishman enrolled therein. Continental celebrities there were by scores whom interest or curiosity had brought in contact with the republic; and the accompanying letter, herewith transcribed, will show their own opinion of the honor they conferred upon me. It ran as follows:

SAN MARINO, Feb. 14, 1879.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR AND FELLOW-CITIZEN: The gift of citizenship of San Marino is truly a great one, since if perchance you are at a distance you may be protected thereby; but if you come to this Alpine mountain no one can molest you, and you will be respected by all, and possess the same privileges that the other citizens enjoy. Accept, then, dear sir, this diploma in order that the great city of London may rejoice with you over the possession of it. Be good enough to acknowledge the receipt of the diploma.

Your devoted servant,

FRANCESCO CASALI.

P. S.—Our republic enjoys the greatest tranquillity.

Before bidding adieu to San Marino, I propose laying before any traveler who may wend that way the advantages which a sojourn in the republic offers for exploring an almost unknown district of the Apennines. By means of a small pony-chaise, possessed by an energetic republican who has seen somewhat of the outer world and served under the Italian flag in the Crimea, we were enabled to make some delightful excursions from our republic to Verruchio, where Dante places the scene of the imprisonment of the erring Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, and where a red mediæval castle, a stronghold of the Malatesta, dominates a beetling cliff, and looks down in grim silence on a little town teeming with reminiscences of the *wrong-heads*.

To the small streamlet which once decided the destinies of the world we paid a pilgrimage—the far-famed Rubicon, which flows some few miles beyond Verruchio, or rather there is the bed in which it once did flow.

San Leo offers the architect two rich and ancient cathedrals where the bishops of Montefeltro once held their see. This is indeed a strange weird spot, built on a rock which, like San Marino, is raised 2,000 feet above the surrounding valley. On the journey thither from San Marino, the traveler passes Monte Maggio, or the "bowing mountain," which the countryfolk tell you inclines eastwards each year more and more in pious reverence towards the Holy Sepulcher;

and the old inhabitants of San Marino affirm that now they can distinctly see houses which were invisible from the opposite valley in their youth. And Monte Maggio too is celebrated for a theft perpetrated by Napoleon, who took from thence two Paris two lovely frescoes by Giulio Romano, and replaced them with hideous daubs.

Urbino, the eagle nest of the Montefeltrian dukes, the quondam hereditary protectors of our little republic, is a pleasant drive from San Marino, and there the artist and the antiquary can enjoy to the full the legacies of beauty which the art-loving dukes of Urbino have left behind them.

Buried in a cleft of the Apennines, and approached only by a bridle path from San Marino, is the quaint village of Monte Cerignone. A high arched bridge over a mountain stream leads you into the town, and reminds you of the Ponte alla Maddalena near Lucca. And a grim square castle overlooks the town, once a favorite summer resort of the Urbino dukes. It is still rich in moldering frescoes and beautiful specimens of Cinquecento work by skillful artists, who were summoned thither by the dukes to beautify their summer hiding place.

These and many others are the attractions offered by San Marino, where a spring or autumn month can be spent, combining as it does the rare advantage of sea breezes and pure mountain air together.—  
J. THEODORE BENT, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

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## DOES WRITING PAY?

### THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTHOR.

#### I.

FOR more than twenty years I have been an industrious litterateur—I may add, of all-work—laboring in all the departments. At the same time, this work has not been what is called “hard,” such as that of a barrister in good practice, but of a rapid concentrated kind. The result is that I have succeeded in earning by my brains a sum that I fancy may surprise my readers, though I delay naming it until I have communicated my little experiences. These I hope, will be a useful contribution to the question as to whether writing is a profitable profession. Perhaps I had better say at once, by way of piquing and inflaming my readers with a noble competition, that these profits are not far from fifteen thousand pounds—a very respectable sum. For the greater portion of the time I have kept a sort of fee-book, so that it is no speculative appraisalment. During



half the period alluded to I followed the profession of the bar; and it may be said that this word "following" is well chosen, for it entailed daily attendance for a number of hours; and if the profession did not follow me as well as I followed it, it brought in certain returns, and engrossed a large share of my attention. Yet I contrived gayly and with a light heart to woo and win the more engaging sister, who eventually rewarded me in the way described. Fifteen thousand pounds is a fair return for the off-hand, rattling, and somewhat careless attention bestowed.

Yet I am not in the first rank—nor in the second—I might modestly put myself in the third; though some might reasonably dispute with me even this unpresuming place. What have I done? what is my "literary baggage"? is naturally the next question. An ingenious Dryasdust took the trouble not long since to ascertain the real author, or find who was the recipient, of some letters of a well-known personage. This he discovered by following out certain allusions in the text, hunting through newspapers of the day—arriving by an almost exhaustive process at its solution. It was a surprise to one who fancied he was wrapped up close in his anonymous ulster, defiant of recognition. I run, therefore, the same risk of detection if I confess that this same "baggage" consists of great biographical chests—"heavy, perhaps massive;" light serial portmanteaux, or novels and tales, three-, two-and-one-, volume; hat-boxes, bags, Gladstone "collapsing," and some collapsed, in the form of volumes of essays, short stories, disquisitions, criticisms, etc. I have written plays that have succeeded and plays that have failed, and have been paid sufficiently in both categories. I have been a dramatic critic. I have attended a music-hall opening, and an exhibition of fans, as "our own reporter." I have contributed to an advertising paper which was left gratuitously at all doors—and which dealt with its contributors on the same principle. I have gone specially to the continent for one of the leading journals, a daily paper, and I have written for almost every magazine that has been born, died, or exists. I have written on painting, music, buildings, decorative art, dress, the classics, history, travels, my own life, the lives of other people, dancing, etc. In short, like Swift and his broomstick, I could write decently and respectably on any subject "briefed" to me.

It will be said, however, that this confession is, as it were, hors concours, and of no value as a contribution to the question, as a person with these Crichton-like gifts and this general versatility gains money as a matter of course. Not at all. It is the gaining of money that has brought me or stimulated these gifts, rather than the gifts have brought the money. This may seem paradoxical, but if I might liken myself to so great and successful a personage, it is exactly akin to the progress of the great Mr. William Whiteley—who added to his departments, now a grocery, now a butchery, now coals,

etc., according as the demand on him came. My wares I would not, of course, pretend to be of the same quality as his, be they excellent or the reverse; but the analogy holds. I did all these things and do then still, though we now feel, like other entrepreneurs, the pressure of the times.

The stock-in-trade for all this is, of course, first a general taste for literature, and a familiarity with all the blind alleys, "wynds," crannies, and passages, which are invaluable in furnishing subjects for essays. This is all amusing reading to the person with the proper taste, and you can go on forever emptying the stuff out of the old clumsy demijohn into nice modern flasks. There are innumerable forgotten personages and episodes which can be treated, and become new and interesting in the treatment. This is all acquired. So, too, is style—that ready, lively, and superficial style—though it takes a long time. But I had better begin at the beginning, and tell "from the egg" how I became a writer.

This style, then, with a certain dramatic way of putting things so as to present a picture without the formal lines of a picture, and one which shall interest, I unconsciously secured very early and with little trouble. On leaving a great school for which I had an extraordinary affection, and where I had spent some happy and even romantic days, I fell into the habit of trying to reproduce them in writing, recalling the pleasant scenes in as vivid a way as I could. As this was often done, and earnestly done, and with all sincerity, the same scene being described and redescribed as often as the humor seized me, there came to be a certain rude power and vividness in description which I recognize now when turning over the innumerable volumes with their crowded pages and minute writing. (What eyes one had then!) Even now the figures move, the lights glitter, the pleasant fragrance of the past exhales. Any one who saw this huge mass of MS. and the mass of description, characters, dialogues and incidents therein contained, would admit that here was an advantage in the way of training of no inconsiderable kind. Presently, of course, came the early contribution to the local paper, and the delight of seeing it in the local paper's type; the only form of recognition, too, known to the local paper. All writers agree in the special and unique sweetness of this apparition; and, indeed, I have heard writers of great mark, hackneyed at their work, confess that to the last the arrival of a proof-sheet and the sight of one's own thoughts in virgin array of type never cloyed, and produced a peculiar emotion of pleasure. I confess I always feel this charm; I love the peculiar smell—some would use a worse word—of a printing office. So far, there was no advance. All the world has written in private records and in local papers, to say nothing of the privately (and expensively) printed volume of poems. But in my case, as indeed in most other cases, it is the first difficult step that costs and that makes or mars. Just as in mastering skating evolutions; until

you have fearlessly thrown yourself on the outside edge, nothing can be done or ever will be done. I recollect sending to the amiable and worthy Leitch Ritchie, for Chambers's Journal, the first serious contribution—a little story which accidentally had merits for success; it was legible, short and dramatic. I have no doubt, too, some accident determined its reception, akin to the turn of a card; it might have been tossed aside or returned with thanks. A grave letter of approval was returned, and two-pounds-ten.

I fear that often nowadays the advantage of having his contributions read for approval is lost to the beginner, as the packets sent in are so overwhelming in their number. Two or three other papers were accepted—I could have poured them in or out as by machinery; but then began checks—not for cash, but “unsuitable,” “no space,” “so much in type”—which conveyed the first lesson in writing profitably, that you must not merely not put all your eggs in one basket, but must have about as many baskets as eggs. What will not suit one will suit another; what there is not room for in one there will be room for in another, as a man with many daughters offers his fairest to a man of means and position, and gives his ugliest with money to a man of good will though obscure. So I now cast about for new channels, and tried and tried, till I was heartsick and angry, meeting for my investment in paper and postage stamps, certainly, large returns. I very soon saw that this system would not do, and that one might go on posting contributions for the term of one's natural life without result, save the restoration of the composition—about as disagreeable as the news of its loss. A total reversal of this policy and a brilliant coup in quite a new direction was rewarded with success, and set me on the road to fortune.

## II.

There was at this time a well-known *littérateur*, a critic and writer of authority and Johnsonian prestige, who was engaged upon a most important work, the very materials for which had cost him, I believe, very large sums of money. I was at the time much interested in him and his subject; and as I lived in the city where his hero had flourished, I set to work to collect matter that would be useful to him. In particular, I nearly blinded myself in deciphering some “*marginalia*,” as they are called, in some huge folios preserved in an old library, made neat water-color sketches of localities, collected traditions, and in short, made myself exceedingly useful, and earned his grateful acknowledgment. That was the beginning of a long friendship. At that time the no less amiable than gifted Dickens was flourishing in the height of his popularity, and directing his *Household Words* with great success. To be a writer in that journal, and associated with so great a master, was in itself an enormous advantage, which writers in other periodicals were de-

void of. I ventured to presume on the grateful feelings of my new friend in this useful direction. Previously I had, indeed, essayed an entrance to the Wellington Street Paradise, but had been firmly but courteously repulsed by that peri at the gate, the late Mr. W. H. Wills, who returned rejected contributions with a lithographed circular in which the contributors were assured that their efforts had been read and weighed, as was the custom of the office. This may have been a good-natured exaggeration for reading an extract or glancing at the whole; but the daily post brought pounds of such matters which no staff could have grappled with. It was long, however, a tradition of the place how my patron strode in one morning, and, laying down the document, required that it should "be seen to at once; set up in type, and dealt with." He was a man not to be trifled with. Within a fortnight it appeared. It was a not undramatic tale, in the vein of Mr. Wilkie Collins, then in high fashion. I had been again lucky in the subject and treatment; it was short and telling. I was asked at once to supply something of the kind for the Christmas number. On that hint I set to work, and from that moment to the present have never ceased to work for that pleasant journal, my connection with which, under the régime of father and son, has always been agreeable and satisfactory. The word "satisfactory" recalls me to the point of this paper, for it represents many thousand pounds, as the ledgers of "Household Words" and "All the Year Round" can tell.

The moral, also, is that other agency besides literary merit is essential in earning money: there must be knowledge of men and things. I do not believe in the assiduous showering-in of papers. One might ply this method for a whole life, with, of course, the chance that a stray paper on some timely and seasonable subject might arrest the editor's eye and gain adoption. There must be some contrived personal relation between the contracting parties, otherwise there is no more interest in you than in the MS. itself. You are one of the many bundles of MS., always an object of repulsion, to be put aside or held over as long as possible, like the poor patients at a doctor's. Hence the indifferent chance of the tribe of governesses, clergymen's wives and daughters, clerks and others, who write from provincial towns, and who are made sick all the year round with deferred hope, and whose productions, "declined with thanks," are sent back as a sort of favor. Hence, too, some courageous fellows who have come to London to push their way personally, like Johnson and others, have shown more wisdom and policy than they have obtained credit for. I have known not a few to succeed, not by their literary merit, which was indifferent, but by the art of making themselves useful and necessary, and of doing some little job, which a bare chance threw in their way, in a style that they made specially satisfactory. In short, friends and connections is the basis.

Once established at "Household Words," I found that the mere connection with that journal was a passport to other magazines. For the first year my returns were, I think, some fourteen to fifteen pounds. The next year they rose to sixty or seventy; the next, the amount grew into hundreds. As to the paper itself, I saw that what was required was originality of subject, something fresh and taking. I gave great thought to the selection of what would be desirable. This is really in itself an art, and one of the highest importance; for if it be found that you are sending in what is unsuitable, your credit sinks, and your—at last—really suitable article may share the fate of others. Where, too, the contributor is to be depended on, his paper often goes unread to the printers to be "set up." Nothing used to be pleasanter than the visit to the office to "settle subjects" with the editor.

But to show how pleasant profit and pleasure may be combined in this most agreeable of all professions, I will note one "department" which I have exploited systematically to my own great enjoyment, and I hope to the satisfaction of others concerned. I have traveled a great deal, but never at my own cost: rather, to exceeding profit. I will give some special instances. I spent a week in Holland, and wrote twelve papers on the country for a journal, for which I received forty pounds—the net profit being thirty. I went specially to Rome at an interesting period, wrote observations on men and manners in a series of twenty papers, for which I received sixty pounds. They were published in a volume for which I received seventy, leaving a net profit, after expenses, of eighty pounds. I have never made an expedition to France, Belgium, Ireland, anywhere, without turning it into cash. Nay, I have never been anywhere or seen anything important without making it take this agreeable shape of profit. During the French war, when the Germans were advancing on Paris, I was eager to put this favorite principle in action. But special writers and correspondents were abundant, and every one was well supplied; so the chance of seeing anything as a commissioned writer was desperate. However, a friendly editor in conversation was excited by the prospect of a vivid sketch of the unhappy city on the eve of a siege, and offered to "stand" all railway expenses to the scene of action, as well as the usual charge for an article. I look back to that hurried and dramatic expedition with infinite pleasure. There is something flattering to the amour-propre in being thus dispatched at the cost of others. Another hurried expedition of the kind not only forms a delightful recollection, but illustrates what I said of the necessity of a certain judgment and nice sense of what is "the psychological moment" for success in writing. If any ordinary writer of position were to offer himself as special correspondent to any of the greater daily journals, his services would, to a certainty, be declined, on the ground that their own staff was sufficient. Yet on one occasion I was lucky enough

to enter the charmed circle, simply owing to a happy combination and prompt seizure of the "psychological moment." It was a few days after Christmas-day, in the year of the suppression of the gaming-houses in Germany. It occurred to me that it would be interesting to record the dying struggle of these institutions. I wondered, would there be any chronicle thereof in the great papers? I resolved to address two leading ones with the suggestion of the subject. One took no notice; from the other came a hurried dispatch acceding to the idea, and fixing an almost midnight interview. The thought even now gives me pleasure. There was no time to be lost. I started, traveling all night, telegraphed from the scene a regular "correspondent" dispatch, hurried back, got to town that night, and sat down to write a couple of "cols." which appeared next morning—the whole accomplished within sixty to seventy hours. I received a most handsome honoraire for what was only a pleasure trip.

### III.

But now came the idea of a larger and more profitable extension—the novel—which the success of Miss Braddon may be said to have opened up for the inferior and average writer. Fifteen or twenty years ago, the various topics of character and incident—the wicked woman of "sensation," the hulking muscular man of unbridled passions, and the female with steel eyes, cold heart, and yellow hair—were novelties, and people loved to hear as much as possible about them, and from any description of writer. These are now all hackneyed and "used up." The delineation of characters of the "Jane Eyre" model was in fashion. Good prices were paid, and it was actually stated that, through the system of the libraries, and owing to the voracious greed of readers, any story in three volumes, by any writer, was certain to "do,"—to return even some meager remuneration to its writer. Thus inspired, I determined to set my skiff afloat on the already crowded stream. A friend who was directing a magazine that enjoyed a gasping asthmatic sort of existence, furnished an opening, and allowed me to "run" this first immature effort through his pages. The remuneration was fixed at, I think, five-and-twenty or thirty pounds. The production was issued in two volumes by a firm which, awkwardly enough, was at the moment in the agonies of death, and the child perished with the mother that brought it forth. But the late Mr. Bentley, to whom it was sent as a specimen of the author's powers, here interposed with an act which seems to belong to the romance of publishing, and, with an intrepidity now unfamiliar to the Row, said, "Write me a novel in three volumes as good, and I will give you one hundred and fifty pounds." Trumpet-tongued words indeed, which I fear neither Smith nor Jones nor clergyman's daughter are ever likely to hear again. I complied with a jocund alacrity. First, the work

went through my friendly editor's journal, by which some thirty pounds adhered to it; then it came forth from Burlington street with a fictitious name attached to it. It was a success, and passed through two editions. With these credentials I applied to my editor of Wellington street; he, having read my successful venture, gave me an order for a story, at what seemed the munificent remuneration of five hundred pounds!—this, too, without having seen a line of the story, and with the further handsome treatment of accepting merely a few chapters in hand as a sufficient installment with which to start. But, indeed, to the records of the generosity and confidence of the "chief," as we would call him, there was no end. Nothing, too, was more delightful than his hearty relish and appreciation of anything to be approved—though the chief merit of most of these productions was that they were ingeniously successful imitations of his own manner. All that labored—if it can be called labor—under such auspices, "G. A. S.," Yates, Moy Thomas, Halliday (defunct now), Dutton Cook, Hollingshead, and myself (most industrious of all, and perhaps making his bow oftenest), can or could tell the same story. For this journal I have written no fewer than seven novels, which collectively have brought me in close upon two thousand pound; and I have altogether written some fifteen stories, each contrived "a double debt to pay," and each of which has first passed through the periodical press, before appearance in its orthodox coat of three or two volumes. The total receipts from this source have been about three thousand pounds. Many of the stories have gone through two editions, one through four; and several enjoy a steady annual sale—their titles being familiar enough at the railway book-stalls.

This, however, would have been but a poor result spread over so many years. So the next golden or profitable rule of the system soon suggested itself, viz., while you kept the literary fire all ablaze and crackling, to have a number of irons heating in it. And I not only had a number of irons—I once drove three novels abreast—but a number of fires. Whether, as the wit said, your writings should go where your irons are, is another important question, and might dispense with discussion of the matter at all. But this "versatility" not only furnishes relief, but, as a source of profit, is invaluable. I accordingly very soon had broken new ground with my literary "pick," and started writing the lives of important personages, neglected unaccountably till I took them in hand. I am ashamed when I think of the free-and-easy mode in which I selected these great men for resurrection purposes; but I am bound to own that there was some art and nice judgment in the choice. One—the most successful of the series—was suggested by the publisher, taken in hand that night, and completed—"polished off," the irreverent would say—in three months. It was disposed of—they were always respectable, portly, square-looking things, two vols. octavo—to the

tune of eight hundred copies at thirty shillings. In this department I wrote much; for four of such monuments I received seven hundred pounds; most of them, however, having also paid the double debt before alluded to. Again, another stroke of the pick, and I became "an editor" of works,—a laborious and unprofitable duty. I "edited" two masters of English literature, but great favorites of mine, for twenty pounds apiece. They filled nine large volumes.

The "double debt to pay" principle is an admirable one, but requires art to carry out. A great difficulty, as it might seem at first sight, would be the disposal in this wise of the innumerable short tales which the diligent writer turns out, much as the diligent painter does his pot boilers. These I used to collect in the old palmy days in volumes. But publishers will have nothing to do with such miscellanies now. Still I was not daunted, and, after issuing a volume, I ventured on the familiar device of collecting a number of persons on a journey and making them tell stories. Even now, I am not au bout, and have another and more original device on my banner, namely, writing each short story in such a way that it shall be complete and yet form part of a whole—like the shield platform formed by Rienzi's soldiers in the late representation of the opera. Each is carefully written in the same character, and forms an episode in his experience. Thus the casual reader is gratified while I am equally so.

These various productions fill from sixty to seventy volumes of the official form; while the scattered papers, if brought together, would raise the tale to nearly one hundred. The material with which the literary baggage is packed is gathered from the sources I before mentioned, namely, "curious" reading in all directions: but the chief supply is drawn from myself. It is not too much to say that every incident of my life, such as it is—feelings, thoughts, loves, sights, characters—has been pressed in to do duty, more or less colored and treated, but giving a genuineness and vitality which always quickened the pace of the pen. I wrote an account of my old favorite school days for Mr. Dickens, with which he was much pleased; these figured duly in several numbers of his journal at a return of some twenty pounds; and, with some additions, reappeared as a little volume which enjoyed much popularity, and ran through three editions in a few months. For this, however, I only received twenty pounds more: but then we did not anticipate this success. I may be pardoned for adding that the journal "written for gentlemen" declared that it was superior to the popular "Tom Brown." Still, the outlay in time and composition was far below the sum received, as it amounted to little more than that employed in writing letter to friends, or one's journal.

Mr. James Payn lately started an interesting discussion as to the springs from which the novelist was to draw the water—whence



gather his story, characters, etc. The discussion also gave some ingenious suggestions as to story, etc. My belief is, that no one can devise a character: all my own, such as they are, have been hints from real life. But I would say that there was great art in this process; a literal copy is worthless and has small effect. In my own case, the personages would not recognize themselves. I have seen instances where the very speeches and actions of certain eccentric persons have been literally set down—without humorous results. The art consists in abstracting the peculiar phenomena of manner of speech, and devising situations which would call them out far more effectively. You see vividly that personage in the situation, and, by a sort of inspiration, it supplies new language and actions corresponding. It was thus that Mr. Dickens "worked out" Mrs. Gamp, whose oddities had no real existence, though he had seen something analogous in the hospital nurse. With me, having got my character, the character was certain to supply the story, which is only following the precedent of real life, where strange characters really bring about strange events. This would take too long to elaborate. I have one favorite heroine that figures in six or seven of these stories—drawn from one favorite person. In the last of these I drew her career as I intended it, and my own as I intended it, bringing the two characters together at the close, as is done in all novels; and a few months later the same result followed in the case of the living personages.

As to publishers, here is the result of my experience. From the nobility of the Row—with one exception—came invariably the most hungry, meager, and shabby offers. The two most eminent, perhaps, have invariably preferred that arrangement of "sharing," or "half-profits," which consists in tending the author the shells, while the firm in question swallows the oyster. "Fraudulent" might seem a harsh word for such arrangements, but anything analogous—if presented to a court of law—would probably be so stigmatized. I have had two transactions of the "sharing" kind, and these in early salad days; the first was with an eminent firm who had taken two of my works; one a novel for which they had given a large price, the other a big biographical work on "sharing" terms. The latter seemed to be going off briskly, and a member of the firm informed me once, rubbing his hands pleasantly, that "there was money for me at the office." Not wishing to display a mean greed, I did not, as I ought to have done, repair at once to the office for the money, but let the matter stand over. Meanwhile, the firm discovered later that the novel had not been going so briskly. They took fright, and when the account of the biography came in, the "money at the office" had disappeared; and strange to say, there was a loss. By an arrangement, however, connected with the copies on hand, I succeeded in extracting forty pounds. Authors should never forget the testimony given in court as to the liberality of an eminent firm

whom I have heard styled "the Mæcenas of authors," who presented an unfortunate mad clergyman with a five-pound note for his substantial biography of a bishop. I have heard of an eminent firm disposing of 1,200 copies of a bulky work, and bringing in the author their debtor by five or ten pounds. The other personal transaction of the kind was with the worthy publisher of Catherine street, an old friend and encourager, who honestly and faithfully divided the profits, and on a not very successful work handed me some eighty pounds as my share. I may add, that with this excellent man—and we have had innumerable transactions—I have never had a scrap of writing in the shape of an agreement. His word and my word were sufficient. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that a publisher is entitled to charge you all things as they would be charged to a non-publisher. Owing to his position and responsibilities, he obtains with his printing, paper, and advertisements, discounts and other advantages.

All through this life nothing disagreeable has occurred to me and no unhandsome treatment has been encountered, save in perhaps two or three instances. I have always met with the most scrupulous honesty in settlements; and only in the case of one or two obscure journals have I been "done." I have met with but one instance of ungenerous behavior from "brethren of the craft," and this was not long ago.

As a curious bizarre instance of pleasant profit indirectly arising from this "periodical" writing, and of somewhat skillful exploitation, I must record the following. For one of the great weekly illustrated papers, enjoying a circulation of, I believe, 300,000 copies, and going over all the world (what an advertisement for a writer's name!) I had contributed a short Christmas story. This, as usual, was a transcript of personal feeling, written under the shadow of painful events. It turned on some brilliant, dazzling ball at which a man, after some great sorrow, was looking on, listening to one of those rapturous and dramatic waltzes, alternations of sadness and wild hilarity, which Waldteufel and other composers of his school have the art of writing. In these strains he seemed to catch hints and snatches of his own life. It becomes like a wild dream. In the process, the waltz itself is described dramatically with all its fitful turns; in short, it was a little feat of word-painting. The story itself was entitled "The Last Valse." After an interval, letters began to reach the editor asking—where was this most significant waltz, to which a gentleman had been listening, to be obtained? Another letter followed from an eminent publisher, saying that, if such were in existence, he would be happy to bring it out: what terms would be asked? Being of a musical turn, and having dabbled a good deal in amateur "composition," as such is by courtesy styled, I set to work, and, with some professional aid, and a taking air which a member of my own family furnished, a set of waltzes was constructed. The

result was what I may proudly call the "well-known and familiar 'Geliebt und Verloren,' 'Loved and Lost' waltzes, played everywhere, on bands military, orchestral, and 'German,' by organs and hurdy-gurdies, made into songs and 'facile arrangements';" in short, the valse of the day. At the last computation, 60,000 copies had been disposed of; and the copyright in the unexhausted and future sale was lately disposed of, I believe, for a sum of two hundred pounds. I had a fair share in some of this good fortune in the price of the next waltz, but not, of course, in proportion. Was not this an agreeable result from a short newspaper story—as flattering, too, as it was agreeable? For the story itself I received the sum of forty pounds. It was but a few columns long. I well remember the pleasure the commission gave me. It was to be done under pressure, as the time was short and the presses were waiting. Things are written far better under such circumstances; there is more inspiration and "go." From the various illustrated journals and magazines a woodcut often arrives, representing a young lady at a fancy ball, two children on a ghostly staircase, or something of the kind, with a request that I would illustrate *them*, instead of their illustrating *me*, by a story. This often taxes one's ingenuity sorely, as it will not do merely to bring in the scene in question, but it must be made of the essence of the story. This, however, is what is called "knack."

Thus omnivorous, it may be assumed that the stage was not likely to be overlooked. As a lesson in perseverance, it deserves to be noted that I was fifteen years struggling to find entrance to that carefully walled-up preserve. Once, after years of effort, I succeeded in getting a piece accepted, but the manager collapsed, as it is called, and I had to begin again. For my first farce I obtained ten pounds; for my second, twenty; and for my grand drama, in which I had worked with a partner, one hundred pounds. I hope, however, to do considerably more in this direction.

Two guineas, I should say, would comprise all my receipts in the direction of verse-making. Distinctly, I fear much is not to be done in this direction. Yet I console myself with the thought that many who have published volumes of poems have not made even this small sum.

In addition to this pleasant and profitable life, there are many incidental advantages. Your moderately successful author is often asked, as I am, to sit for his photograph for some "series," and is of course never charged for it. In nine cases out of ten, an application to any of the London managers secures you a gratuitous stall. For years I have been a constant play-goer on these easy terms. So that now, when on a rare occasion I have to pay for a stall, it seems to border on a cruel imposition, as though the money had been taken from me unfairly. Such is the force of habit.

A great mistake in the diplomacy of authors is to be too grasping. Men cannot resist a present advantage in hand, and so sacrifice what

is in the bush. One work of mine—a truly monstrous one for its carelessness—failed utterly—the only one that met such a fate. I was to have sixty pounds; the publisher was in despair and disgusted, but I held his signed agreement. I nobly forbore, and tore my bond. But mark, when that was long forgotten, I repaired to him with another work. He was good enough to say that I had behaved so handsomely, that he was ready to treat on satisfactory terms for the new work. So, I did not lose on the whole: nor did he.

Publishers do not relish being “bested.” As to “corrections” I could tell a curious thing. I am the author of a work in two volumes, numbering in all over a thousand pages, the corrections for which cost about as much as the original setting up in type! The sums were, I think, one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty pounds. Yet the generous publisher, before paying what he had covenanted to pay, said he thought it right to put it to me whether this style of “correcting” was not excessive. He goodnaturedly mulcted me only forty pounds, as my legitimate share of the cost.

As for my essays, sketches, descriptions, they are simply innumerable. It is agreeable work, and so lightly done. You covet something, or are extravagant to the tune of five pounds. You sit down for a morning (having found a subject in your last walk), and the debt is paid. Indeed, during these walks, it is wonderful how agreeably profit for mind and purse can be made. Being ever of an artistic turn, I began, some time ago, to work out, as I walked along, principles of criticism as applied to the buildings, houses, etc., in the streets, and soon elaborated a pleasant series. Extending this idea, I began to think how many unnoticed curious things there were in the London streets, old houses, doorways, etc.; and this I am now working out in a more elaborate series still. All this and more goes on with the greater labors, and used to represent with me from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a year—now not nearly so much. I put the sums from this source at about four thousand pounds. Adding all up, I should fix my total earnings at about fourteen thousand pounds, of which I retain, alas! but fifteen hundred duly and securely invested.

On these results, can writing be called a crutch or a walking-stick? It must be remembered, however, that I really used it as the walking-stick, having originally a small income of my own, and for the last ten years a large one.—*Belgravia*.

## NIHILISM IN RUSSIA.

THE apparent collapse of Russian Nihilism has given rise to a variety of premature contemporary speculations on the inherent force of the movement, and with the recent disappearance of immediate danger there is a tendency already of underestimating its influence on the future development of Russian society. It is not our purpose here to enter into these speculations, but rather to examine the movement itself; retrospectively, as a social phenomenon, and, as such, the outcome of a variety of natural and historical causes; prospectively, as a sociological problem requiring solution, with a view to insure the peaceful evolution of Russian society of the future.

To suppose that the present cessation of hostilities on the part of militant Nihilism amounts to an entire suppression of the latent forces in doctrinal Nihilism, since the party of action has been temporarily repulsed, would be a grievous error. It will, therefore, be well during the present lull, after the stormy events of the last two years, to consider calmly and carefully the data and *quæsitæ* of Nihilism from a purely sociological standpoint. This will serve to show that though in its external aspects Nihilism may only present a transitory phase in the transformation process of a comparatively new society, yet, in its internal principles and theory, it remains a most powerful factor, not to be overlooked in the social politics of Russia, and the international politics of Europe.\* Nihilism, though for the present eclipsed, is by no means extinguished.

Now, every movement of this kind in its ruling ideas and essential tendencies rests on some philosophical creed. There are, in the first place, the psychological data of Nihilism. As the optimistic creed of the eighteenth century became the soul and spirit of constructive socialism, so the pessimism of the nineteenth century may be regarded as the presiding genius of social Nihilism. It is the philosophy of despair which suggests the death-warrant of society, and ignores, if it does not entirely renounce, the hope of social regeneration. According to this philosophy the world's sorrow can only be removed with the extinction of conscious suffering, and the world's redemption is synonymous with the world's destruction, and hence the extinction of social evils is sought in the annihilation of society and social happiness is a social Nirvana. Crying social abuses, for which existing institutions offer no remedy, aggravate this "*maladie du XIX. siècle*" in Russia, and precipitate Rus-

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\* It is a notorious fact that the late war owed its origin partly to the influence of the Nihilist party. See "*Russland vor und nach dem Kriege*," pp. 328-330.

sian would-be reformers, naturally prone to radical changes, into violent attacks, not only on the laws and institutions of the country, but also on those ethical conceptions, æsthetic aspirations, and religious convictions on which they rest. A true diagnosis of Nihilism, then, as a disorder in the social organism, will discover some of its roots in the psychological conditions of the national mind, in a temporary derangement of the regulating functions in the body politic. And so we find that the ruling classes at first intellectually dazzled by the Hegelian philosophy, then sympathetically drawn towards the pessimism of Schopenhauer, and latterly attracted towards the skeptical materialism of Moleschott and Büchner, have learned by degrees to surpass their teachers in realistic views of life, and the utter denial of an ideal world. Indeed, it has been pointed out by a profound student of Russian character,\* that, psychologically, Nihilism is the outcome of two opposite tendencies in the modern Russian mind—the tendency towards absolute idealism on the one hand, and that of cynical realism on the other; the former producing the wildest schemes of Utopian optimism, the latter leading through the slough of despond of materialistic pessimism, and both together, though apparently self-destructive, becoming the fruitful source of daring speculation in politics and chimerical theories in economics, compared with which the most thorough-going schemes of social improvement in Western Europe appear almost reasonable in their impractical absurdity.

But it remains to be noticed that this psychological contradiction of two opposite tendencies in the Russian mind has been fostered by two concurring influences from without, the constructive socialism of France, and the destructive socialistic criticism of Germany.† Both Herzen and Bakunin, the leaders of the Nihilist movement, were, like Marx and Lassalle, disciples of the Hegelian philosophy, and at the same time warm and enthusiastic supporters of socialistic movements in France. So, too, Tschernyschewsky, the "Karl Marx of Russia," and the most popular of modern exponents of Nihilism, imbibed his early lessons through his master Belinski, with the Hegelian method, whilst among the "Hommes de l'avenir" of the young Russian party, who regarded him as their prophet, the fusion between the Materialism of the modern German school and the Socialism of France has become an accomplished fact. But whilst German Socialism readily takes hold of the Hegelian idea of the dialectic process in history,

\* M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu in *Revue des deux Mondes*, 15th February, 1880, pp. 777-8. For a thorough study of Russian social life and national development no better guide could be recommended. Articles by this writer have appeared in the same publication at intervals since August 13, 1873, on a variety of Russian subjects, full of profound interest and valuable information.

† The work of Karl Marx, "*Das Kapital*," is a textbook in Russian universities, and has passed through several editions in a Russian translation.

ending in social evolution, Russian Nihilism, owing to the tendency of the Slave mind rigidly to follow up abstract principles to their extreme logical conclusions, goes a step further, and the Socialism of evolution becomes the Nihilism of social dissolution.\* And, similarly as Hegel's terminology became the "Algebra of Revolution" to the early promoters of Russian Nihilism, so, too, owing to the mystic intensity of the Tartar spirit still in measure immanent in the Russian mind, the positive humanitarianism of the French school of Socialists has produced an enthusiasm, energy, and self-denying devotion with Russian disciples almost amounting to religious ardor, for which there is no parallel in the Socialist agitation of the West.

From the psychological we pass on to the physiological data of the movement in the composition and decomposition of social forces, in the precipitate progress and retarded development of the various functions in the social organism, as far as they explain the last stage of social evolution in the Russia of to-day. Among these we must briefly notice some ethnographical peculiarities of race and the play of social forces peculiar to the soil, as well as some political influences from without, which may be regarded directly or indirectly as causes of the present social disorders. For this is the only way of arriving at an approximately true and tolerably comprehensible view of the rise and progress of Russian Nihilism. In order to this we must know something of the dynamical process of local institutions and organic laws, which have brought about the present state of things. The recent manifestations of Nihilism have taken the world by surprise, because in a great measure the conditions of Russian society were unknown. Two hundred years ago, says Count Moltke in his interesting letters "from Russia," no one in Europe knew anything about the Neva; now the Neva is famed throughout the world. The same within a much smaller compass of time may be said of Nihilism, the stream of tendency towards social revolution, which may be said to take its rise in the earliest formation of Russian society, to have run its course slowly and unobserved, except at critical intervals, until quite lately, in its turbulent rush onwards to an unknown goal, it is seen threatening to submerge Russian society in a general inundation. Its original source is to be sought partly in that natural environment which helps in forming or malforming the national character. The people of Russia, shut up in a vast plain girded by mountains, exposed to polar winds, and living in a temperature unmodified by sea breezes, have developed a corresponding temperament, being thus brought face to face with Nature in her sternest aspects. The melancholy songs of the peasantry and the plaintive lyrical moods of her poets in mod.

\* See A. Herzen, "Du developpment des idées revolutionnaires en Russie," p. 132; and "Russland vor und nach dem Kriege," p. 104, and ante.

ern literature bear witness to the fact. They reflect the sadness and solitude of the Russian steppe, the dry and dreary monotony of her plains and deserts, the colorless uniformity of vast country districts lacking the cheerful picturesqueness of country life elsewhere. Discouraged and dispirited by apparently insurmountable natural obstacles to progress the Russian inclines to a philosophy of negation and despair. Again, owing to the absence of any considerable seaboard, only in part compensated for by a network of river communication, the isolation of this "impenetrable compact mass of Eastern Europe" has produced a tendency to immobility and obstructive conservatism in the population which has given rise to the proverb that novelty is tantamount to calamity. Hence, we find the Russian peasant impenetrable to modern ideas, and stolid in his indifference to improvement. Sadly resigned to endure want and suffering arising from a stingy provision of nature, he bows his neck to the yoke with abject loyalty, almost amounting to political fetichism.

In proportion to his ignorance and superstition, he reveres the distant powers of the state, whilst experience has taught him to hate and despise the emissaries of the central government and local magnates in his own proximity, whilst he groans under their despotic rule with cringing servility. Silently he bears the yoke, seeking consolation for the absence of liberty in brutal self-indulgence and good-natured, almost jocose, indolence. But it is the patience of the slave which may at any moment be turned into the unbridled spirit of revenge in the liberated savage. Much of the meek submission is feigned, and originates in fear, and under the calm surface of stolid indifference and stupid indulgence a subtle brain is at work which readily discovers ingenious expedients to hoodwink the authorities, and a quick intelligence ready to take hold of the first opportunity of deliverance from his degraded condition. The vast numbers of Mouzhiks who joined the rising of Pugatchéf, the Jack Cade of Russia in the days of Katharine II., and other minor popular leaders of this kind since, are a proof of the readiness in the masses of the rural population to gather round the standards of agrarian revolt.

Another physiological phenomenon in the plexus of Russian society is the paucity and slow growth of towns as centers of intelligence, and the absence of a powerful citizen class who aspire after

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\* Here is an example from Ralston's "Songs of the Russian Peasantry":

O thou, Father, orthodox Tzar,  
Judge us according to a just decision:  
Order to be done to us what pleaseth Thee;  
Thou art master of our bold heads.



civic liberties,\* with an increased respect for law. The peculiar stillness and deadly calm which travelers describe as their first impression on entering Russia is owing not only, as is supposed, to the silence of fear, the oppressive sense of an omnipresent despotism, but also to the comparative absence of industrial activity and the turmoil of a busy life. This absence of a large and influential middle-class implies a want of a powerful element, social conservation—the bourgeoisie, which elsewhere forms a most formidable bulwark against the encroachments of Socialistic and Nihilistic agitation. In the absence of this middle-class, Russia may be said to be peopled by two utterly distinct nationalities—the nobles and official classes on the one hand, and the Mouzhiks on the other. This is a constant danger to social peace in the class antagonism it breeds; as a matter of fact, the epithet applied to the nobles by the peasantry is “Anti-Christians.”

But, in addition to this, we meet with another startling phenomenon in the complexion of Russian social life in the discontent rife among the higher classes themselves, impatient of irresponsible imperial autocracy—that is, among these ruling classes, who form elsewhere the support of order and authority. This arises from a variety of historical causes, but partly also from the fact to be mentioned in this place, that there is an innate tendency of the noblesse in Slavonic nationalities towards anarchy. To this may be ascribed the frequency of palace revolutions in Russia, which have accustomed the Russian mind to a chronic instability of social equilibrium, and have prepared it for those frequent attacks on exalted persons which have of late brought Nihilism prominently before the European public. On the other hand, the dreamy, sensitive, and elegiac temperament of the slave mind, easily moved, and apt in its most exalted moods to run from one extreme to another, has been intensified by artificial training and superficial foreign culture, producing a debilitating, and, at the same time, irritating effect among the educated and privileged classes. To this must be ascribed the generous impulsiveness of young men and women belonging to the aristocracy in supporting the Nihilist movement, and becoming in some instances its powerful leaders and its most sympathetic abettors.

These are some of the natural causes operant in society which predispose sections of the Russian people in favor of Nihilism. We would note now some of the historical data of Nihilism, regarded as the last stage of social evolution in Russia, or as an episode contained in the last chapter of Russian history as far as it is known. Here we meet with two social forces which both in

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\* Mr. Ashton W. Dilke, in the “Cobden Club Essays,” for 1875, p. 82, points out the utter inadequacy of civic boards and assemblies as examples of self-government.

their own way have done much toward feeding the movement, the despotism of the ancient régime, which owes its origin to the Mongol invasion, and the subsequent dictatorship of the Moscow princes, as the liberators of the people from Tartaric servitude, and the Communism inherent in the land-system of Russia; the village community of the Mir, which, though of Slavonic origin, owes its survival to the Tartar invasion; for, as Mr. Dilke, in the valuable essay already referred to, remarks, not only the fear of wild beasts and the long winter, with snow-storms in which a solitary cottage might easily be overwhelmed, but also "the constant dread of the Tartar and Polish incursions," helped in strengthening the natural gregariousness and communistic spirit of the Russian peasants to combine for purposes of protection and productive industry.

Here, then, we have autocracy and democracy, Cæsarism and Socialism, side by side—the invariable conjunction of lawlessness in the governors and the governed; and we are not surprised to find that, in a country of which it is said that wherever three persons are met together one of them is a government spy,\* there, too, the Nihilists should count their adherents by thousands. But Russia, it has well been said, is an enormous building, with a European outside and an Asiatic interior; its officials wear a European costume, but in the performance of their functions are really Tartars. This is true as far as it goes, but the European costume, it might be said, is as inconvenient and irksome in the wearing as the surviving spirit of Asiatic modes of government since the days of the "golden horde" is becoming unbearable. The despotism of Russia, in fact, has two roots. These are the effects of the Byzantine-Tartaric domination, and the Petrine-Teutonic bureaucracy, the political Orientalism of the Mongol invasion, and the ecclesiastical Orientalism of the Byzantine Church on the one hand, and the official system introduced from the German courts by Peter the Great on the other. This creation of a stiff and unbending bureaucracy, spreading its ramifications all over the country, and endeavoring with painful exactitude and mechanical punctuality to regulate the movements of society all over the realm; the much-hated *Tchin*, in its latest development, has produced most of the excesses of Nihilism with which we are acquainted.

For these are confessedly only the incidents in the warfare waged between Nihilism and officialism, and are intended as a demonstration against the official classes by whom the Emperor is surrounded

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\* Herzen's father, in taking leave of his son, who was setting out for St. Petersburg, gave the following bit of advice: "Be guarded in your conversation with everybody—the coachman who drives you, the valet who attends to you. Trust no one, not even the friend I introduce you to; for in every society you must be prepared to find one, perhaps two, Mouchards." Such experiences made Herzen a Nihilist forty years ago. "*Aus der Petersburger Gesellschaft*" (funfte Auflage), p. 62.

and supposed to be influenced in his opposition to free institutions. For, as the Russians say, the Tchin "governs, though the Czar rules." Peter has been called a Nihilist in the imperial purple (and his successors might fairly claim the same title for the same reasons), on account of the violent social changes introduced by him in the constitution of Russian society by way of "official civilization." His own acts and those of his successors have accustomed the people to rapid and thorough changes, and this in a nation which has scarcely a history, and is therefore impatient to go on slowly "from precedent to precedent," and whose institutions as a whole lack the progressive continuity of Western nations. "Despotism itself," says Herzen, "lives behind wooden walls, and has no stability. A conservative government like that of Austria has never been possible in Russia; we have nothing to conserve, because there is nothing stable among us. . . . Every government brings into question existing rights and institutions; what was ordered yesterday is countermanded to-day. Because there is no historical basis, we love novelties to distraction." Moreover, in constantly importing Western improvements and planting exotic institutions on Russian soil, by imperial ukase, the course of self-development and indigenous growth of civilization was interrupted. The large mass of the people have thus remained stationary, whilst the aristocracy have undergone rapid transformation, and a vast gulf exists between civilized and savage Russia—i.e., between a comparatively small number of the privileged classes and nearly eighty millions of the people. The assimilation of new ideas has been quickened to an unhealthy extent among the former, whilst it has retarded progressive development in the latter. It has produced hypertrophy in the one case, and atrophy in the other. But sudden and disproportionate physiological development in the different sections of the body politic must sooner or later produce irregularities in the system. In this case it assumes the form of acute disorder in the Nihilistic brain fever, producing delirious frenzies which affect the head and heart of the nation, and temporary paralysis in the lower extremities where political life and social progress were entirely at a standstill.

In addition to these adverse elements impeding the healthy and harmonious growth of Russian social life, another cause of disturbance remains to be mentioned. Russia has also had its Gallomania. Katharine II. ostentatiously patronized the liberal ideas of the French Revolution, and in the next reign the officers serving in the

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\* There are fourteen ranks of Tchinovniks as organized originally by Peter the Great, which form a regular hierarchy, like the Chinese Mandarins. A doctor of philosophy has the rank of mayor; the Emperor's coachman that of colonel; a lady-in-waiting attached to the court has the rank of captain; a bishop that of general. Such was the corruption of the Tchin in the time of Nicholas that the Emperor said on one occasion that there was but one honest servant in his dominion, that was himself.

Napoleonic wars brought back with them from Western Europe a taste for constitutionalism and individual freedom. Since then, every Socialistic and democratical movement which has passed over France has left its impress on Russian society, especially as French manners and fashions have become the standard of high life, which has given rise to the *bon mot*, that when it rains in Paris they put up an umbrella in St. Petersburg. A liberal propaganda has thus been at work more or less overtly, according to circumstances, and not all the powers of coercion wielded by the despotic arm of Nicholas could exclude these foreign ideas introduced mainly from France. They only stimulated the creation of secret societies and the spread of clandestine revolutionary literature, in print or in manuscript, to escape detection or censure.\* The very attempts to seal the country hermetically against the invasion of foreign ideas, and to extinguish the spirit of free inquiry, had the contrary effect of that which was aimed at in these repressive measures. For reducing to a minimum the liberties of the press, and education, and subjecting the whole country to a most galling system of police supervision, has produced a powerful system of resistance, and paved the way for the anarchical excesses of the revolutionary party. The severity of measures adopted by Nicholas, have, in fact, produced many of the irrational demands of Nihilism a generation later; and the iron dictator, who so effectually stamped out every attempt to disseminate the comparatively mild doctrines of French Socialism in 1848 has been the chief promulgator of the pernicious doctrines of Nihilism in 1878, for the correlative laws of action and reaction hold good in politics as well as in physics, and a season of excessive repression will be followed by a season of violent explosion.

The tentative efforts at legislative reforms under the present emperor and the emancipation of the serfs were the unavoidable results of a powerful reaction against the conservatism under the previous reign. The precipitate manner in which some of these imperial measures were introduced, amounting almost to a social revolution, have, like previous acts of grace of a similar nature, produced that uneasiness and unsteadiness in the public mind which inclines an easily excited people, superficially educated and on the verge of moral insolvency, to entertain the wildest expectations from changes in the commonwealth, and to give themselves up to vague hopes of social regeneration after the existing order of things has passed away. These expectations were bitterly disappointed. The confident optimism prevailing in the beginning of the present Czar's reign gave

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\* In the October number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* there is a very interesting article on the precursors of Nihilism, which give an important account of a conspiracy in the years 1848-9, bearing close resemblance to the Nihilistic conspiracies of the present day, and showing the close relationship with the socialistic movements in France, and thence spreading to other European countries.

place to pessimistic discouragement and skeptical anxieties after twenty years of imperfect reforms in the administration, political and judicial, in the army and the press, and even in the immediate results of emancipation. And why? Because, contrary to general expectation, many of these reforms were only half-measures, incomplete and incoherent, and in their working and effects produced a sense of imperfection and inaptitude, rendered useless as they were in many cases by restrictions and contradictions, and often thwarted by the interference of central government and the chicanery of the local authorities, who grudged to give up any share of their former privileges. This has produced irritation and a spirit of defiance among all classes of Russian society.\*

The strong current of political radicalism which, as we have thus far shown, is the direct outcome of autocratic rule, has been reinforced by the second force mentioned already, the spirit of "collectivism" in the rural commune. If the despotism of Tartaric knoutocracy introduced from the East, and of Teutonic bureaucracy imported from the West; if the despotism of foreign fashions established by imperial decrees, or in spite of them, during intermittent attacks of Gallomania; if the reactionary despotism of Paul and Nicholas, and the reformatory despotism of the two Alexanders have borne bitter fruit in the growth of the revolutionary idea—the survival of the communistic principle in the rural districts serves as a practical embodiment of the same idea, and, when applied to the totality of social life, it is supposed, may become the nucleus round which may gather the dissipated molecules of society, dissolved into its elements in the event of the Nihilistic agitation proving to be successful. In a country where nine-tenths of the arable land belongs to the crown, the nobles and public institutions, and where, as in Ireland, a popular tradition prevails that the land belongs to the people (we belong to you, they say to the proprietors, but the land to us), it is not to be wondered that there should be a strong though latent tendency towards agrarian dissatisfaction. The memory of complete independence on the part of the cultivators of the soil, which had still remained intact less than three hundred years ago, and which in principle was restored in the act of emancipation, has never been entirely effaced, even in the darkest stages of serfdom. The village mir, which has outlasted every form of tyranny and spoliation, as a co-operative association of the peasantry secures their virtual independence, and preserves within the community the idea of equal rights under a head elected by themselves, who exercises parental authority in conjunction with the village pat-

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\* See *Revue des deux Mondes*, February 15, 1890, pp. 762-64; and cf. Dilke, loc. cit., p. 336. Nevertheless, Mr. Dilke speaks hopefully of the future success of these reforms when the "collision between official and elective systems of government" shall have passed away.

liament, convened in cases of emergency. The institution has the advantage of being primitive in its origin, patriarchial in discipline, and preservative in the socialistic element in rural economy. To the existence of this institution, it is certain, must be attributed the preservation of the Russian peasantry from the evil consequences of agricultural systems in the rest of Europe, in pauperizing the tillers of the soil, and their consequent expropriation and degeneration into an agrarian proletariat—since the arable land and pasturage belongs not to individuals, but are the collective property of the commune, which enjoys unlimited authority in making allotments and in the redistribution of the soil. The mir forms, in fact, an independent democracy, that is, as Mr. Wallace observes, in “the great stronghold of Cæsarian depotism and centralized bureaucracy these village communes, containing about five-sixths of the population, are capital specimens of representative constitutional government of the extreme democratic type.”\* And so we find frequent expressions similar to that preserved in the procès verbal of the 193, where one of the accused, M. Félix Idanowitch, says that the “rural commune, one of the elements of our social life, includes the fundamental principle of theoretical Socialism.”

Three-eighths of the soil are worked according to this principle of collective property and associated labor—i. e., on what might be called the Socialistic principle. But another factor here enters into our calculations in forming an estimate of the force of the Nihilistic movement. Since the publication of the ukase of 1861, which liberated the serfs, the commune has become simply a legalized corporation, a sort of agricultural joint-stock company responsible, as a body, to the landlord for his rent, and to the crown for its taxes. A whole village becomes responsible for the rent-charge levied to indemnify the former owners of the soil for feudal rights lost by the act of emancipation. A difficulty here arises in the case of some heads of families who are unable to contribute their share towards this liquidation of the redemption-money, which has become an additional drag on the resources of the soil. This reduces the liberated serf into a client depending on his patron, who is, in most cases, one of the principal men in the village, and this new form of servitude creates more bitterness of spirit, and becomes a more dangerous element of social discontent, than that produced by the slavery under the old masters. And this redemption of dues which, in the course of half a century, is intended to make the peasantry collectively, or individually, owners of the soil, threatens to destroy the perpetuity of community life by its introduction of individual interests and the rights of private property in land. For men, who are now encouraged to purchase land by installments for collective use, will

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\* D. Mackenzie Wallace, “Russia,” vol. i. pp. 192-3; and cf. Faucher’s article on “Russia in Systems of Land-Tenure” published by the Cobden Club, pp. 329-332.

presently be unwilling to submit to the authority of the mir in its distributive office, and the friction caused by the clashing of private and collective interests thus brought about, added to the disappointment occasioned by the comparatively meager result of the emancipation act in ameliorating the condition of the peasantry, forms one of the most powerful elements of discontent in rural communities. It opens a ready entrance to the introduction of a Nihilistic propaganda in country districts. With the growth of industry, and the consequent withdrawal of more "hands" into the towns, the evil will grow in proportion, as in that case the agricultural condition of the people will become more and more assimilated to that of the proletarian classes in Western Europe, and so furnish additional fuel to the socialistic agitation. The cry "Russia for the Russians," in the mouth of Panslavist agitators, who, in this respect, make common cause with Nihilists, means the same thing as the cry, "Ireland for the Irish," among extreme Home Rulers in the sister island—i. e., systematic alienation of the land from the proprietors in favor of the cultivators—the extension of the principles of collective property beyond the mir to other branches of industry; as M. Faucher puts it, in the opinion of Russian Socialists, "the mir of the village . . . is only a stage in the application of the theory of communism in land," the ultimate goal is a general establishment of the commune all over Russia. This is not the place for entering upon the controversy whether or not the mir itself is an institution to serve as the basis of social reconstruction in Russia, which seems to be the opinion of M. de Laveleye, who quotes Cavour's saying, reported to have been addressed to a Russian diplomatist—"What will some day make your country master of Europe is, not its armies, but its communal system."\* But thus much it was necessary to mention for the purpose of showing the importance of the mir as a communistic element in the development of Russian social life, especially as some of its modifications brought about by the emancipation act have produced an indelible impression on the rustic mind that the state is all-powerful in promoting any changes in the social condition of the people, and not without a sly suspicion that, as in the past, it has aided the landed gentry in wresting the land from its original proprietors, so it may be expected at some future period to restore it freely to its present occupiers, the peasantry. For this form of state-socialism has been cried up as the panacea of all the ills of Russia by the most prominent leaders of Nihilism for the last fifty years.

Besides these two confluent feeders of the Nihilistic stream—the absolutism of the imperial government, and the communism of the agricultural régime—there are, and have been, other minor tributaries to swell the current of dissatisfaction. Such, for example, as the influence of faulty and vacillating legislation, and the maladmin-

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\* See arguments for and against, in his work on "Primitive Property," chap. III.

istration of laws good in themselves; the bribery and corruption of civil and military authorities; the speculation and improbity of officials in the highest ranks, even near the throne; a ruinous system of finance, increasing the burdens of taxation to an intolerable degree; the want of outlet for enterprise and talent owing to the undeveloped condition of the country; and last, but not least, the influences of a literature mainly critical in its dissolvent skepticism and hopeless cynicism, and the inability of the national church, in its present degraded condition, to exercise a healthy restorative influence on the mind and heart of the nation. In the absence of healthy tonics to rouse the bulk of the population from moral apathy and intellectual lethargy, produced by centuries of repressive government, the only stimulants administered in the place are the drugs of fervid Nihilism, and the only impulse given to the awakening spirit of nationalism comes from the enthusiasms of crazy conspirators in their fanatical crusade against the existing order of things. All the organs of public opinion in the church, in the press, in literature, in local assemblies, have been suppressed for a long time, partially or entirely, by a government intolerant of criticism. The consequence of this has been that the educated classes in Russia have been accustomed to draw their information from clandestine sources, and their inspiration from the lucubrations of a "subterranean press." Hence, the startling effects of Herzen's Bell sounding the alarm in the days of Nicholas, and its diminished influence as a popular organ as soon as comparative freedom of the press was granted on the accession of Alexander II. Hence, too, the growing influence of violent journals, like the *Tocsin*, published by the executive committee of the Nihilists, since the partial repeal of that act of imperial clemency. Hence, too, the sympathy of exasperated public opinion with the utterances of the wildest among social iconoclasts, and the temporary ascendant of Bakunin as a popular leader, though the avowed apostle of universal anarchy and "pan-destruction."

Here we pause to inquire into the quæsitæ of Nihilism, so far as they may be gathered from the various utterances of representative Nihilists, or in the latest programmes put forth by authority. We will not weary our readers with the thrice-told tale of Bakunin's ravings about "social amorphism," or Tschernyschewsky's newest edition of a "social contract" adapted to the Nihilistic creed. This has been done, and slightly overdone, already. Our aim will be rather to abstract what is essential to the doctrines of Nihilism, as far as it can be stated with anything like scientific accuracy, though the task is by no means easy. It is only by scrupulous comparison of the less advanced doctrines of the opportunists with the more sweeping programme of what we may term the Nihilist intransigents, that we are able to abstract the salient points of Russian Nihilism, instead of being satisfied with a distorted caricature of its



aims presented in descriptions of the trial-scenes and comments thereupon in the newspapers. The demands of the moderate party are, in the first place, the removal of remaining survivals of feudalism and the introduction of a liberal constitution; and, in addition to these, complete amnesty for political offenses; suppression of the secret police, and inviolability of the home; liberty of the press, and freedom of speech and education; religious equality; autonomy of towns, communes, and provinces; the control of public functionaries by provincial councils; the appointment of an imperial commission to inquire into the economic and social condition of the people, the foundation of a special professorship for social science in the universities; the reduction of the war estimates; and the formation of a new ministry for the aid and encouragement of industrial and agricultural associations on co-operative principles, with a view to develop the immense resources of the country.

The more advanced party start with the negative theory of a complete subversion of society as now constituted. Their programme is: No more monarchy, no more state religions, no more landed proprietors, but the soil to be free as air, since every one has a right to sustenance; no more armies and administration; kings, soldiers, priests, judges, the rich and the privileged are all enemies of the commonwealth, and, as such, to be resisted and exterminated; every public functionary hostile to these designs is doomed to die.

A proclamation of the executive committee, drawn up shortly after the attack on the Emperor by the assassin Solowfew, sums up the most recent demands of Nihilism as follows: A representative democratic form of government; permanent parliaments, with full powers to regulate all matters of state; extension of self-government in the provinces; complete autonomy of rural communes; the land to be put into the possession of the people; means to be found for placing the factories in the hands of the artels, or artisan guilds; transformation of the army into a militia, liberty of the press, and industrial combination.

Here we observe a decided tendency towards moderation and positive proposals in the latest manifesto of the party. Representative government and a free press, co-operative enterprise aided by the state, local self-government and reduction of the war tax—these are not unreasonable demands, and deserve respectful attention; nor is their rational tone less worthy of respect because the wilder spirits of the extreme Nihilist section professedly regard these measures only as the starting point of a new revolutionary era, or because it is obvious that constitutional rights will be turned into instruments of popular agitation so as to render parliamentary government an engine for the subversion of society. On the other hand, the demand for permanent parliaments, with executive power and complete autonomy of the rural communes, bear a more suspicious character, suggesting as they do an ominous resemblance to the Con-

stituent Assembly of 1789 and the Commune of 1870, respectively. These suspicions are by no means allayed if we consider the methods proposed for realizing the end in view, viz., active propaganda among the people, and unremitted protests against social abuses; terrorizing and destructive warfare with government officials in order to undermine the power of public authority; organization of secret societies, with a central power to direct its movements; attempts to be made to secure to members of this society a position in high and influential branches of the civil and military services; a footing in society, as well as among the people; to carry out secretly and by open participation in the elections, as far as may be done, the revolutionary programme.\*

Such are the latest demands of Nihilism, and the means suggested for their attainment. It remains to be seen now what is the present attitude of Russian society, high and low, towards the movement, and what are the measures to be adopted to satisfy the moderate advocates of reform, as the best means of discomfiting the fomenters of social revolution. This is the practical aspect of the question. In our endeavor to estimate the extent of the movement in relying on the public at large for support and sympathy, we cannot lose sight of the fact that it is no longer a sectional or merely local manifestation of discontent, but that for the last ten years the revolutionary party has been reinforced from every grade of society.† Men and women of rank and position, male and female students at the universities, professional men of talent, and eminent members of various departments of science, have what is called "simplified" themselves and "gone among the people." They have entered the village, the workshop, the factory, disguised as national teachers, country practitioners, and even as common laborers, for the purpose of making propaganda, disseminating pamphlets, periodicals, and popular appeals in every form and shape among the people. If discovered and brought before the imperial tribunal their trials often appeared in the light of triumphs of their party, by reason of their own courageous attitude and the pusillanimous conduct of their judges. In reading some of the reports of former trials we cannot

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\* "Jahrbuch der Socialwissenschaft und Socialpolitik," erster Jahrgang, zweite Hälfte. p. 370, et passim. The object of Socialists, it is said here in ambiguous language, is "to effect a political revolution with a view to restore the power of the people." The work referred to is the authorized "Annual Register of the Social Democracy in Europe."

† This appears from the following extracts taken from the letter of the Times's correspondent referring to the last trial of Nihilists, and dated St. Petersburg, November 10. Among the condemned figure Kobilansky and Drigo, gentlemen; Zundelevitich, Okladskol, and Priesmakoff, artisans; Thirsoff and Iklonoff, peasants; Boukh, son of a privy councillor; Zuckermann, merchant; Nephen Martinofsky Chancey, servant; Zuekofsky, son of a priest; Bulitch, doctor; Sofia Ivanoff, a major's daughter; Griaznovol, peasant woman; and Figner, gentlewoman.

help being struck with the dignity and conscious self-possession of prisoners on their defense. The court, on the other hand, unable to preserve respect for the laws, permits the hall of justice to be turned into a lecture-room for the diffusion of social science as propounded by Nihilists, who give reasons for the demolition of society before judges appointed for upholding its laws. We note the astonishing phenomenon of the officers of justice recoiling before prisoners in the dock, whilst the latter pronounce a sweeping condemnation on a trial which they call a legal farce, and on which they pass sentence as a foregone conclusion. If the trial ends in conviction, and death or deportation are the result, there are popular demonstrations of sympathy with the victims. If a verdict of "not guilty" is returned, as in the case of Vera Sassoulitch, the "angel of assassination," the news of acquittal is received with shouts of applause. Sympathy with Nihilism does not end here. Fabulous sums are spent in liberating its adherents from prison, and in forwarding its projects. Its ranks are filled up by recruits from every section of society. "Aristocratic crétins," who fret under a sense of neglect because no occupation is found for them in the official ranks, and in whom enforced idleness has produced many of the evil habits of a privileged class without stated duties, become its representatives in the world of fashion. The road has always been easy in times of civil commotion from high-bred dissipation to socialistic conspiracies from Catiline to Philip Egalité. The miserable condition of the inferior country gentry, as described by Gogol in his "Dead Souls," or by Tourguénief in his "Sketches of a Sportsman," their ignorant brutality, reckless self-indulgence, and hopeless insolvency, ruined as many have been since by the effects of emancipation, inclines them to groveling discontent. The mercantile classes, despised by their superiors, and envied by their inferiors, distrusted by both, maintain in their isolation the character of meanness and mediocrity ascribed by Guizot to the bourgeois of the continent in the first struggles of civicism, because, like him, they have but quite lately emerged from feudal servitude, and hence became tacit supporters of the would-be destroyers of a society which assigns to the trader an intolerable position. The Russian peasant, in his profound aversion for labor, brutalized by intemperance, with the cunning of Caliban, and not without a touch of his impish malice, displays already signs of interest in the agrarian chimeras of his Nihilist teachers, and sings their revolutionary songs. The factory laborers, who are scarcely to be distinguished as a separate class from the peasantry, have already made some approaches towards the discontented artisans in the centers of industry, and for the last twenty years, in conjunction with the students, have made opposition to their employers and the public authorities. Strikes and manifestoes are of more frequent occurrence than they used to be. The universities, theological seminaries, and colleges of sur-

geons, and even the national schools—i. e., all the organs of education from the highest to the lowest, both secular and sacred—have become hotbeds of Nihilistic agitation.

Religious dissenters, exasperated by the intolerant persecutions or extortions of the state church, give an unpronounced but unmistakable countenance to the movement. Jews, a naturally cautious body, irritated by petty oppression, avenge themselves on society in becoming colporteurs of incendiary pamphlets as peddlers in the country, or take a more prominent position—like Goldenberg, condemned in the last trial, and others tried at Odessa some time ago—according to their station and educational advantages. Political malcontents from the numerous subject races, European and Asiatic, join the throng of agitators, whilst a mixed multitude of all sorts and conditions of men, those who, in the words of a Russian prince, “have nothing in their heads, and those who have nothing in their pockets,” readily accept a programme which promises a radical change in the order of things, and many of them, exasperated by hardships and hopeless despair, pursue the object of social demolition with the blind fatalism of Oriental iconoclasts, and the frantic fanaticism of mystic devotees. If asked what they expect to happen in the event of their succeeding, they readily reply: “Society cannot perish; the social state which will rise in the place of that we are about to destroy cannot be worse than what already exists. Perish, therefore, the Russia of the Romanoffs!” They are like an army marching under cover of night. Their most powerful allies are the obscurantist policy of an absolute government, the sinister proceedings of the secret service, the mysteries of court intrigues, and the barely-concealed venality of the public services. Since the beginning of the century the struggle has been going on with more or less intensity between liberalism and agrarianism on the one hand and imperialism and landlordism on the other. Of late this seething state of social discontent has been aggravated by the exactions of the tax-gatherer and the recruiting-sergeant, to fill up by subscriptions and conscriptions of money and men the gaps in the military contingent and the empty regimental cash-box. The result of the action and interaction of these various forces in society has been a most serious disturbance of social equilibrium, threatening almost a societary disruption; and the popular excitement has been heightened by the turmoil of actual, and the vision of potential, wars of conquest conjured up before the Russian mind by means of Panslavonic agitation.

Such is the force and fervor of the movement. Nihilism is a term connoting every form of social dissatisfaction, and every variety of Utopian aspiration. Federalists and constitutionalists, collectivists and anarchists, political radicals and positive doctrinaires, social philanthropists and communistic agitators—all these follow its banners and contribute each his own share towards the feverish excite-

ment of a nation "with a career before it." It is a state of mind peculiar to the youthful development of the Russian people, as Herzen puts it. The intoxication of new ideas, the disturbing influences of wild dreams of expansion, and the impetuosity of youth, ready to pull down all obstructions to the immediate realization of daring expectations, form part of the organic convulsions in that state of development. The disorder will pass away in due course of time if the body politic be strong enough to bear the strain, and premature decay is provided against by suitable remedies and the inherent vigor of constitution. Youthful errors are not always fatal. Sobriety and calm self-possession may be expected to follow the "Sturm und Drang" period of nations. And what are the measures to bring this about? In the development of animal life, degeneration in some instances forms an important factor to bring about what is called "simplicative evolution," whereby some organs become "simplified" instead of becoming differentiated, as in the case of parasites. So, too, the parasitical nature of Russian civilization has produced a certain amount of temporary degeneration in her national development. But such simplification, we are assured by an eminent scientist,\* ultimately serves the purpose of progressive evolution. This, we think, may be expected in Russia with its robust nature and latent powerful resources of self-development. But that will depend on a variety of circumstances, conditions, and contingencies which are too numerous to be mentioned here. We may mention a few of the measures to bring about a gradual and effectual transformation in the simplified or retarded organs which tend to degeneration—in other words, those organic forces of society—liberty of speech; fair and progressive representation, preparing the way for self-government; differentiation in the regulative system; a complete separation of legislative and executive functions; and an entire abandonment of the present plan of conferring collateral powers on the bureaucracy and elective assemblies, which invariably results in the superior power of the former over the latter.

Political reforms, said the aged Tourgeniéf, in March last year, at a banquet given in his honor by the students of the Russian capital, is the only safe bulwark against the encroachments of Nihilism. "There is only one way," he added, "to pierce the clouds; we want nothing else in order that the miasmatic vapors may be dispelled, and Nihilism be hurled back into nothingness—that one ray of light is the Constitution." But the introduction of a constitutional government for a colossal empire like Russia, consisting of the most heterogeneous nationalities, some of whom are only just emerging from barbarism, is not by any means as easy a task as some writers

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\* E. Ray Lankester, "Degeneration," a chapter in "Darwinism," p. 51 and ante.

on the subject seem to imagine. But gradual emancipation, and progressive liberal reforms, with a view of finally establishing local autonomy and federal union, as in the case of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, may perhaps solve the difficulty in the course of time. The establishment of some sort of representation with consultative, if not legislative, power at first would enable the nation to declare its mind, and the government to put itself in right relation with the people. Homeopathic doses of the elixir of freedom, judiciously administered during the present transition period of structural development, might later on be followed up by a more vigorous treatment, and so the threatening danger of political anarchy and social disorganization may be averted.

But more is required by way of social reforms. Among these are judicial reforms in a country where the science of jurisprudence is almost unknown, and a complete reorganization of the body of legal functionaries, for reasons already mentioned, together with the entire abolition of the third section. Closely connected with law reforms are an improved system of finance and taxation to relieve industry of its burdens and to give a stimulus to commercial enterprise and the growth of a prosperous middle class. This would diminish by degrees the present difficulty of finding employment for a number of turbulent spirits who swell the ranks of Nihilism. But to render these material improvements effectual they must be accompanied (some would say preceded) by a moral and mental elevation of all classes of society by means of educational reforms. For the discipline of character, and the creation of ideal views of life, are the foundation of social progress. Since the days of Nicholas education has been retrogressive and restrictive, and the unfreedom of the educational régime has avenged itself in the illicit indulgence of intellectual license among the *jeunesse dorée* of Russia. At the same time the inadequacy of middle-class education as an equipment for the practical business of life has produced among large numbers, who suffer from it, disappointment, irritation, and a spirit of revolt against society.†

To counteract the psychological tendencies of the Slave mind, singularly sensitive to the seductive influences of grand misty conceptions, whilst at the same time inclined to indolence and melancholy dejection—to counteract the evil consequences of an unhealthy development of spiritual forces, such as materialistic and pessimistic views of life, which sap the foundations of society—the moral engineer must precede the social reformer. For that poisoned condition of the educated Russian's mind, which the great novelist paints so vividly in "Vapour," there is no other antidote but the revival of

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\* "Russland vor und nach dem Kriege," p. 97 and p. 101.

† See "Russians of To-day," by the author of "The Member for Paris," p. 252.

an ethical fervor by ideal views of life, and an appeal to the higher aspirations of youth by means of generous and elastic forms of education. The methods hitherto pursued have landed them in the arid void of blank negation, and what follows?

Il n'est point de vertus, ne de vices,  
Sols tigre, si tu peux. Pourvu que tu jouisses,  
Vis, n'impute comment pour finir n'importe ou.

No, replies the believer in "august anticipations"—

Arise and fly  
The reeling fawn, the sensual feast  
Move upwards, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die.

There are not wanting among the Russian people these instincts of a higher destiny and the latent forces of moral and mental regeneration. It will depend on the measures and the men in the responsible places of high office to draw out the youth of Russia from the mist of materialist self-indulgence, and so to reduce the chaos of self-contradiction in social life to order and harmony, thus removing social discord in resuscitating social virtue with a growing spirit of self-reverence and self-control. Much must be left to the *vis medicatrix nature* in gradually eliminating the retarding effects of Asiatic despotism, autocratic officialism, and the corroding influences of philosophical skepticism. But much, too, will depend on the effects of wise and liberal legislation and a judicious administration of public affairs. The alternatives are reform or revolution, the reconciliation of liberty and law by slow stages of evolution, or the continued antagonism between the progressive and retrogressive parties, ending in what Nihilists call "social liquidation."

Emerson somewhere speaks of social reformers who, in their pessimistic views of life in the disorganized democracy of the United States, believe "that the defects of so many perverse and so many frivolous people who make up society are organic, and society is a hospital of incurables." We are inclined to take a less desponding view of Russian affairs. Either with newly-infused hopes and increased liberties, with a higher civilization among the masses, and a more bracing culture among the higher classes, the partition wall of caste-systems will be eventually broken down, and self-development from within will cause the nation to expand and to recover from its impaired growth after a complete elimination of existing impediments. Or the working of pent-up forces in the subterranean volcano will culminate in a powerful eruption, similar to the outbreak of the French revolution, and after a short season of vandalism and barbaric destructiveness society will recover; but, it may be hoped,

without passing through the same long, tedious process of reorganization as in France during the post-revolutionary period. And for this reason, that the morphological development of Russia into a constitutional state may be expected to transpire in a quick succession of events when once the impulse is given. This rapidity of movement is peculiar to the history of new states like Russia. For here we may expect the operation of the biological law prevailing in the organic world, according to which the genesis of the individual is a short and rapid recapitulation of that of the tribe to which it belongs, by means of heredity and adaptation. Russia may still be considered in this stage of embryonic evolution which precedes the birth of a free nation, but passing rapidly through those stages which it has taken centuries of slow development to accomplish in that family of European nations to which she has been affiliated, and from which she has received her civilization by inheritance and adaptation.

Which of the two alternatives will be chosen it would be presumptuous to predict. The present defection of Nihilism and the conciliatory measures adopted of late by the imperial government may perhaps be regarded as symptoms of a peaceful solution. In either case, the present crisis marks an important epoch in the history of national life in Russia.—MORITZ KAUFMANN, in *The Contemporary Review*.

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### GEIST'S GRAVE.

Four years!—and didst thou stay above  
The ground which hides thee now but four?  
And all that life, and all that love,  
Were crowded Geist! into no more?

Only four years those winning ways,  
Which make me for thy presence yearn,  
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,  
Dear little friend! at every turn?

That loving heart, that patient soul,  
Had they indeed no longer span  
To run their course, and reach their goal,  
And read their homily to man?



That liquid, melancholy eye,  
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs  
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,\*  
The sense of tears in mortal things—

That steadfast, mournful strain consoled  
By spirits gloriously gay,  
And temper of heroic mold—  
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four!—and not the course  
Of all the centuries yet to come,  
And not the infinite resource  
Of Nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fullness vast  
Of new creation evermore,  
Can ever quite repeat the past,  
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!  
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,  
And builds himself I know not what—  
Of second life I know not where.

But, thou, when struck thine hour to go,  
On us, who stood despondent by,  
A meek last glance of love didst throw,  
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—  
Would fix our favorite on the scene;  
Nor let thee utterly depart  
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse  
On lips that rarely form them now;  
While to each other we rehearse:  
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,  
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,  
We greet thee by the window-pane,  
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

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\* Sunt lacrimæ rerum!

We see the flaps of thy large ears,  
Quick raised to ask which way we go;  
Crossing the frozen lake, appears  
Thy small black figure on the snow!

Nor to us only art thou dear,  
Who mourn thee in thine English home;  
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,  
Dropped by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,  
And thou shalt live as long as we;  
And after that—thou dost not care!  
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,  
Even to a date beyond our own,  
We strive to carry down thy name  
By mounded turf and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,  
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,  
Between the holly and the beech,  
Where oft we watch'd thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear  
To travelers on the Portsmouth road—  
There choose we thee, O guardian dear,  
Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode!

Then some, who through this garden pass,  
When we too, like thyself, are clay,  
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,  
And stop before the stone and say:

"People who lived here long ago  
Did by this stone, it seems, intend  
To name for future times to know  
The dachs-hound, Geist, their little friend.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

## CALIFORNIAN SOCIETY.

*The Resources of California.* By JOHN S. HITTELL. Sixth edition. San Francisco, 1864.

THE traveler, when he comes to look over his journal, after having accomplished the tour of the world, can scarcely fail to be struck with the fact that, from a sociological point of view, one country riveted his attention more than any other, and that that country was California. We have chosen it as the subject of this article for two reasons: first, because we can speak of it from personal knowledge; and, secondly, because we feel satisfied that it is a subject just at present deserving the earnest attention of every thinking mind—since the phenomena exhibited in the development of so complex a social organism as is there presented must ever be “giving place to new,” and, taken as a whole, can scarcely be repeated again elsewhere for many a long age to come.

For the student of past history there is little to learn: the space of a single century covers all he can hope to know; his facts are patent, and, there being few reasons for falsification, his authorities are generally trustworthy. For the student of sociology, on the other hand, that wonderful belt of land pent in between the Sierra and the sea presents a series of materials which, while by their numerical aggregate they convince him of the prairie-like extent of his subject, by their heterogeneity utterly dumfound him when he seeks to reduce them to a systematized form. He feels that the congeries before him, thrown together though it has been in comparatively a moment of time, if taken piecemeal, would require a life-work to digest; while the anomalies of the present mock all his boldest efforts to forecast a future. Whether the bent of his studies leads him to trace the growth of civilization from its cradle in the forest, where its representative is the Indian of lowest type, to its premature grave in the city, where the whisky of the states meets the opium of Asia; or, dwelling on the present alone, to watch the effect of the mingling of so many waters as are gathered together in the “Golden City,” he will find, alike, phenomena ready to his hand in a field which still for him is virgin soil.

In the following pages all descriptions of scenery will be omitted—not even excepting the grand Yosemite itself—unless they bear specially on the subject; and the reader will be spared any of those grandiloquent psychological results of what Professor Clifford has termed “cosmic emotion.” Any of that nauseous species of wayfarer’s gossip which swells to deformity so many otherwise readable books of travel with details of hair-breadth escapes and heavy hotel charges

will be still more carefully eschewed. The object of the writer's visit to California was to probe the surface a little deeper than guide-books would take him; to learn something of the manners and motives of men in a country where man is considered capable of taking care of himself, and his mind allowed to run alone; and lastly, to form, if possible, some notion as to the position California is entitled to occupy amongst the civilized communities of the world.

As in the sequel, when the reader will be asked to proceed down the Pacific coast into the Los Angeles country, and up into the mountains on the Nevada border, he will sometimes encounter the living representatives of states of society which are now no more, it will be well at the outset to ask him to take a brief retrospect of the three periods into which Californian history divides itself, previous to the hoisting of the "Stars and Stripes," and the dawning of the present so-called "grand cosmopolitan era." At the time when the seaboard of California first became known to navigators the country was occupied, though it can scarcely be said to have been possessed, by the Californian Indians. The indefinite nickname of "Digger" has been indiscriminately applied to all the various tribes and families of this race. It is, however, an unfortunate one, since it has tended to represent them as even more degraded beings than is warranted by fact. The slight acquaintance which the writer made with some of the survivors of the race, who still haunt the foot-hills of the Sierra, was sufficient to shew him that, though in many of their habits they are filthy and disgusting, the germs of a nomad civilization may be distinctly detected among them. Ethnologically speaking, the Californian Indian is no allophylian: he is a legitimate member of the great family of North America, whose territory not long since extended from the land of the Esquimaux to the Isthmus, and from ocean to ocean. The nations to which he is most closely allied in language and habits are the Tinneh on the north and east and the Aztecs on the south. This fact of kinship is the more remarkable when we remember—with all the advantages of soil and climate in his favor—not one vestige can be discovered of the native Californian, either in ancient or modern times, ever having participated in that culture which distinguished his kindred nations, from the mound-builders of Ohio to the sculptors of Copan. "No excuse," says Mr. Hubert Bancroft, "can be offered for the degradation of the native of fertile California. On every side . . . in regions possessing far fewer advantages . . . we find a higher type of man." The circumstance must indeed be regarded as the exception which proves the rule of Buckle, that "favorable climatal conditions are productive of high civilization."

It can scarcely be a matter of wonder that, on the arrival of another and a stronger race, that merciless law, by which we are apt to say that nature works her will, bore down on the Californian Indian

with a rapidity and completeness of effect unknown to other lands. The weaker perished because of their weakness. As usual, the advent of the white man was the death-blow of the Indian. The poisonous elements of a debased civilization destroyed what the sword of the hidalgos had left. There had been two incentives which had brought the Spanish vessels into Californian harbors: the first, seldom satisfied, was the search for gold; the second, and more important, the zeal for the spread of the Christian religion. In 1769 the rivalry between the Dominicans and Franciscans led to the apportionment of Upper California as a mission-field for the latter, and to the original colonization of that land by Spain. Soldiers accompanied the friars for their protection, and they doubtless assisted in no small degree in inspiring those ignorant people, who previously knew neither God nor devil, a proper dread of the Christian Deity. Despite the conflicting ideas which must have been conveyed even to a savage mind by the arrival of these mixed messengers of peace and war, the Franciscans reaped a rich harvest. As a spiritual result they could count, early in the present century, 24,611 Indian converts, and numerous missions had been founded. In temporal results, the reckoning was not less satisfactory; the fathers possessed 215,000 cattle, 135,000 sheep, 16,000 horses, and an average harvest of 75,000 bushels of corn. The progress made from the state of the country as they found it to such results as these, in the short space of fifty years, had indeed been prodigious; and, laying aside all his prejudices against asceticism, the modern Californian looks back on these ancient padres as the true founders of the prosperity of his country in an agricultural and pastoral point of view. They were men, moreover, of sound judgment in the choice of localities for their missions, as is shown by the fact that many of the most flourishing modern towns have sprung up on or adjacent to their ancient sites. The northernmost mission, founded in 1766, was San Francisco, and it is not a little extraordinary that this city, which has now become a by-word for luxury and self-indulgence, owes its origin to a band of men bent on setting an example to the natives of the bay of the sternest rules of mediæval asceticism.

The third period of Californian history is that of the Mexican dominion, dating from 1822—when Mexico proclaimed her independence—to 1848, when, at the conclusion of the war with the United States, the country was ceded to that nation. During this period the property of the missions was secularized, and the aristocracy, into whose hands it fell, reaped in idleness the fruits of the teaching of the friars and the labors of the neophytes.

"The Mexican Californians," says Hittell, "lived an idle life. Their only income was derived from the hides and tallow of their neat cattle, which thrive on the wild grass in the open country. They had no work and little worry. They were happy; they did not know any better. They had few excitements, and many of them

had no anxieties. Most of them, and many of the old American residents have regretted the change which has since taken place. From various miseries of life, common elsewhere, they were exempt. They had no lawyers, doctors, tax-gatherers, or newspapers; no steamboats, railroads, stage-coaches, post-offices, regular mails, or stove-pipe hats. Bedsteads, chairs, tables, wooden floors and kid gloves were rarities. They were a large, active, hardy, long-lived race, who made up by their fecundity for the failure of the friars to contribute to the population of the territory."

It was no uncommon thing for a man to have a family of from twenty to twenty-five children; and "an old lady, Juana Cota, died some few years since, leaving five hundred living descendants at the time of her death." It is not to be wondered at that the American author who wrote this should dwell on these facts with surprise when he compares them with the singularly low average birthrate for which modern California (in common with the New England states) is remarkable. Of the political difficulties which at times resulted from feuds amongst the Mexican aristocracy, in Los Angeles and elsewhere, this is not the place to speak, nor is it necessary more than briefly to glance at the decline and fall of these great families before the active and unscrupulous pioneers of American civilization. The Spaniards were rich, but they were reckless. They owned the land, but their gambling debts necessitated their charging it with heavy mortgages. German Jews and Americans were ready on the spot to rob them of their patrimony by enormous percentages and sudden foreclosures. The possession of land meant raising money, and the victims have not yet forgotten the horror and the hatred with which, when first stripped of their inheritances, they regarded the interloper. They forgot what their survivors are still less willing to remember, that, of folly and avarice, the latter in the race for life can seldom fail to win.

It was the morning of the 27th of February, 1875, when, on looking from the window of a Pullman car, we saw that we had left the lavender plains and snow-sheds behind, that we had overtopped the summit of the "divide," and were standing still for a moment a few feet from the edge of a precipice 3,800 feet high. Through a cleft in the mountains, called the "Emigrants' Gap," appeared the foothills of the Sierra, and far beyond them oceanwards stretched the rich Californian lowlands, till lost in the yellow morning haze. Immediately below, at the depth just mentioned, a slender silver line, bisecting a plot of greensward, marked the course of the "American River." The name of the "Emigrants' Gap"—the gorge by which that river reached the plain—could not but recall the scene which took place here during the "gold fever" of 1848. Here it was that the mighty army of enthusiasts who—20,000 strong—had left their Eastern homes to brave the dangers and miseries of the

plain and the mountain, first came in sight of the land of promise.—the El Dorado of their hopes.

"As for the men," writes one\* who shared their toils, and whose graphic account of it needs no apology for quoting at length, "we were the flower of the West; nearly all young, active, healthy—many well educated, all full of hope and enthusiasm. In our ignorance of the nature of the auriferous deposits we . . . expected to strike places where we should dig up two or three hundred pounds of gold in a day without difficulty. In visions by day and in dreams, by night we saw ourselves in the possession of treasures more splendid than those which dazzled the eyes of Aladdin. We compared ourselves to the Argonauts, to the army of Alexander starting to conquer Persia, to the Crusaders. Our enthusiasm was maintained by our numbers. The road, as far as we could see by day from the highest mountains, was lined with men and wagons; at night the camp-fires gleamed like the lights of a city set on a hill. Our brightest anticipations suffered no diminution as we advanced on our journey; vexatious and tiresome as many of the days were, we never forgot, we never doubted, the reward that was to compensate us. The long march of 2000 miles (for we were nearly all a-foot and there were no seats in the wagons), the fording and ferrying of cold and swift rivers, the repeated preparation for Indian attacks, of which false alarms were spread, the tedious guarding of the cattle at night, the long marches over the desert, the oppressive heat and the still more oppressive dust of the alkali plains, the toilsome ascent of the mountains, which seemed so steep that we doubted whether our oxen could climb up—all these were borne, if not cheerfully, yet without regret that we had ventured upon them. I can mention, but I cannot describe, the anxiety of finding that a desert which we expected to cross in forty miles was much longer and on being told by a man who met us that he had been thirty miles further and found no sign of grass or water. Our oxen were already exhausted, and such a distance was impracticable. Nobody that we knew had been over the road, nor had we any guides. We went on, however, and found two families—men, women, and children—in tears, their oxen all dead, themselves helpless. We still pressed on; and the next morning we and the unfortunate family were in camp at an oasis, and fiddling and dancing followed the suffering. Neither can I describe the delight with which we looked down from the summit of the Sierra Nevada over the distant valley of the Sacramento, dim and golden in the rays of the setting sun. . . . We had come to dig for gold, and nearly all who came by land went to mining."

Some made it pay them well, and some did not.

\* Our bright dreams of becoming millionaires by washing the

sands . . . have been dissipated, . . . nor have we, as a class, made large fortunes in other pursuits, and of those who have, not a few have lost them again. But when we look back we do not regret that we became pioneers. We had demanded of California that she should fill the purses of every one with gold. She refused the demand to many, but she gave to all a cherished home, a sunny genial sky, a fertile soil, a delightful landscape, a clime suited to the development of every energy, the companionship of the most intelligent and enterprising people, and a site suited for a great city and for the concentration of the commerce of a wealthy coast. She gave us the greatest relative abundance of gold in the world. She compressed within a few years the progress that elsewhere would have required a century. . . . Our lives have been a rapid succession of strong emotions. Great wealth has hovered about us all, within reach of all, and if many of us did not know the precise moment for grasping it, still we have for years been interested in the chase; and perhaps the active excitement of pursuit has given us more pleasure than we could have enjoyed in possession.

"Nor will it be said," continues this enthusiastic writer, "that the passion which drove us to incur the dangers, the privations and the toils of adventure in an unsettled and almost unknown country, was sordid. We risked our lives and exerted all our energies for gold, but with no miserly feeling. We spent our money as fast as we made it, too many even faster. Not parsimony, but extravagance distinguishes the state. . . . Many of us have gone back to the Eastern states, intending to make homes there, but found the attempt a complete failure. Life was a dull and commonplace routine; once accustomed to the whirl of Californian speculation and the cordiality of Californian society, we could not live without them."

Such is the emigrant's tale, told in his own words, which it would have been impossible to abridge; the tale of the opening of that flood-gate in the mountains, first for America and then for Europe, through which the steady stream of immigration—swelled now and then by new discoveries, checked now and then by brief reverses—has ever since been flowing. Such is the history uppermost in the mind of every man who stands for the first time on the summit of Sierra and looks westward through the "Emigrants' Gap."

The descent from the summit to the plain presents features of peculiar interest to the geologist and the botanist. The changes in the formations and in the flora are as sudden as they are complete. The granite peaks once left behind, the railway cuttings in the upper ridges of the foot-hills afford excellent sections of stratified volcanic mud, with here and there a bunch of older fragments cemented together into a conglomerate. Here a course of swiftly-running water, fed by the melting snows, and led round an artificial terrace in the hillside, marks the proximity of a "placer" working for washing gold; there the white tents of a Chinese camp are dotted in and



out, the blue frocks of the subjects of the Celestial Emperor forming a bright contrast to the red color of the excavations in which they are at work. This is the level of pines, and taxus, and rock-splitting manzanetas, and flowering shrubs in great variety, not unlike a well-kept English shrubbery on the Devonshire red sandstone. This in turn is left behind, in exchange for a rich tract of pasture land, studded with oak groves and homesteads, like those of our Midland counties. Next appears a marshy flat, where the trees are festooned with that curious moss so common in the swamps of Louisiana. Lastly, corn land and orange trees, and neat gardens announce the proximity of Sacramento, famous only because it is the capital of California, but long since eclipsed in every other respect by the youth and beauty of its western rival. At Sacramento, however, is the State House, and here all the state business is transacted and justice administered, too often unhappily in a manner which gives good cause for scandal. The terminus of the Central Pacific railway is reached at Oakland, remarkable for the neatness of its houses and gardens, and the shady avenues which line the streets. The bay of San Francisco, crossed by a ferry, is all that now separates the traveler from the "Queen of the West."

San Francisco, the reader may be reminded, stands on the eastern slope of an arid, sandy promontory, whose bleak and rugged exterior forms a striking contrast to the fertile undulations of the opposite shore. The city thus turns its back to the ocean, from which it is some six miles distant, and its face to the bay, with the gardens of Oakland backed by the ridges of the coast sierra beyond. At the northern extremity of the promontory which forms its site is the deep and narrow channel of the "Golden Gate," the only means of ingress from the Pacific to a land-locked harbor wherein all the fleets of the world might ride at anchor. A few forts along the shores of the strait and one upon an island in the center of the passage are sufficient to render any attack from the sea impracticable. The city stands on several hills, the highest of which is at the northern end. This is the most ancient quarter, and hither, the day after our arrival, a Californian friend, knowing our taste for *antiquities*, insisted on our accompanying him, assuring us that there were actually houses here which had been built *as long ago as* 1856. All the edifices of this early date are of wood, constructed not so much for economy's sake as for fear of earthquakes, which from time to time have visited this coast with severity. An immunity from heavy shocks since 1868 has recently inspired an unreasonable confidence, the consequence of which is that in the fashionable and commercial quarters, such as Kearney and California streets, handsome stone edifices have been erected, which, in point of street architecture, may fairly take their place with those of Chicago and New York. Even these, however, are fitted round frameworks of iron, and old-fashioned inhabitants still prefer their walls of wood.

Foremost amongst the "mammoth" projects of the last few years has been the erection of the Pacific Hotel, which, rising like a great square tower in the center, is the most prominent object in the city. Some idea of the size of this building may be gathered from the fact that twenty-eight miles of carpet were required to carpet it, and the public character of domestic life in San Francisco may be judged from the circumstance that two-thirds of the whole accommodation was secured before it was completed for permanent residences for private families. The difficulty of obtaining white servants (no cook would dream of engaging herself under £80 a year), and the unwillingness of ladies who have received a university education to descend to culinary matters, has a great deal to do with the break-up of the American home, which this public mode of living indicates; and when once a life like this is indulged in, even for a short time, a return to domestic troubles is seldom or never thought of. Weddings at the hotels are of frequent occurrence—the service, if any, being performed in the state drawing-room. A public ball takes place night after night, while the basement (as usual in America) is the common ground where politicians and commercial men meet for the discussion (always animated and good-humored in San Francisco) of the topics of the day. Raised with the money made in Virginia City, the hotel in question is a monument of the silver age, which, commencing in 1873, has proved so infinitely more valuable to California than the golden age which preceded it. The "Comstock kings," as the successful speculators are termed, invest their money in the purchase of land in and around the cities. Here (as in this case) they generally build a hotel, the object being to bring strangers to the place, and thereby increase the value of their property.

It was a matter of no little difficulty to realize that San Francisco was a city not yet out of her teens. Yet so it was. The glitter of her wealth, and the apparent ease of its acquisition, her genial climate, which can boast an average of two hundred and twenty bright cloudless days in every year, and not least, perhaps, her pleasant, courteous manners, and the accessibility of her society, had gathered to herself the wanderers of the world—representatives of every restlessly-progressive nation under heaven—and these same causes continue to allure them still. Americans, English, Scotch, and Irish, Germans, French, Italians, Spanish-Americans, Scandinavians, and Dalmatians, all meet here on terms of perfect equality; nor is the sleek merchant of Canton excluded from a place in the commercial ring, since, though a heathen, he can generally meet his liabilities, and (save in the matter of custom-house duties) has proved himself honest and trustworthy. When the San Franciscan looks at himself and his city in the glass, the opinion he forms of what he sees is naturally a very good one. On no other subject is he so fond of dilating, and we cannot picture him to ourselves as listening to,

much less comprehending, the meaning of any warning of Cassandra. In almost the following words a true lover of his country sought to impress on me its charms:

"Here," he said "we have at last discovered how every social problem may be solved. Our men and women marry only for as long a time as they find their characters compatible. They can at any time by mutual agreement get an easy divorce. As to our religious convictions, we have none, and consequently sectarian matters do not trouble us, though we are courteous and tolerant to all who, coming fresh from the Eastern states, still hold strong opinions. Intolerance and bigotry take no root in our soil, for the simple reason that the press respects alike all forms of faith, until folly makes them ludicrous, or until, by endeavoring to excite animosity in the region of the abstract, they endanger the public peace and good humor. Where Buddhists and Catholics, Jews, Protestants, and Spiritualists have daily to meet together in business on common ground, the odium theologicum must of necessity be a thing unknown. Aristocracy, too, can scarcely thrive in a community where the man who mixes our "cocktails" at the bar may be a "Comstock king" in a few weeks' time. Family and birth are thought nothing of. Such inseparable accidents are not despised; but they are ideas which never enter people's heads at all. In the Eastern states a nobleman from Europe seems to receive a certain amount of almost ex-officio homage; but in our city the question is, "does such and such a man behave himself courteously and properly, and has he enough to live on?"—(which in California no one has the least excuse for not having); if so, he is accepted into society, and, lord or no lord, may be as happy as a king. The secret is, that with us all men are equal. All are engaged in a struggle for existence. All are speculators. The Stock-Board is the arena, "level heads" the weapons, luck the reward, and defeat not ruin. Good humor marks, as a rule, each period of the play. There can be little room for superciliousness on the part of the winner, or for envy on that of the less fortunate, when their relative positions may be reversed to-morrow. A young man may come out and speculate and burn his fingers, and be entrapped and fail; but if he is worth anything he will have gained in experience more than he has lost in pocket. 'Down once' is not (as it so often is in England) "down forever." Men may live in San Francisco as cheaply as they like, or as extravagantly. The city contains no less than 1500 "bars," many of them decorated with mirrors and marble columns. These bars vie with each other in giving what are called "free lunches." The customer pays for what he has to drink, and, if the price be only ten cents, may, for this same money eat a good "square" meal for nothing, the tacit understanding being that when he is in luck he treats his friends. Then, as to our amusements; what can be more delightful or invigorating than our regular

afternoon drive to the "Cliff House" on the Pacific, to watch the sea lions sporting on the rocks till the sun goes down? Then, too, there are flat races and trotting matches arranged for most afternoons, and our "Golden Gate Park" bids fair to vie with Central Park, New York, in beauty. Our theaters are better than those of any other state. Why? Because no cast but the very best will satisfy the taste of San Francisco. Lastly, Yankee twang and Americanisms are seldom heard in our state,\* and we are naturally the more refined in proportion as we are continuously receiving relays of immigration direct from "Europe."

Such is a Franciscan's view of the city of his adoption. From it may be gathered the fact that "self-satisfaction" is the predominant trait in his character. Next to that comes "state pride." The question to be met is, "How far is such confidence well founded?" It cannot be doubted that the "individualism" so commonly met with in all parts of the United States, and so often misinterpreted by foreigners as mere self-assertion or braggadocio, has a good as well as a bad side, and must not prejudice the estimate of character. It is the necessity for a man to make the most of himself incidental to his position in a commonwealth where sinecures and decorations and hereditary titles are unobtainable, and, even were they to be obtained, would convey to his fellow-citizens no idea of personal superiority. The New Englander has carried out to the letter old Ben Franklin's motto, "Every man for himself and the Lord for us all." The Californian left the latter clause of the proverb behind him when he crossed the Sierra, and, unfortunately, he does not interpret the former, generally speaking, in a manner that much redounds to his credit. "Every man has his price" is a saying much too often on his lips, and by this he means to imply that virtue is for him a step to advancement in the sense that it is a commodity to be bought and sold, alike in judges' chambers or at the stock board. Thus it is that a San Franciscan's view of the commercial morality of his city must be overstated if he omits to mention how common a phrase it is "to go for a man,"—that is, to victimize and fleece the inexperienced or foolish. No Arab clamoring for "bakshish" around the Pyramids is half the adept at this sort of work that the habitué of California street is.

Again, as might not unreasonably be expected, the San Franciscan's self-satisfaction goes hand in hand with wanton self-indulgence. The luxury of his city knows no bounds. The miner comes down from Virginia City—that wondrous growth of the last few years—to make his money fly, and he finds no difficulty in the process. Un-

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\* The San Franciscan should, however, have added on this point that the miners' phraseology which he uses—found in such verbs as to "pan out"—may be held by some critics to compare unfavorably even with the "Yankee twang."

limited drinking from morning till night, dinners at restaurants where no Parisian delicacy is wanting, followed by vices for which there is one whole street set apart, reaching from one end of the city to the other—such is the programme of his every-day life. Nowhere are the unnecessaries of life—fancy horses, magnificent dresses, elaborate furniture—sold at such extravagant prices as in San Francisco; and nowhere are they so cheerfully paid for. Money is no object. That heavy and handsome gold coin, the twenty-dollar-piece, goes a very little way indeed. Yet he who spends it regrets nothing. There may be more for him where that came from: he is self-satisfied. On the other hand, the pride which the Californian feels for his state is not only a noble and a worthy sentiment, it is the mainstay of his commonwealth. A bank—the Bank of California—as was the case when we were there, may be paying 9 per cent on deposit; it may break, and the manager may drown himself. But such a scandal may wound the state pride. There may be outsiders, men of solid means, ready to come to the rescue of the general credit, and in a day or two the doors may be open again. Such may be the salutary effects of state pride. To such an extent have Californians indulged this feeling that they have been accused once and again of allowing it to eclipse in their hearts the love for their country at large. However well grounded this charge may be, and perfectly as California is situated for holding her own as a separate state, she is at present, and will be for many years to come, far too much engrossed in her own development, consolidation, and aggrandizement ever willingly to provoke a quarrel with the East, unless driven thereto by an extent of imperial taxation, any cause for which (unless it should be a war with Europe) it is impossible to foresee. Should she, however, from this time forward continue to make progress in a solid and not an ephemeral direction, and should the gigantic framework of the Union be found too unwieldy to hold together, and be separated by consent of the several parts, without the intervention of the sword, what a future might not then be in store for this ripe republic on the western coast, shut in by natural boundaries impassable in their strength, and possessed of sources of wealth and facilities for commerce not second to those of any country we can name! At the present time, however, to form a republic out of the heterogeneous elements of which the state is composed would be nothing short of madness. The bond of the Union is that which ties these elements together. Cut it asunder, and no common interests from within could save the mass from falling to pieces.

With regard to religion in San Francisco, the utterly chaotic state into which it has passed almost defies description. As an example of what we mean, we may quote at random the account of a scene to which our attention was called one morning in the principal business thoroughfare, California street. Happening to stroll in that

direction at 12 o'clock, just as the members of the stock board, fresh from a bear fight over Comstock shares, were pouring out for luncheon, we noticed a man vociferating from a cart drawn up by the side of the pavement to serve as a temporary rostrum. The crowd round him was so dense that the street was impassable. The speaker was a revivalist, who was at that time attracting nightly thousands of persons to a neighboring hall. His subject was the doom of sinners, and the torments of hell were being depicted with a vividness which was truly infernal. The laughter and ribald jokes of the unconverted portion of the crowd were mingled with the groanings of those who thought themselves saved, while the newest hymn-tunes introduced by the preacher were fitted to the words of comic songs, meant to be blasphemous. A little further down the street a similar crowd gathered round a second gentleman, whose pulpit was a common tub. He was protesting in most unmeasured language that his rival was an impostor, and professing to prove to demonstration that there was no soul, no hell, and no God. Just then a wagon appeared on the scene bearing an advertising placard, on which in portentous letters was inscribed so-and-so's "I X L bitters." Making first for the revivalist crowd, it succeeded in utterly dispersing them by drawing up between them and the disconcerted preacher. Having effected this object, the driver turned his horses across the road, and charged the barrel of the infidel, in true crusader's style, to the inexpressible delight of the spectators. Such a scene as this would be too silly to be worth recording were it not of such common occurrence that any picture of society in San Francisco would be imperfect without it. The perfect good humor maintained by the crowd showed that they had no religious feelings to be wounded by such scenes. Some new excitement is what they live for, and as long as it can be obtained at all they care not much from whence the supply is derived. Revivals are fruitful sources of such excitement; and they pay well, but they can do no real good to the cause of religion of any sort or kind. We attended one of them and watched the process. The proselytizing takes place by the infusion of the fear of hell, and is brought to bear on sensitive minds by gesticulation and a poor attempt at eloquence. Meanwhile the songs which fill the saloons of the city receive fodder from the parody on Christianity performed in the hall. An infant community such as this, whose head is turned by money, and which as yet is very imperfectly educated, is a good field for impostors to play their parts.

Public services in San Francisco are performed in Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, Spiritualistic, and Buddhist places of worship. Of these the Jews possess the finest edifice; and the Catholics have the best organization. Protestant churches are built as speculations, and are transferred to other uses if they do not pay. The present Academy of Science has arranged its museum in a church erected for a

sect who could no longer afford to keep it up. It may be mentioned in this place that in the agricultural districts of north-central California Wesleyan Methodism holds a strong position. The farmers occupy much the same position in California that they do in other parts of the United States. If there were only enough of them they would be the backbone of the state, and would amply justify the observation once made by Mr. Disraeli, that in America "the farmers were the safety of the republic." Having occasion, on Easter Day, to spend some hours at the little agricultural town of Lathrop in the center of a corn country, an opportunity presented itself of observing the plain and unadorned form of worship performed at intervals by these farmers among themselves. They come in their buggies, often from great distances, wrapped in their long blue coats and attended by their wives and daughters, to some stated chapel where service is to be held. Round the chapel in question some thirty or forty carriages were drawn up, the horses being tethered within a convenient radius. Inside the building some 200 persons had assembled. The honest burly farmer who had been voted to the chair—or rather preaching-box—took it, without any other preparation than that of divesting himself of his hat and top-coat. The simplicity of the scene was novel. Over the head of the preacher, one simple injunction, written in a bold hand, had taken the place of the Decalogue. It read: "Gentlemen will please not to spit upon the floor." The audience, to whom church-going was a variety, were most attentive and devotional; the sermon unstudied and practical; and the amount of toleration displayed in giving out the hymn was worthy of emulation. "Brethren and sisters," said the farmer, "I should like to hear you sing a favorite hymn of mine on page 203, but if so be there is any other which takes your fancy more, I shall be pleased to hear you sing that."

But, to return to the city. The most singular form of worship in San Francisco, and one which from the hold it has gained there cannot be passed by in silence, is that of the Spiritualists. Already possessed of places of worship in Boston and other Eastern cities, Spiritualism as a religion has developed itself in its journey west, until no account of the faiths or superstitions of San Francisco would be complete without a notice of this most strange phenomenon. It happened when we were there that a conference of its devotees was being held, which we attended. On a platform or dais at one end of a large room, sat the most noted mediums and defenders of the faith. Festoons of artificial flowers formed an arch over the group, while the room was hung round with indifferently executed portraits, painted by the mediums under the influence of the spiritual delirium. The countenances of these people were a strange study. Women, with pale haggard features, hands clenched or clasped, eyes either strained or tightly closed; their hair cut short and prematurely gray; men, half-scared proselytes with open mouths,

their hair allowed to wander down to extra-professional lengths: such were some of the signs that mental derangement plays in this religion no secondary part. From the general drift of their wild, flowery, and often meaningless effusions, I gathered that the object of the conference was to determine whether they should form themselves into a phalanx, as one grand organization, under canons of belief, or whether each one should profess the religion for himself, according to his ability, and as the spirits gave him utterance. Spiritualism, they will tell you, is the true philosophy of the latter days; it is a scientific system as well as a religion. Thus, while it declares the abolition of Christianity, and relegates its doctrines into the region of the mythological, it is no more tolerant of modern materialistic tendencies, whose professors it vehemently denounces, since they find no room for spirits in this air of ours. Such men, they say, are blind guides, shutting their eyes to evidences which they cannot explain away. As a necessary part of the religion, Spiritualism has its miracle-workers and its martyrs: the former being transformed into the latter as soon as their impostures are exposed and punished. But, strange to add, Spiritualism is not confined to that class of persons alone who are to be found at its conferences. It has, so to speak, an esoteric as well as an exoteric phase. Not a few among the number of those friends whom the traveler makes during his stay in the city—men from whose intelligence he profits, and for whose intellectual attainments in other respects he cannot but feel respect—he finds to his surprise are tainted with this infection. They seem to be wandering in the darkest labyrinths of the metaphysical age. They have long, and they have decisively cut themselves adrift from the theological, but they dare not pace the third step in Comte's progression. Their mind, loosed from the Christian anchoring-ground, still hankers after the spiritual element which that ancient faith afforded, and seizes as a substitute for it the last new abstraction that presents itself. They study the faiths and philosophies of primitive ages, so eagerly read now throughout America, seeking therein for kindred spirits with themselves; for men who have thought before as they are thinking now, and have arrived at havens of perfect rest like those where they would be. As in the case of the Mormons, who, for temporal reasons, professed to find in the Red Indians the remnant of their ancient brethren the ten tribes, these men for spiritual reasons claim fellowship with that phase of the Nirvana philosophy brought by the Chinese Buddhists from Asia. They are pure pantheists. The ultimate realization of deity is inconceivable—they say—is ineffable. All, however, participate in its essence. The Chinese try to express something of this meaning, when they say that the nearest approach to it is "*fung-shuy*," literally, "*wind and water*"; "*the influence*," that is, "*which comes over a man when in the early morning he is standing on a hillside, and the cold, moist*



dewy air breathes refreshingly across his brow, and he is conscious of an emotion indescribable in words."

If the spiritual element of declining Christianity is, indeed, passing away in such vapory views as these, it is well to find that the fraternal element (which all feel to be equally indispensable) has assumed a more practical phase. No city which we have visited in the United States possesses so many benevolent and social societies. Besides those which owe their origin to the wish of this or that nation to assist its own immigrants, there exist many various fraternities, enumerated by Hittell. Whether as Freemasons, Odd-Fellows, Briai Brith, Druids, Seven Wise Men, Knights of Pythias, Independent Red Men, Improved Red Men, Ancient Order of Knights, Buffaloes, etc., their aim is to bind together by an artificial bond of union men of various nationalities, who meeting together in a strange land feel the want of a common tie. Their lodges are far more costly than the churches, and it has been remarked that their "attachment to these brotherhoods is akin to religion." Most striking are the beautiful cemeteries appropriated to some of them, which deck the sides of Lone Mountain, the necropolis of the city, and sleep under the shadow of the gigantic, though falling, wooden cross (a relic, perhaps, of the old Franciscans) which still surmounts its summit. Throughout the United States, magnificent funerals are common; and, like the mausoleums built during life, they mark the intention of the individual to live as long as possible in the memories of his fellow-citizens; but that of a favorite actor in the California theater, San Francisco, surpassed in singularity any of which we have heard. His body was carried into no place of worship, but the scene of his former triumphs was considered the fittest spot on which to celebrate his praise. The coffin, wreathed in flowers, was placed in the center of the stage near the foot-lights, a minister of religion—denomination immaterial—said some appropriate words, and a brother actor pronounced an eloquent funeral oration. The full orchestral band struck up a plaintive air, and, preceding the procession into the street, hushed back into silence the bustle of the city just awaking to its morning's work. Thus they passed on through the streets till they reached the city's limits, followed by several hundred members of the various fraternities to which the deceased belonged. But the San Franciscan does not spare much time for sorrow: That very same night the same stage was the scene of a screaming farce, at which the same orchestra played their appropriate parts. Such is life and death in San Francisco.

In educational matters California is not behind the Eastern States. The state schools provide for the education of all children from five to fifteen years old, and on the part of the pupils there is an anxiety to learn, and a shrewdness of comprehension, which is enough to astonish any one accustomed to watch the process by which knowl-

edge is drilled into the brains of an English school-child. In addition to the schools, there is a state university, consisting of two roomy buildings, situated on a spot which looks the healthiest of the healthy, on the slope of the foot-hills, not far from Oakland. Armed with letters of introduction to the professors, we crossed the bay one morning to pay them a visit. On nearing the hills, the green-sward is seen to be obliterated by a carpet of flowers. A belt of fir-trees stretches along the hills at the back of the buildings, while the snug and tiny residences of the professors and the students are dotted about in little dells, and almost hidden each in its own peculiar grove. The two large buildings are devoted exclusively to lecture-rooms, more airy and commodious than is the case in any of the other states. Their doors are labeled respectively "Greek," "Logic," "Rhetoric," "Geology," etc., according to the subject taught within. There were then 250 students in all, 30 of whom were ladies. The professors, being mostly Harvard men, are men of no extreme views. They are careful, never headstrong thinkers, contenting themselves with teaching the elements of the sciences, or pointing out the weak places in the theories of others, but seldom or never committing themselves to any conclusion. Thus, for example, they follow their master Agassiz in accepting the evolution hypothesis only with the very greatest reserve. Their religion (where they profess any) is the liberal Unitarianism of Boston, and their views are represented by the *North American Review*. There are signs, however, that the pupils will soon outstrip their teachers. One of the professors, in answer to a question, acknowledged the immense influence which modern English philosophy has had amongst the students. He particularly mentioned that their leisure hours were constantly devoted to the works of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Amongst the Californian youth in general, independent of the students, "*Draper's Conflict of Science and Religion*" has been read with avidity, and Mr. Bancroft (the owner of a book-shop in San Francisco second in fullness and magnificence to none in the states) stated that the demand for this work, and for Herbert Spencer's "*Study of Sociology*," exceeded anything he remembered in the case of any other books of a similar class. In fact, any attack on the Old-World faiths and notions is caught up and devoured voraciously.

A passage from a little work taken up at random will show the stage to which thought has advanced in the far West. The author is an eminent physician, and his object is an attack upon spiritualism. The argument is that the soul, after the so-called separation from the body, cannot be material, because it is simply a mode of force correlative with matter, inseparable from it, and participating in the universe itself. "We are one," he says, "with every object on the earth and with the dear old earth itself." So inexplicable is this mode of force to man himself, that he deifies it as a fetish and

calls it a soul. In another place we find the following definition: "The utilization of force by the brain is thought: this utilization is the function of that part of the brain which we call the cerebrum. Here we arrive at the scientific soul. It is nervous energy. A soul is finer than any metaphysical entity—thinner than a ghost—purely immaterial." Californian thinkers, like this writer, had no sooner mastered the "Correlation of the Forces" than, without a moment's hesitation, they sent it like a bombshell into the regions of psychology to take what course it would.

We must not pass from the literature of San Francisco without paying the tribute he so richly deserves to Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the author of "the Native Races of the Pacific States." When a Californian embarks on an enterprise, we may be sure that he means success; when a Californian undertakes a work, he performs it on a "mammoth" scale. Mr. Bancroft undertook to write the history of the native tribes, from the Eskimo on the north to the Isthmus on the south, and the machinery he set in motion to make his work as perfect as possible is truly marvelous. Having purchased the library of the Emperor Maximilian, so far as it bore on the question before him, containing almost every work on the subject, he engaged a staff of young men, capable of reading and translating the various languages in which these works were written. Their task was to read them through, and, as they read, to make a careful index of each, according to subjects. These indices he then caused to be thrown together into one, and, having previously arranged his work into suitable divisions, he was able, by referring to the grand index, to bring every word that had ever been written on each particular point at once to his assistance. Five bulky volumes are the result, prepared from a list of upwards of 1200 works referred to. We know of no parallel in the annals of literature to this extraordinary achievement. However mechanical the process, the conception reflects the highest credit on the author who could by no other means have accomplished in a whole life's work the patriotic object he had in view. Having spent several hours with Mr. Bancroft during the course of his work, we can testify to the severity of the mental strain which from its very nature the composition cost him, and to the heavy expense which the love of his subject caused him to incur. He has to a great extent saved from oblivion the annals of primitive races who have already perished from the face of the earth, or whose survivors are fast dying out.

It is now time to say a word or two on that wonderful imperium in imperio—Chinatown, where 35,000 Chinese are domiciled in the midst of the white population. Owing to the absence here of many of the restrictions put upon them in their own country, it is an easier matter to gain an insight into their manners and habits, by visiting this quarter of San Francisco, than it is by going to Canton itself. Here they have their temples, or joss (Dios) houses, as the

Portuguese called them, their club-houses (if the head-quarters of their associations can be dignified by such a name), their shops gay with proverbs from Confucius, in proof of the honesty of the pious vendor, their gambling houses, their haunts of vice, and their low underground hovels, where the haggard opium-smoker wears out in skin and bone the residue of his useless existence. As in the case of cities nearer at home than Chinatown, there are two widely different pictures to be drawn of the social status of the inhabitants. On the one side, nothing can be better than the prosperous appearance of the sleek Chinese merchant, as, attended by his servant, he passes rapidly along the pavement in his garb of spotless blue: nothing can be cleaner or more tasty than the "store" in which he so courteously shows his wares. Yet, on the other hand, scarcely a stone's throw off, nothing can be more filthy or degraded than the human beings who grovel in mire on their cellar floors, or peep out at the passers-by through slits in the doors or shutters, and shriek out their unintelligible invitations to enter and behold the effects which starvation and ill-usage, which intoxication by opium, which the gnawings of irremediable disease, can work on a body where yet there is life. The women, sold as slaves and treated as brutes—the sick left to die, like wounded oxen on the plains, when they cannot rise to help themselves—the dead left to bury their dead to such an extent that it is with difficulty that the American authorities can prevent the ill-effects of corruption—such are the scenes of cruelty and heartlessness which the Chinese nature is capable of enacting when left to itself. Strange, as it may seem, the Chinese, in spite of all this misery, are much more prolific than the Californian settlers—a fact which bids fair to raise a serious difficulty. It may be possible for the central government to devise measures to repress the increasing immigration from Asia, but the extreme expedient of banishment can alone diminish the number of those already located there. The bearing of the Chinese question, which has just been the subject of a commission from Washington, briefly stated, amounts to this: By a treaty entered into years ago between the United States and China, the right was conceded to the Chinese to come to California, to settle, and to enter into business. The consequence has been that a continuous stream of immigration has flowed ever since across the Pacific, making the fortune of that powerful body, the Pacific Mail Navigation Company, opening up and developing the resources of the agricultural and mining districts, and resulting in a shifting Chinese population in California, of probably not less than 200,000 persons. These are mostly recruited from the Canton district, and come to serve their time as laborers, artisans, or domestic servants, under the supervision of Chinese capitalists. Before shipment for their new field of activity, each one is enrolled on the books of a company which pays his passage and whose rules he is bound to obey. On arriving at

San Francisco he finds the club house of his company awaiting him, where he can live until his work is cut out for him. These club houses, besides supplying his wants, and taking care of him when sick, are also co-operative stores. From this source alone each member of the association, whether he be in the Sierra or the city, must obtain his supplies of rice and clothing. These articles again are not the produce of California, but are shipped (and, if possible, smuggled) from China direct. As soon as his term of service is up, the Chinaman can either at once return to his country, or continue where he is. In either case he spends no money in California, and returns home with his wealth. Frugal in his habits, diligent and persevering at his work, and, above all, an expert miner, he frequently (if not plundered by whites) amasses a very considerable fortune. But, apart from the fact that he has brought large tracts of land under cultivation, the complaint is well grounded, that his presence is a drain on the state. Even his dead body is sent home (not to be made into soap, as tradition has it), but to be buried in the ancestral line, so that his descendants may not suffer from a break in the chain of protection afforded by the spirits of their fathers.

It is contended that congress should take some step to relieve California from the burden of these people.\* The white man, it is said, cannot command his fair amount of wages where labor can be had so cheaply. Added to this, the country, they say, will actually become Mongolian. The horrible thought, which serves as a nightmare to Californian politicians, is that were the Chinese once given a vote, and were they ambitious of using it, they could actually control the elections. Fortunately, however, nothing is further from their minds than such a wish, and the scope of their intellect is, we suspect, far too confined to admit of their mastering intelligibly such a principle as the franchise. The Chinese question has scarcely been argued on its merits, and, great as the evils undoubtedly are, even the report of the commission, which recommends the president to modify the treaty, to confine it to commercial relations, and to restrain future immigration, savors too strongly of the anti-Chinese party policy. Two classes of persons are specially interested in the expulsion of the Chinamen. First, the ministers of religion, who, finding him conversion-proof, join the cry to hunt the heathen out; and, secondly, the lazy and dissatisfied, who expect to lead in California the life they love—little work and high pay. Unfortunately, the latter class, incited by the former, have lately been taking the law into their own hands; debarring the Chinese from engaging in certain prescribed occupations, and even attacking and murdering their hapless rivals whenever their prosperity has excited their envy, or their thrifty ways have registered a silent protest against the en-

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\* Measures in this direction have been adopted since the time we are writing of, namely, five years ago.

ervating results of drunkenness and sloth. It is in the "placer works" that these collisions have most frequently taken place; and, considering that the "gold washing" has been almost abandoned by the whites, it seems extremely unjust to debar others from eking out a living, by the sweat of their brow in the toil which they themselves have left for more ready, if more precarious, roads to wealth. It need scarcely be added, that marriages between white people and Chinese are unknown. To us the fears of Californian society being swamped by the Mongolian element appear exaggerated; and the argument that the Chinese prey on the country might with equal truth be applied to the Germans in the eastern states. Speaking from the broad ground of humanity, it seems hard that those, who have made California the fertile land of corn and wine and oranges that, she is, should be banished on account of those very habits of industry and frugality which have achieved this end. To us it appears that, although in our own country, enlightened as it is by the doctrines of political economy, no such scheme could meet with acceptance, still, in protectionist America, the most straightforward course would be to induce congress to place such heavy restrictions on all imports of food and clothing from China as would crush the power of the monopolies, and force the Chinese to consume Californian produce; and, secondly, to get the state legislature to pay attention to the improvement of the Chinese quarters in each and every town; to make remissness in sanitary matters the subject of a penalty; and, generally, to adopt every course which would place upon a higher footing a naturally industrious and a useful people.

Attached to the head-quarters of the several associations is usually a Buddhist temple. The interest we have since felt in the ceremonial of this worship, when staying at monasteries in the interior of China, or in visiting the temples in that country and in Japan, has by no means diminished that with which we look back on those of San Francisco. In China, the apathy of the people has at last fallen on their religion, and grass grows in the untrodden courtyards of the shrines. In Japan, Buddhism, the religion of the Shogunate, has been disestablished and disendowed, and, except in a few popular mixed temples, no ceremonial is practiced. But "new brooms sweep clean;" and in San Francisco there is a freshness of worship, and a distinctness of ceremonial detail, which seems worthy of a short description. Passing down a narrow court, where beggars were displaying their horribly diseased bodies to excite compassion, we found ourselves in front of a large building, having a balcony gorgeously trimmed with colored Chinese lanterns. The ground floor was used as a hospital, through which we made our way to the apartment of the priests. A friend, who took special interest in the Chinese, and who was an intimate acquaintance of the high priest, obtained for us instant admission, and we found three of the divines engaged in opium-smoking. They were in mourning, they told us,

for their emperor, in token of which they had allowed their beards to grow. Having partaken of their hospitality in the form of cigars, we were escorted by one of their number to the temple, which was upstairs. The room appropriated to the sacred office was about forty feet long, rich in red and gold and gaudy hangings, vases of chrysanthemum, the holy flower, and exquisitely-carved sandal wood. Ranged along either side were canopies like the stalls in a cathedral choir, and under each hung a weapon like a pike, to be used by the church-militant in case evil spirits should intrude. Tablets were suspended round the walls and from the roof, each commemorative of some successful Chinaman who, having made his fortune in California, had returned to his home, leaving here his name behind him, coupled with the record that he faithfully kept the law. No regular service was performed in this temple. It was simply a house of prayer. In front of the outer altar a carpet was spread, where the suppliant, when he approached to offer his prayer, held two pieces of wood in his hand, round on one side and flat on the other. These he let fall on the carpet when his prayer was said, and according as they fell he knew whether it was answered or not. If both sticks fell on their flat side, the omen was very bad; if one fell on the flat, the other on its round side, his request was complied with; if both fell on their round side his prayer was partly granted. Just under the outer altar is another means of divination, from which the priests must derive no small advantage by telling fortunes. It consists of a table covered with fine flour, over the surface of which the priest, having his eyes shut, moves an instrument (like the planchette of the spiritualists) which inscribes the words of fate. The front altar is covered with incense-boxes, candles in red and gold papers, and models of sacred animals, which it is profanity to touch. The whole effect reminded me forcibly of a conjurer's table. A passage behind this altar separates it from the high altar itself, on which are set three cups of tea, renewed every morning. Above these are suspended two tumblers of water, and between them a large red lamp is always burning. Behind this again, in lurid majesty, between darkness and light, his hideous visage heightened by red paint and gilding, sits Khan, a bearded image dressed in red. In little side chambers stand, on the left, a basin and towel for purification; on the right, a drum and bell to summon the spirits when they are required. Prayers printed on small strips of red paper are fixed against the wall of this temple, near the door. If a woman wishes for a son and heir, up goes her prayer upon the wall. Fire is the means of communication with Heaven, and the priest finally burns all these prayer-papers in a bronze furnace, handsomely cast, which stands outside the door. In like manner, if persons desire to send a horse or a house, or any other object to the spirits of the departed, they out the image of it out in paper and burn it. Such is Buddhism as practiced in San Francisco. A groveling form of superstition has

clearly superseded the pure philosophy of its earlier phase, and a species of fatalism has supervened, which, as we have already remarked, finds a curious counterpart in the spiritualism of Europe and America.

A pleasant contrast to the endless excitement of the city is to be found in the quiet pretty towns lying southwards along the Pacific coast. One of these may be taken as a type of the rest. Los Angeles, about three hundred miles south of San Francisco, lies in the midst of a grazing country, on a plateau between the sea, on the one side, and that portion of the Sierra which culminates in the peak of San Bernardino, on the other. Recent agricultural operations have studded all the country round with orange groves and vineyards, attracting hither a class of settlers greatly calculated to give prestige to the state. Young men from England, coming out with small sums of money, have bought up land near the town, on which they build their wooden ranches. Here they lead an easy life, smoking their pipes under their orange trees, their only care being to see that their tenants, generally Chinamen, do full justice to the land during their leases of two years. Amongst the other settlers are not a few families from the Southern states, sufferers in the civil war, who have been able to save enough from their large properties to have some money left to invest here. Besides these, there are capitalists who have set up as horticulturists on a large scale, bringing water (the only desideratum) from the mountains, and covering broad tracts with vines and oranges. The result is that nowhere did we meet with more agreeable society than in and around Los Angeles. Picnics to the Pacific coast, varied with garden parties, were the order of the day. The latest London periodicals lay on the tables, and lawn tennis was known in California almost as soon as in London. The young ladies were highly educated and refined. They combine genuine free and easy manners with perfect propriety; and never having known what it is to have a chaperon, they need none. The beauty of the scenery is in keeping with the exquisite climate, and the words of an ardent admirer are not overstrained when he says:

'I could wish no better home for myself and my friends than such a one as noble sensible men could here make for themselves. Nature has preserved here, in its workings and phenomena, that medium between too much and too little, which was one of the great conditions of high civilization in the classic region of ancient times.'

The town of Los Angeles itself is a flourishing one. It contains its Spanish Californian (or Mexican) quarter, built of adobe bricks; its Chinese town; and above these rise the fine pretentious stores of Americans and German Jews. The rancor which still exists in the breasts of those of Spanish extraction for their American supplanters is often apparent, but since 1854 no serious disturbance has taken place. They are neither rich enough, numerous enough nor suf-



ficiently free from jealousies amongst themselves to care to change their lazy life for active rebellion, to end in certain defeat. The Irish element in Los Angeles is very strong. On St. Patrick's day we witnessed the procession of a Fenian lodge. A hundred and twenty-eight men, wearing regalia, walked two-and-two through the street, preceded by a band, and followed by carriages containing priests, ladies and professional gamblers. An oration was afterwards delivered, the proceeds of the entertainment "to be devoted to the wives and children of Irishmen confined in British dungeons for their political faith." A body guard of Mexican horsemen in their broad hats and feathers, gave color to the scene.

Near Los Angeles are still to be seen several of those old Franciscan mission houses, to which allusion had been made before. That of St. Gabriel still retains, strange to say, a few of its silver bells. The figure of the angel over the altar was a specimen of the style of work executed for the friars by the native Indians. He was represented in full war-paint, with a plume of feathers in his hair. The church, which was empty and extremely plain, had probably been robbed at no distant period of its former decorations. The worshippers were Spanish Californians (half-breeds with the Indians) of the very poorest class, and the padres who minister to them are no better off than they. Ill-treatment has made them dread the face of an American, and the poor old man who opened the door of his church to us looked half scared as he did so, pointing the while to the marks of batterings it has received on former occasions.

We had come to Los Angeles by sea, and determined to return over land, passing through the San Fernando pass, and descending at Fort Tejon to the extensive alkaline plain of Central California. This spur of the Sierra is still infested by Mexican banditti. A few days before, one of their leaders, Vasquez, has been captured and hanged at Sacramento, an example which, though the rest of his band swore revenge, has perhaps put a stop to the periodical murders and robberies then committed. After crossing the plain, our route lay to Merced and the Yosemite Valley. This extraordinary gulf in the heart of the Sierra, eight miles long, one mile wide, and walled in by perpendicular granite cliffs nearly a mile in height, was, until the trail was betrayed in 1856, the secure and impregnable fastness of a tribe of Californian Indians. The district has now been secured as a national park belonging to the United States, and the Indian bark lodges have been replaced by "grand hotels." Still the survivors of the primitive occupants wander about the surrounding country, and we were fortunate enough to make their acquaintance. We found the first traces of their presence on the side of a river twenty-five miles from the valley. The sandy banks had been their camping ground, and the place was strewn with chips and cores of obsidian—the refuse of a manufactory of those beautiful little arrow-points with which they still bring down small game.

The material they derive from the Lake Moro, some seventy miles distant. On the surface of a flat granite rock close by were numerous holes, made by pounding acorns. Branches had been stuck up around the rock to serve as a sun-shade for the women at work. At no great distance a rude circular timber fence marked the scene of a recent funeral ceremony called the "pow-wow." It much resembles an Irish death-wake, the people blacking their faces, yelling, wailing, and dancing. In this instance the orgie had been kept up for six nights in succession over the body of a squaw. A little nearer the stream stood a hut of singular construction, looking like a simple mound of earth with a trench dug round it. It had been made by digging a round hole in the ground of the required diameter, and bringing poles and slices of bark to meet in the middle. These were supported in their places by a framework of two poles with a third laid across them. The whole was covered in with earth: it was twelve feet in diameter, and high enough to stand upright in. The doorway was only three and-a-half feet high, but its structure showed no slight skill. Outside lay a pile of ashes, and the stream ran not twenty yards off. This is called a "sweat-house," or, as we should say, a "Turkish bath." The Indians shut themselves tight in, light a fire in the center, and dance round. The intolerable smoke and heat is to them no inconvenience, and their object is to get into a profuse perspiration, which done, they suddenly open the door, rush out and plunge into the water. This operation is the preliminary to hunting, since it prevents the smell of their bodies being detected by the beasts, and it is probable also that they have discovered that it gives them elasticity of muscle. It is not a little curious to find that this custom prevailed all along the western coast, from Alaska to the old Aztec peoples of Mexico; and that amongst the latter it became a religious observance, fine buildings being erected for the performance of the rite. These Yosemite Indians feed principally on roots, but when hard pressed they will eat worms, lizards, and lice. Formerly they wore no clothing, but they have recently adopted blankets and other raiment when they can get it. On the banks of some of the rivers, where clam shells are abundant, the sites of their summer quarters are marked by shell mounds, sometimes 300 yards in length, and in these flint implements are found.

A few days after we had seen this spot, we were able to pay a visit to the winter residence of the chief of the tribe, whose name was "Bullock." It was a log hut, with a chimney at one end of clay and stones, built in imitation of a white man's house. Near it stood the old native lodge, made of strips of bark, but which, from its ruinous condition, had evidently been abandoned for the more commodious novelty. The chimney of the latter the occupants were extremely proud of. An old squaw (the squaws are the hewers of wood and drawers of water) had dug the clay for it with her

own hands out of a pit near by. The young "bucks" of the tribe were out squirrel-hunting, and three squaws were engaged in preparing flour from acorns. One was shelling them with her teeth, and laying them on a blanket to dry. Another was pounding them on a granite rock, with a round stone muller; while a third was separating the good flour from the bad, by tossing it cleverly in a target-shaped basket. They have no pottery, but baskets supply its place, woven into elegant shapes, and capable of holding water. The bread is subsequently baked in holes in the earth. For drink they press a rough cider from the manzaneta berry. On looking into the cabin, we saw evidence of an approach to civilization, in a good pair of boots and a rifle—the latter used to kill big game, while the flint-tipped arrows bring down the small. A sad sight presented itself as soon as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness. On the floor, moaning piteously and looking up to us for help, which we had no power to render, lay the poor old chief himself. He had met with an accident, broken his leg we were told. No surgical aid had been called in, nor could any relief be obtained for the acute pain he had been in for weeks. The two hideous squaws who attended him made us understand that mortification had set in. Finding that he was dying, in truly patriarchal style, he had, only the day before, summoned his tribe around him, given his last instructions, and appointed his successor. However filthy the Californian Indian may be in his habits, an incident like this is enough to convince us, that, had his white brother treated him otherwise than he has, there was a chance at least that he might have been raised to a state of comparative civilization. But now the time is past. The condition of this old chieftain was the condition of his people. Nothing is left for them but to fulfill their destiny, and soon the "place that knew them will know them no more" forever.

In the "Digger" Indian, the lowest of his race, these sketches of Californian society find an appropriate close. The object of this article will have been gained if it has brought together some few facts and considerations for the student of sociology at large, and if we have been able to impart to the reader some portion of that interest which our sojourn in the country awakened in ourselves.—*Quarterly Review.*

## THE OLDEST RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS IN CHRISTENDOM.

IN neighboring valleys of the great chalk plateau which stands between the Nile and the Gulf of Suez, lie two of the most ancient, and it may even be said, looking at their results, two of the most influential institutions of Christendom. The monasteries of St. Antony the Abbot and St. Paul of Thebes, far hidden from the world, like river sources, in these rocky solitudes, are the first parents of the whole monastic system of the West, which has moved so strongly through history ever since. It is disputed between the monks of these two cloisters which is the earlier; but Antony and Paul were contemporaries, and both buildings probably originated about the middle of the fourth century of our era. Though so near Cairo, they are seldom visited by travelers, either native or European. They lie out of the way of the ordinary routes of traffic; they have never been the object of religious pilgrimages, because the Coptic Church has always discouraged the superstitious worship of saints and relics; and the ignoble army of the tourists have been kept back, partly because their attention has never been directed to them, and partly because they cannot be reached without a difficult desert journey extending, between going and coming, over four or five days. Dr. Schweinfurth, the famous explorer, has visited them repeatedly, and gives us a highly interesting account of them.

The cloisters stand in parallel valleys, separated by a single ridge, and opening into the great Wadi Arabah, which is some forty miles wide. As the traveler in this region penetrates through the rocky hills whose naked white sides dazzle him in the eastern sun, the comparatively luxuriant and manifold vegetation of many of these valleys makes an extraordinary impression upon him. Some of them, says Schweinfurth, are like bits of the promised land, with a flora identical with that of Palestine, and much more abundant than in any other part of the deserts of Egypt. The rainfall, though small, is yet slightly more than in the latter, and the rocky mountain sides have this advantage, that they send down all the rain they receive to the soil at their feet. Schweinfurth thinks a little rain goes a long way in these parts, and that the plants and animals, like the human inhabitants, necessarily live on fasting diet. Most of the creatures of the desert never drink; even the gazelle finds enough water in the herbs it feeds on; and those herbs themselves may be like-gifted. A fasting life is a physical law of the land, and the numerous hermits who dwelt for years in caves and holes there in the time of St. Antony, only lived according to nature, in a deeper sense than they suspected. The dates that grow about a single well would be enough to sustain an ascetic for a twelvemonth, without

considering the hares and other animals that might afford him occasional meals; and an edible root, something like the carrot, is found in great abundance in this district of the desert, so that the stories told of the primitive Egyptian anchorites are far from incredible. The desert is not all desert; and Schweinfurth says, that in spite of the bare cliffs that overhang it, the quarter where Antony and Paul of Thebes settled is a perfect earthly paradise, as compared with the valley of the Subiaco in Italy, where St. Benedict dwelt; and he can easily understand how men should live there, as they did, for nearly a hundred years, without suffering any hardships, or conceiving the smallest wish to depart.

St. Antony fixed his abode in a cave near one of the very few perennial wells which exist in that district, and which, though all containing salt or other mineral ingredient, are of priceless value in such a climate. Round this well grows a small plantation of date palms, and in front of these palms have been erected the chapels and dwelling-houses of the present Monastery of St. Antony. Plots of garden or tilled land surround them, and the whole is encompassed by a strong wall. According to the tradition of the monks, this monastery has existed for 1,562 years, and, except for seventy years during the disorderly period following the first conquest of Egypt by the Turks three hundred and seventy years ago, it has been occupied all that time. We have an account of its founder, Antony, written by his contemporary, St. Athanasius. He was born of a rich Egyptian family in A.D. 251, and was left, by the premature death of both his parents, in possession of much estate while still a boy. Being a diligent attender at church, he was struck one day by the story of the rich young man, which was read as a lesson, and felt himself impelled to give all he had away to the poor. Committing his only sister to the care of friends, he betook himself to the solitudes where many hermits still lived, and after receiving their counsel and comfort, and passing through frequent struggles with the devil, he resolved to spend his whole days in contemplation in the desert. At the age of thirty-five, he discovered the ruins of an old castle not far from the Nile valley, and made himself a dwelling out of them, while a friend brought him twice a year the necessary provision of bread and water. The Egyptians to this day have great skill in baking a kind of bread which will keep good for more than a twelvemonth. After twenty years of this life, during which he found constant occupation in preaching to the people, who began in great numbers to seek him out, he heard of the persecution of the Christians in Egypt under Maximinus's administration, and went to Alexandria longing for martyrdom. A hundred times he plunged into danger, and a hundred times he escaped, and concluding that he was reserved for another destiny, he returned to the desert, and falling in with an Arab caravan, accompanied it into the district where he finally settled, and where the present monastery

stands. Here he got agricultural implements from visitors who followed after him to obtain his intercession, and made a garden, being the first recluse to adopt the rule of praying and working. Continuous corporal inactivity, he felt, impaired the vigor of the mind, and continuous prayer tended to positive mental disease. He is reported to have wrought many miracles, but always in answer to prayer, and his fame was such that the desert began to live with disciples coming to him for counsel, and suppliants begging his intercession in their behalf. Even heathen philosophers made pilgrimages to him, and Constantine the Great wrote him a letter with his own hand, and sent it by a special embassy. He was not a scholar, it is doubtful whether he could even read and write, but like many Coptic Christians of the present day who are in a similarly illiterate condition, he could repeat most of the Bible by heart. As an old man of a hundred years, he appeared once again in Alexandria, A.D. 352, to oppose the errors of Eutychus. He died five years thereafter, and, in accordance with his own request, lest his bones should be worshiped, he was buried secretly; and to this day no one knows where he was laid.

The Monastery of St. Antony is the largest in Egypt. It covers fifteen acres of ground, and the wall that surrounds it has a circumference of 100 yards. This wall is thirty or forty feet high, and on approaching the cloister nothing is seen over it but here and there the crown of a palm tree. Visitors are admitted by means of a primitive hoist of which the monks are particularly proud, but they are not admitted till their arrival is announced to the members of the community by the sound of a bell, and one of the monks is sent down to ascertain the nature of their business. This custom was of course intended originally as a protection against being surprised by enemies, and it is now really only a quaint and interesting way of giving a hearty welcome to strangers. There is a gate in the wall, but it is never opened except twice a year, once when the patriarch makes his visit, and again when the camels come back with the year's firewood. After the traveler has got to the top of the wall, the whole monastery—the little chapels with their little cupolas, the big square tower in the center, the dwelling-houses, the deep green palm-trees behind—bursts at once on his view, and to an eye accustomed for some days to the desert, gives the impression of a complete town. The buildings are of the plainest kind, as is the case with all churches and cloisters in Egypt; there is nothing but bare whitened walls, with no attempt at ornament except here and there a Coptic cross, made out of chalk, and usually in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. The monk's houses are not cells, though they are called so. They are built in a row, each having its own door, like the houses of the poorer classes in an Italian suburb, and the separate rooms are not five feet high, and so narrow as hardly to serve for more than a sleeping place.

They are in fact more like pigeon-houses than human dwellings. The cells to the west of the cloister, which are the oldest, are of course the worst in this respect; but even the new houses which were added at the time of the renovation and extension of the monastery in 1859, are miserably small. That restoration was accomplished by means of a subscription raised for the purpose by the patriarch Cyril, who had himself lived there for many years as a monk. All cloisters in Egypt have a tower, and in the eastern parts of the country this tower is always four-sided, like that of St. Antony. The tower was a necessity of more primitive and unsettled times, and it contains within it a chapel, a kitchen, sleeping apartments, and a subterranean water supply, so that the inmates might endure a prolonged siege. It is connected with the rest of the cloister by a drawbridge, which is now rusty through centuries of disuse.

The most interesting antiquity in the place is, of course, the chapel in which St. Antony himself is alleged to have said mass to the first monks. In those days there was no community of life among them, but only of religious worship. They dwelt here and there in caves on the hill-sides, and only came together to prayer in Antony's chapel. It was fully two or three hundred years after this date, and in consequence of the dissensions between the monophysite and orthodox Christians, that walled and fortified cloisters came into existence, and therefore the chapel is very much more ancient than any other part of the monastery can possibly be. It was formed after the model of the temple of Jerusalem, and, like all Coptic churches, consists of three divisions—the choir, narthex, and holy of holies—each of which has a cupola over it. The walls are covered with frescoes—genuine specimens of old Byzantine art—which are probably the oldest pictures in Christendom. They are now blackened with age. Nobody has touched them for a thousand years; only the rain has here and there made a white stripe through them, and occasionally a visitor has cut his name across them. The oldest European visitor is Frater Bernardus a Ferula from Sicily, who inscribes his name in full, with the date 1626, and the addition *Primus visitator Catholicus hic fuit*. Some of the old Coptic monograms which appear on the walls testify to the age of these pictures, for they are so old that no one is now able to decipher them. The pictures themselves are for the most part representations of our Lord, of the Apostles, of the Virgin, and of Christian knights on horseback. One of the latter, clad in Roman armor, is conjectured by Schweinfurth to be the Emperor Constantine; and this, if true, would be curious, because the head of the figure is surrounded by a nimbus, which would betoken the belief in the divine sanctity of kings. There are three other churches within the walls of the cloister, and it is singular that in none of them has any regard been paid to orientation. They do not lie east and west, and

observe no rule in that relation. A mill driven by horse, a bake-house, and a general kitchen complete the monastic buildings. The only live stock in the place consists of a horse, an ass, and a few cats and pigeons, unless the flocks of ravens are to be included, which, while they nestle in the hill, make the walls of the cloister their home by day, feed on the dates in the garden, and fill the air with hideous cries. There are five acres of palms and cultivated land within the walls of the monastery, and there is abundance of olives, figs, lemons, breadfruit and kitchen vegetables, and smaller quantities of pomegranates, oranges, apricots, and other fruit.

At present only forty monks reside in this cloister, though it contains accommodation for a hundred. They consist of two classes, trained and educated monks, who are called Abuna (father), and lay brothers, who do all the manual work. They are called to common prayer by bell seven times a day, though at some of the hours of prayer, and especially the first two—midnight, and two hours before sunrise—a full attendance never takes place, a great number of the monks remaining in their cells. Like the Carthusians and other Western monks, they have no common meal. Each fetches his own rations from the common kitchen, where the food is prepared in big copper kettles, and then he eats it in his own chamber. The staple fare is rice and beans steeped in oil, and bread on whose baking special attention is bestowed. The only occasion on which the monks assemble at a common table is during the great Easter festivals. This table is made of rough stone, and is covered with a mat of palm leaves, on which the fasting bread—the only food allowed at such a solemn season—is set. They do not sit but recline at table. Flesh is very rarely used by them, and commonly comes in the shape of a goat from the Bedouins. They drink large quantities of coffee, and they smoke tobacco the entire day. Wine, however, is almost unknown among them, and what is required for the Eucharist is prepared by themselves in a very peculiar fashion from dried grapes mixed with the water of St. Antony's well. Their reason for resorting to this expedient is that they cannot buy wine which is unadulterated, and therefore, pure enough to represent or become the blood of Christ. Egyptian monks wear no peculiar habit; their usual dress is a black coat with white sleeves and a black turban, and they mix with the world on the same footing as other persons. They are not in theory supposed to be dead to the world. They are excessively hospitable, but, unfortunately, far from cleanly; in this imitating St. Antony himself, who never washed any part of his body, never cut his hair, never changed his clothes and never took them off.

The cloister of St. Paul is on the other side of the hill from that of St. Antony. The way to it passes through a valley rich with vegetation, including a splendid acacias; but the monastery itself lies in the midst of a dismal wilderness of rocky hills, with hardly one



softening feature about them. The impression is one of awe and extreme severity. Paul is said to have lived here for upwards of one hundred years. Our knowledge of him comes from St. Jerome, whose work, however, may have received some fabulous additions from other hands. He was born in Thebes about A.D. 250, in a good social position, and was well educated. He fled to the desert, in the first instance, to escape from a brother-in-law, who sought his life in order to acquire his property; and he got to like his abode there, and even to select by preference the wildest and most secluded spot he could reach. There he ate dates, clothed himself with palm leaves, and spent his days in meditation and prayer. Jerome relates that a raven used to bring him food; and he is usually represented in Christian art with a raven over his head, bearing bread in its beak. A very legendary account is given of a visit paid by St. Antony to his brother hermit, when the one was a little under and the other a little over a hundred years of age. He wandered for two days and two nights over the hills, encountering centaurs and satyrs and other perilous beasts, and at last was brought by a wolf to a light far up among the rocks, where he found Paul in full expectation of his arrival, though he had never before seen him. "God has told me," he said, "that you were to come to witness my death, and to bury me;" and he thereupon died, and was buried by St. Antony; and the grave is shown to this day, in a crypt under the altar of the church of St. Paul's monastery.

St. Paul's monastery is like St. Antony's, only smaller, containing at present no more than twenty-eight monks. It needs no special description after the description given of the other. Its tower, its well, its three churches, its cells, its walls are all counterparts of those of St. Antony. The buildings are certainly more than one thousand years old, but some of them, among others the old church, appear to have been restored two hundred years ago and the pictures on the walls are much rougher and more barbarous than the frescoes in the other monastery. The monks of St. Paul are mostly old men, going about on staves. There is no library in either of the cloisters, and the Bibles and prayer-books in the churches are full of clerical blunders. The monks employ some of their time in copying the Scriptures, sometimes in Coptic and sometimes in Arabic, and sometimes in both languages in parallel columns; but as few of them know Coptic, or have any good general education, it is not surprising that they should make many mistakes. There must have been at one time valuable works and MSS. in these monasteries, but they probably disappeared during the time of the Turkish invasion, when every bit of wood-work about St. Antony's monastery was taken away by the Bedouins. The old MSS. which are there now, or were there some time ago, were sent from Cairo in our own days by the present patriarch.—HENRY HOLMES, in *The Day of Rest*.

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